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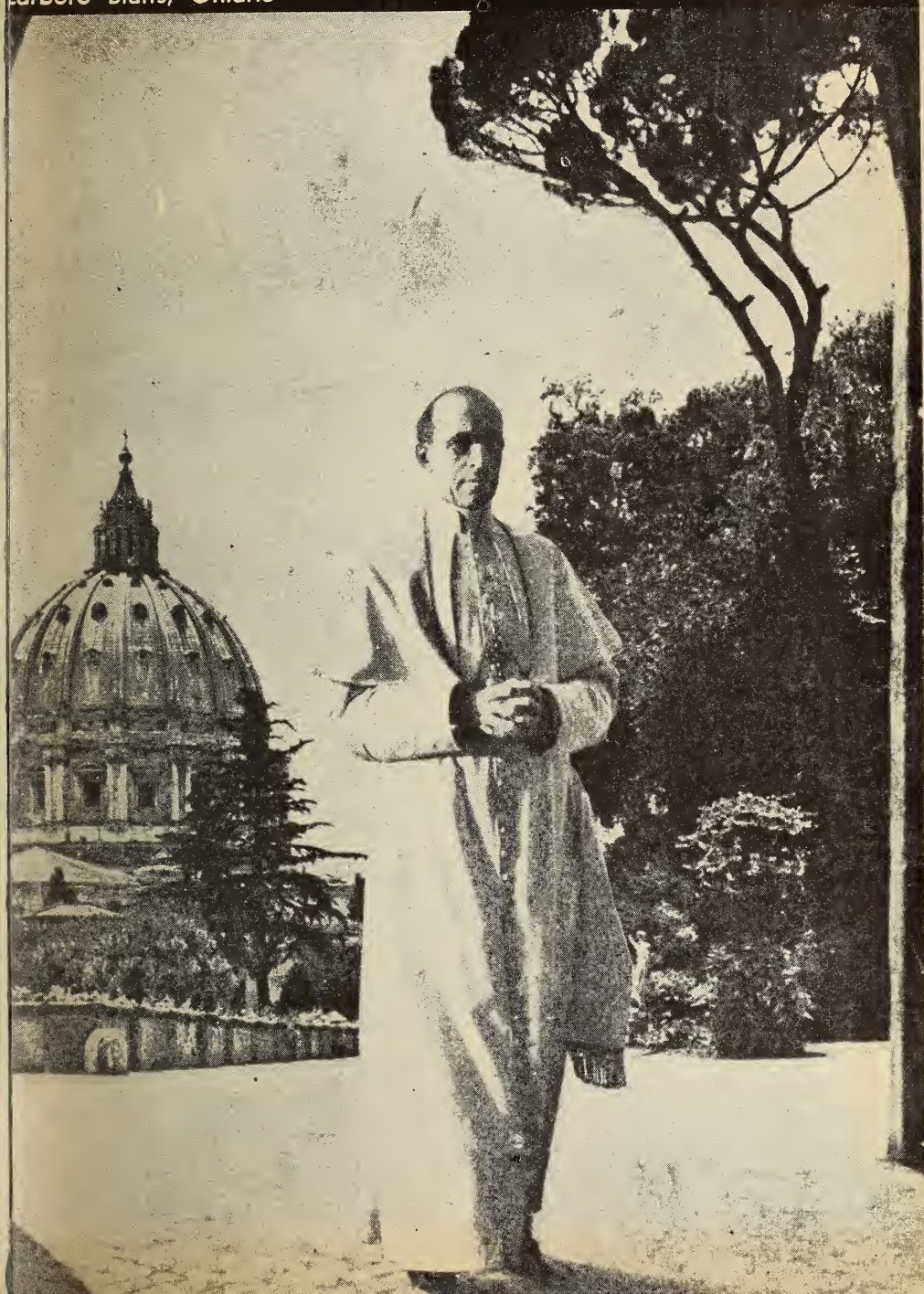




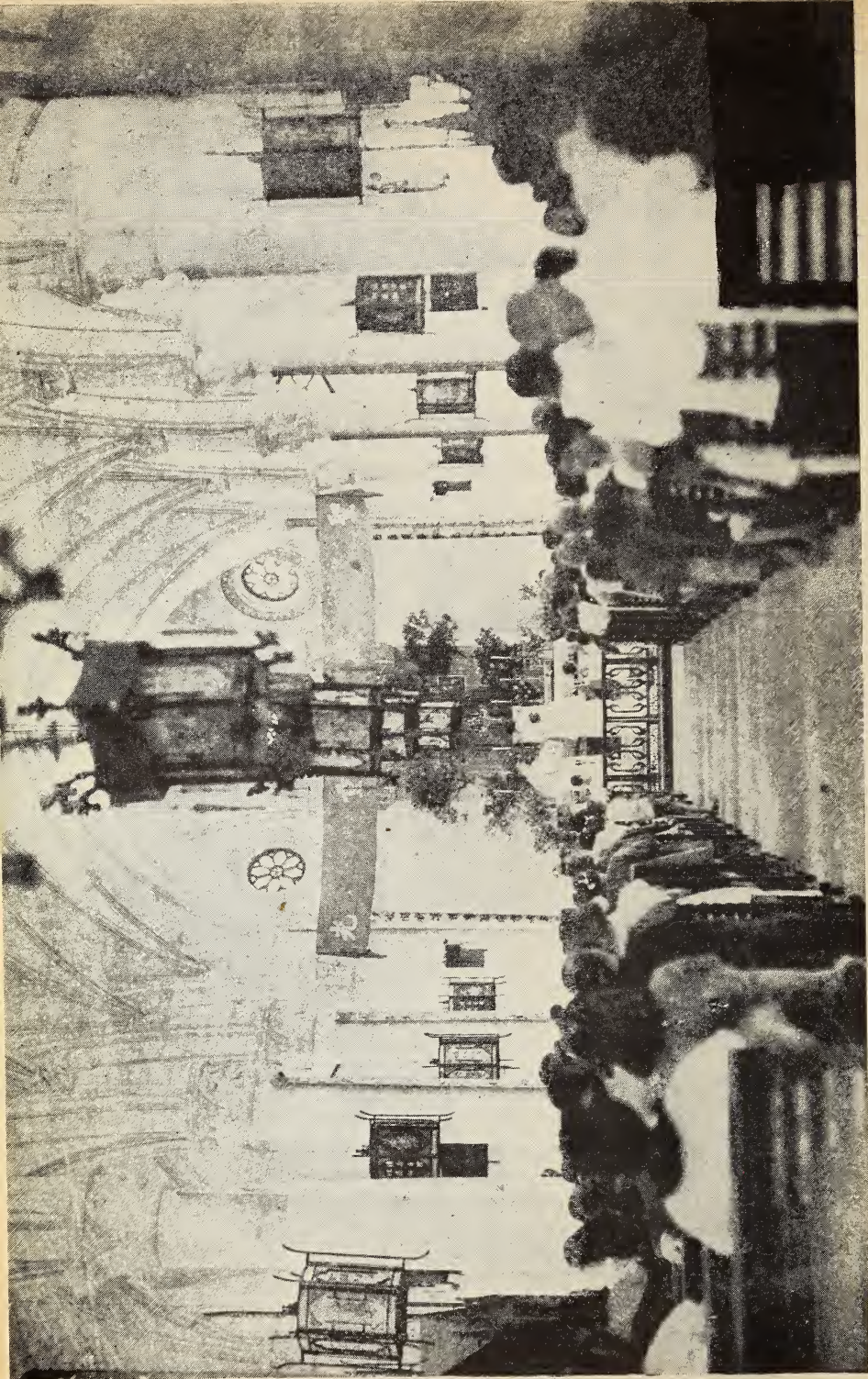
# CHINA

Carboro Bluffs, Ontario

JANUARY 1948



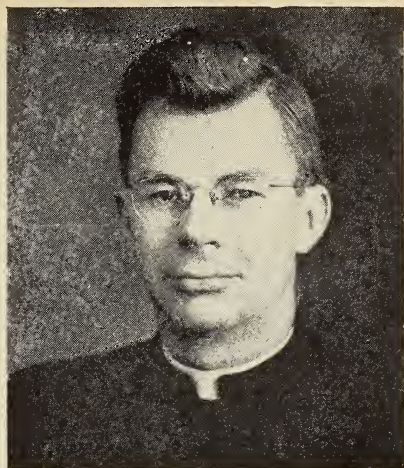




Completely restored interior of Lishui Church.



# Lanchi Study Club



by HAROLD J. MURPHY, S.F.M.

WE have a study club here in Lanchi. We meet every night except Saturday and Sunday. The members are the most advanced students of an English class—and advanced they must be as the discussions during the meetings are in the English language. The priest is the moderator. Each member has an English name. There are ten of them—John, Joseph, Matthew, Patrick, William, Philip, Francis, Arthur James and *Moldern*. The last one arrived here with that name and nothing will make him change it. God alone knows where he got it but we have a suspicion that it comes from “modern.” *Moldern* wears a foreign style suit with a collar and tie, has an American hair-cut and uses a cigarette-holder. The other lads are just ordinary young men about town who have been attracted to the club by the hope of improving their English. We have an English class first and then the not-so advanced students leave for home. Then we open our meeting which lasts for about an hour.

Last night the meeting was full of life. The topic for the evening was communism in China and why America refuses to help China overcome this obstacle to peace and prosperity in China. From my notes and memory, let me try to reconstruct some of the conversation that took place.

*Patrick*: First of all what I want to know is whether communism is as bad as some people say. Is it not possible that their system would help this poverty stricken country from sinking back into chaos?

*The Pastor*: What do you think about that John?

*John*: I do not think that it is possible. From what refugees tell us the sufferings of the poor people under the communists is horrible.

*Patrick*: Yes, but the only ones who suffer are the merchants and wealthy classes. The poor peasants who are the backbone of this country have nothing to complain about—the communists have certainly reformed the landlord situation and



helped the peasant to own his own land. Isn't that right, Father?

*The Pastor:* Yes, I think it is! The communists have certainly brought some reforms in their districts. But how have they done it? They stole from Peter to pay Paul!

*Matthew:* I do not understand that. Who is Peter and who is Paul?

*The Pastor:* That is an expression which means to take from one person and give to another. The communists have simply liquidated the landlord class and divided their wealth among the poor peasants. That is contrary to justice. After all, each man has a right to his own property. If the communists had bought the property of the landlords and distributed it to the peasants—that would have been a real reform—or better still—if they had persuaded the richer classes to share their wealth. What do you think, James.

*James:* Righto (James was with the British troops during the war). I quite agree with you. Anyone can reform abuses by wiping out the offenders. But, Father, there is in China a wealthy class that is corrupted—and we all agree on that—do you not think that the only solution is to kill them and take their wealth for the common people?

*The Pastor:* Well, now, Joseph—your father is a very wealthy man—do you think that he should be killed and his wealth given to the poor people?

*Joseph:* My father is a very good man—it is no sin to be rich!

*James:* But I did not mean your father, I mean the rich man who makes his money from the poor!

*The Pastor:* There is the point, James! How can you tell who is making his money from the poor and who is not—. Supposing that you yourself, by hard work and ability, someday become rich. Should you be punished for that?

*Francis:* Tell me Father, is it true

that the communists hate you and all you stand for?

*The Pastor:* That's right. In every instance in the North wherever the communists are in control, they proceed to wipe out all trace of religion.

*Francis:* How, Father?

*The Pastor:* Well, in various ways. About two months ago I had a visitor here—a Polish Bishop from up North. He stayed with me here a few days on his way to Shanghai. And he told me of his experiences with the communists. He said that when the communists first arrived in his diocese, the military were polite and did not attempt to bother him. But gradually all power in the district was taken by political agents—mostly young men who came right from a training school in Moscow. Then signs and cartoons began to appear all over the city—seemingly written by the people—demanding that the new authorities investigate the Catholic Church in that district.

*William:* Written by those political agents?

*The Pastor:* Exactly! Finally after a few weeks there were more billboard signs—stronger demands for

(Concluded on page 24)

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## CHINA

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# APOSTLE OF HOPE

BY JOHN

GAULT S.F.M.

**A**S a child, I remember gazing, frequently, at a picture of a youngster's radiant face with eyes turned heavenward. Beneath the picture there was one word, "HOPE." It always puzzled me.

When St. Francis de Sales was a young man, studying in the Jesuit College of Clermont in Paris, he fell into a long and paralysing temptation to despair. This was brought about by the almost endless discussions on the very complicated problem of predestination. This crisis in his youth could easily have deprived us of a great example and guiding light along the generally feared highway of spirituality.

In his struggle to overcome this destroying temptation he perhaps asked the same question as St. Paul when he was faced with discouragement. "Unhappy man that I am! Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" And the Pauline answer came: "The grace of God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. VII, 24-25). With this he looked heavenward through Mary to Jesus. As he prayed before a

miraculous statue of Our Lady all his doubts and fears cleared away. Once rid of the deadening pall of despair he felt the surge of spiritual energy. He consecrated himself to Our Blessed Mother and took the vow of Chastity.

Realizing the life-giving power contained in hope, Francis set out to encourage others. Those who feel that they have not been called to holiness or who fear the way which leads to it should look to him for guidance and advice.

In his day he was much sought for this very purpose. Pope Clement VIII addressed him with these words: "Drink, my son, from your cistern, and from your living well-spring; may your waters issue forth, and may they become public fountains where the world may quench its thirst." King Henry IV of France sought Francis' friendship and urged him to continue, by his sermons and writings, to teach those souls who must live in the world how to have confidence in God and to be genuinely pious.

The very fact that he, assisted by





Winter at St. Mary's S.F.M. Novitiate

St. Jane Frances de Chantal, founded the Institute of the Visitation, is sufficient evidence that he desired to give hope to those who fear that holiness is not for them. It was established especially for those who feared the austerity of the old Orders or did not possess the necessary physical strength.

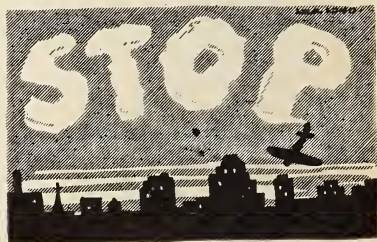
Nor did St. Francis de Sales, by his death, cease to be a source of encouragement for those who, forgetting their doubts and fears, will hopefully look forward to doing something about Our Saviour's statement: "Tis the will of God, your sanctification." The Saint has left us several volumes of spiritual directions and counsels. Of these, the most important for those who wish to make a start on the quest for holiness, is the one known as: "An Introduction to the Devout Life." In this book St. Francis guides the soul living in the world to true, sound piety and insists that everyone, regardless of his state in life, must strive after it.

Fr. D. Considine, S.J., claims that a person will advance in the spiritual life only to the extent in which he possesses the virtue of Hope. Hence his remark: "The difference between

a saint and an ordinary person is that a saint has bigger ideas of God."

Just as despair of success kills all effort so certainty of victory gives courage and energy to continue the fight. Hope in God and His Blessed Mother supply us with this certainty. "If God is for us who is against us." (Rom. VIII, 31).

The month of January is when we look hopefully into a new year. The feast of St. Francis de Sales also falls in this month. Let us combine these ideas by seeking guidance and hope in the new year through the writings of the holy Bishop. Then on December 31st, 1948, we will be able to look back on something worthwhile.



# Triumph of Christ

By

MICHAEL R. McSWEEN, S.F.M.



THE town of Monte Plata, a small slice of the southern island of Santo Domingo, was a veritable hive of hustle and bustle—a body shocked into activity by a live-wire of excitement which left no part to escape the jolt of its quickening current. The occasion was the final game of a hard, closely-fought volley ball series. The teams were preparing for a last-ditch stand, and the stakes were high! If the boys from the town won, the laurel, a wreath of the finest roses, would be placed by the Padre at the feet of the Patroness of the country, “Our Lady of Highest Grace.” The presentation would be a great ceremony for these people of the Republic, whose devotion to our Blessed Lady is so deeply rooted in national history, as to be all but the condition of patriotism.

The pastor had set out earlier in the afternoon on a mission trip, leaving the curate to do the honors. It seems not at all surprising that the latter did not share in the worldly enthusiasm which dominated the sports field. He was seated in the rectory—alone with his thoughts. From the great excitement of the present series, he drew the parallel of his own position. He too, had come to that very town prepared and conditioned for battle. These were his people, and he must shield them from

the ravaging designs of Satan, with the help of God’s grace. This, he knew, was a battle of far greater consequence, as the stakes were definitely higher!

In all probability, he would be called upon to present the wreath. For an instant he pre-visualized that scene. The whole towns-people, exultant with a worldly victory, would crowd about to give public recognition to their team. He would step forward to make official presentation of the wreath to Our Lady. Instinctively his mind soared far above the outcome of the game. How he longed to tell Her rather of the personal offering of so many lives to Her Divine Son! The thought gripped him with momentary force, leaving him to sink slowly back again into his chair as he admitted to himself how much more was first to be done.

Suddenly, he rose to his feet—startled by the rapid approach of footsteps which grew more and more pronounced. In a moment the door of the cottage had hinged a quick semi-circle whose arc ended as the door struck the wall. The priest stepped forward to meet his visitor who had barged into the small room. He saw a face bubbling with expression, flashing various degrees of anxiety typical of the hot-blooded races of the South. Calmly he met



the gaze of two shining eyes, alive with that urgency of purpose which forgets all but self, as the young man sputtered out his disorganized chain of thought.

"Good afternoon, Padre! How are you? I am Juan Gonzalez, your servant who comes all the way from El Bosque! How much does it cost for funeral?"

The curate returned a warm greeting, and eased his guest to a chair as he took up the conversation.

"How much can you pay, Juan?"

"Well, Padre, my father has been ill for a long time. He spent all the money he saved for his funeral—and me? I have only two dollars."

"Fine," resumed the curate. "Are the remains at the Church?"

"Oh! He did not die yet, Padre, but he will die to-night."

The missionary showed not the least surprise; he had already come to know of that added instinct the people here seemed to possess for predicting such events. As the interview went on it became more evident to him that his client was engrossed solely in a column of "post mortem" interests. He waited

his chance to change the thought and found it.

"By the way, Juan, did your father receive the Last Sacraments?"

"Oh! Don't trouble yourself about that, Padre. You see, he was never married, and mother died a few years ago, so he can't receive the Sacraments anyway."

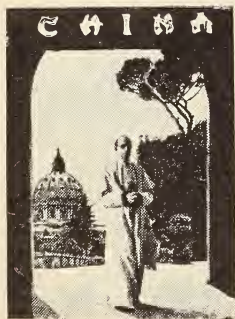
The young man's ignorance of doctrine necessitated a brief instruction during which the priest systematically brushed aside the many prejudices of his pupil, stressing the salutary effect of the last rites of the Church. A man was dying, a soul could be in imminent danger; it was his duty to be there!

No sooner had he resolved on his course of action when a dozen restraining thoughts arose to plague his mind. How well the devil knew his game! With what masterful precision and arch-angelic foresight he could play at such crucial times, when even a moment's delay could mean eternal disaster! The pastor had taken the good saddle and his own mule was in pasture some distance away; the only horse left was in pitiable condition. He was himself exhausted from long hours of Baptisms. And what would the people not whisper if he should fail to show up for the presentation! His Office had yet to be said; there were dozens of Baptisms and Matrimonial records to be checked and filed. The journey would surely last six hours at the very least, and he would have to ride a good part of the night—a bold presumption in Santo Domingo.

Circumstances were certainly against him: by all the force of natural prudence, he must not play with such odds! True, and yet by paradox, what a cunning deceit! As a priest, how could he consider personal feelings or even the thought of apparent risks, if he was truly to be "all things to all men?" Re-assuring

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## OUR COVER



Pope Pius XII, supreme Pontiff and symbol of the unity necessary in the world today. If his directions are heeded the United Nations can solve the problems of Peace. Pray for his intentions.



# THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION:** in 1948 I shall hope, and work to justify that hope. If 1947 was a year of decision, let's make this new year one of hope.

Charles, Count de Montalembert wrote: "When the judgments of God appeared in the beginning of the fifth century, the world lost its senses. Some plunged into debauchery to enjoy like brutes the last remnant of bliss; others sank into incurable melancholy." Later in his monumental: **THE MONKS OF THE WEST**, the same author wrote: "the lovers of solitude, the men of penitence, sacrifice and voluntary humiliation, alone knew how to live, hope, resist and stand fast".

## Church Unity Octave

It is significant that the Church chose January to have all the faithful pray for Unity. The annual reminder is an excellent way to begin the year. Men of good will have been urged by the present pontiff to join forces everywhere. The decision must be made between the city of God and the city of this world. It must be clear as to the nature of the option. Then with the choice made, our hopes will be realized when we carry out our decision. There are two distinct unions to be made before the final synthesis can take place. **FIRST:** The Western

Church must be reunited with the Eastern Church. **SECOND:** Russia must be brought back into the family of nations.

The first reunion can be the means for the second, strange as it may seem. Relative to reunion of the so-called Orthodox Church with Rome, the late Pontiff Pius XI said: "To unite we must above all know each other". To bring this latter about many efforts are being made by prominent Catholic writers. Dr. Adrian Fortescue and Donald Attwater have been writing for years explaining and interpreting the Eastern Rites to their fellow Catholics of the Latin Rites. The latest to join their ranks on an international basis is Rev. Stephen Gulovich whose book *Windows Westward* was recently reviewed in CHINA.

Donald Attwater, author of *The Catholic Eastern Churches*, begins his book by quoting Pope Benedict XV to the effect that the Church is neither Latin, nor Greek, nor Slav but Catholic. Admitted in theory, this is sometimes questioned in practice by well-meaning but ill-instructed Catholics in America. One must distinguish between what are called the **UNIATES**, that is those Roman Catholics in communion with the Pope but whose liturgy is not in Latin, and all those others whom might label "Orthodox" who are in



**Capt. George Yipp leads our First Team at Vancouver.**

schism, that is split away from Rome, yet who have valid Sacraments.

### **Uniates**

All Roman Catholics do not use Latin in their ceremonies. In Canada, a good example would be the Ukrainians, some of whom are among the finest Roman Catholics in the world . . . yet in their Churches the Mass is not offered in Latin. Does this make them less Roman Catholic? Not a whit. Christ did not offer His Mass in the Latin tongue. His vestments did not look like our elaborate vestments of today. The development of our ceremonies was a long, slow, gradual one. But let us never forget that whilst ours were developing, along with the civilization of Western Europe, other developments were taking place in Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople and Jerusalem. These four cities, and Rome, made up the five patriarchates of the early

Church, and anyone who seeks an understanding of the "Eastern Churches" must know about their separate histories. Some of these rites used different languages, languages not being a criterion of rite. There are nineteen rites (forms in which the liturgical functions must be carried out) of which three are Western and sixteen are proper to the Eastern Uniates. This latter term refers to those various groups of Oriental Catholics who broke off from the Schismatical Churches of the East and returned to the allegiance of Rome. Each group was allowed to retain its own rite and to use the liturgical language to which it was accustomed.

Be it noted, however, that some Oriental Catholics were *never* in schism, i.e., separated from Rome; it would be wrong to think that all Catholics called Uniate were at one time or another outside of the true fold.

It should also be known that be-



sides Latin, the Church in some parts uses Greek, Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Ethiopian, Slavonic, Ruthenian, Bulgarian, Armenian, Coptic and Roumanian. Perhaps some day English will be in use. However, on the whole there are more disadvantages than advantages. Recall also that the languages listed above are not the spoken languages one meets in these countries but "dead languages", i.e., using a vocabulary so ancient as to be as incomprehensible as Latin is to the average Canadian citizen. Why use Latin at all? Well it makes for unity of faith and uniformity in worship. It makes for permanence since living languages are subject to change and decay. It makes for accuracy of expression and clearness of definition in the exposition of dogmatic and moral truth. It awakens reverence since it links up the present with the glorious past.

### Seamless Robe

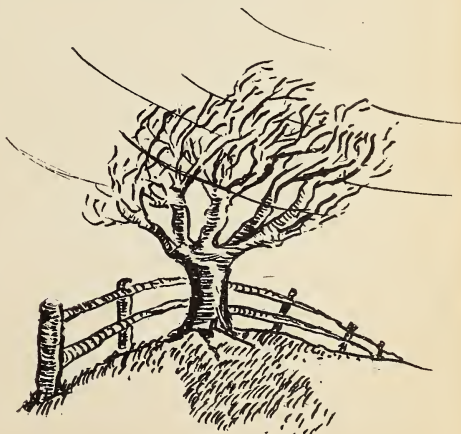
Besides the rent in Christian unity which resulted in the Schism of the Oriental Churches, the obvious division in our part of the world is the one caused by the Reformation. There are 683 million Christians of whom 207 millions are Protestants. The re-union of these separated brethren is the immediate aim of such organizations as The Paulist Fathers. However, it is necessary that this work be done by the body of Catholic layfolk before the results can be what they ought to be. Last year 100,000 converts were made in America. Now there are 30,000,000 Catholics in the same territory; that boils down to 1 convert per 300 Catholics! As an average that is hardly satisfactory. In fact the figure reveals a story of disinterestedness, carelessness and timidity, to say nothing of scandal and bad example. Every one of us knows examples of souls who were frightened away from the Catholic Church by the

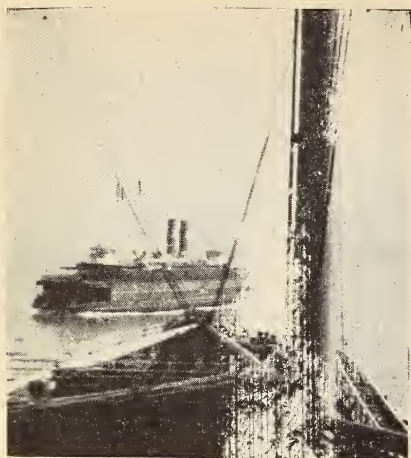
lives of poor Catholics. The more common thing for the Protestant to meet is the Catholic who is uninformed, and unwilling to investigate to provide an answer to a query. This carelessness is reprehensible, and inexcusable.

Example is by far the best means to make converts, hence the importance of the daily practice of a good Catholic life. In every case this has been a very important if not the most important factor. Remember that for every Catholic in America there are five people who are not. You never know when you can sow the good seed.

The point is that they do not come seeking the truth. It must be brought to them, into their homes, into the shop where they work, into the club where they go for recreation. They must be invited to the Catholic Church: to services, to lectures, to meet the priests; they should be given Catholic literature. All of this must be done by the laity who meet the non-Catholics in such large numbers. It is a job which demands effort, zeal, courage, but when all

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# The Long Road Back

By

R. REEVES, S.F.M.

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MORE than a year has passed since we said good-bye to New York and its magnificent skyline. From the stern of our ship through the morning mist our last glimpses of America were something to remember, as we were leaving for another far away country where things are different, people and their customs strange.

There was a certain amount of excitement on board but after a few hours things quietened down and we were steaming towards Panama. The weather cleared up and the ship made great time. One day clouded up and for a time the ocean became somewhat choppy but it soon passed over. It was quite warm after a couple of days and we knew that the ship was now nearing the Gulf of Mexico.

It seemed no time until we were passing the island of Cuba and strange to say the first thing I thought of was a special kind of candy. Why? well: Cuba is noted

for it, a sugar much needed for candy and especially for that famous All Day Sucker that the children like so much. It didn't take us long to pass "Candy Island" as I called it and before I knew it I was handing my passport over to an official for inspection. He had come on board at the entrance to Panama. After the O.K. signal our ship started wending its way through the canal and needless to say the trip was very interesting. The vegetation was dense and tropical and I had great imaginations of snakes and the like roaming through the woods. In the waters and swamps too I guess there were lots of alligators and tropical fish. Once or twice we saw a couple of big fish jump up and they were making quite a rumpus.

All along the way palm trees and other thick growth gave us a good idea of the richness of the country and the native huts looked like little nests among the trees.

About five o'clock in the evening



we left the canal for the broad expanse of the Pacific and we made two calls proceeding northward on our way to Shanghai.

The first port of call was Manila in the Phillipine Islands. Here we had a real chance to see the havoc wrought by war. The once beautiful city of Manila was a mass of ruins and the spacious harbor was filled with sunken ships, some American and others Japanese.

Later on we left for a short stay in Hongkong and after three days proceeded to Shanghai. Here our stay was brief but one thing was very noticeable, the great crowds of people and the oriental confusion.

We were helped during our stay by Fr. McGuire, a Vincentian, and Fr. McGoey, S.F.M., who gave generously of their time in order to see that we were prepared for the trip inland.

Our trip to the interior necessitated the use of many modes of travel

many questions about the war torn missions and about the christians.

Luckily I met my former sacristan who was invaluable in helping me to get an idea of how to go about things and also to give me all the necessary information I needed regarding travel. During the war he was a custom officer and belonged to the regular army.



Ping Pong.



Father Reeves and catechist.

and after a long weary journey over land in tropical heat we arrived at Lishui our mission headquarters. Here we had a happy reunion with a veteran missionary, Fr. Venedam, S.F.M. He had many stories to tell of the enemy occupation and of the hardships it entailed. We too asked

About a month after we landed in Lishui we prepared to leave for our various mission stations and it wasn't long before we were all trying to get things organized to start all over again. Masons and carpenters were called in and after long days of working the damaged missions began to look like they did in former days. At least things began to look brighter and many instructions were given the catechist about his work and among them being to visit the christians and to prepare the children so long neglected for First Holy Communion. After some time the children were prepared for their great day and needless to say everyone was happy that once again the missionary had returned to continue his work among the poor and neglected.

Now we are busy with our regular routine duties and the mission is once again the centre of activity.



There is even playtime and everybody gets into the game. Ping-pong is a favourite amongst most of the children and some grown ups. We even cheat sometimes just to see if the other fellow is counting the score.

During the fine weather we are able to get out on our bikes. The roads are pretty rough but they are better than none at all. In this way we can get to some christian families who live at a distance. They all have their stories of hardship to tell and it surprises one to see how patiently

they have born all their difficulties. It is this patience I am sure that will win in the end and bring many through long suffering to enter the Church. It is an uphill grind to enlighten a pagan nation. God's ways are many and now we must be ready to use all means both spiritual and temporal to bring more and more to the knowledge of the True God.

We thank God that there are many at home who by their prayers and alms-giving share in this great work. May their number increase and may God bless them all for their generous and selfless sacrifices.



**A Christian Family.**



**First Communion Class.**

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## *The Ivory Tower*

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*(Concluded from page 11)*

of this is done there will be 1 million converts annually in North America.

### **The Road to Rome**

Between 1905 and 1917 the Church in Russia enjoyed comparative liberty. The Revolution in that year checked the movement towards reunion and since then the cleavage has been intensified. The present Pope has continued the ruling of Leo XIII that the prayers after Mass be offered for the conversion of Russia. Besides this, several years ago Pius XII requested that all Catholics commemorate the anniversary of Russia's

original conversion to Christianity; again in 1944 and in 1946 his encyclicals on the Oriental Churches show his particular emphasis on the importance of reunion. Finally his consecration of Russia under the patronage of Our Lady of Fatima points the way to a practical solution. It is significant that it was in 1917 that the Russian Revolution AND the apparitions at Fatima occurred. It was the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary who said: "If people attend to my petition, Russia will be converted and there will be peace."



**MR. WONG**

*says*

**By nature, men are nearly  
alike; by practice, they  
get to be wide apart.**

The distinctions which men draw today relative to race, creed and colour have no place within the teaching of Holy Mother Church. During this month of January, month dedicated to Church Unity, do whatever you can to overcome such prejudice. One of the best possible ways to fight this would be to aid the growth of foreign missions so that the message of Christ might bring all mankind into one flock under one shepherd.



CONVEE

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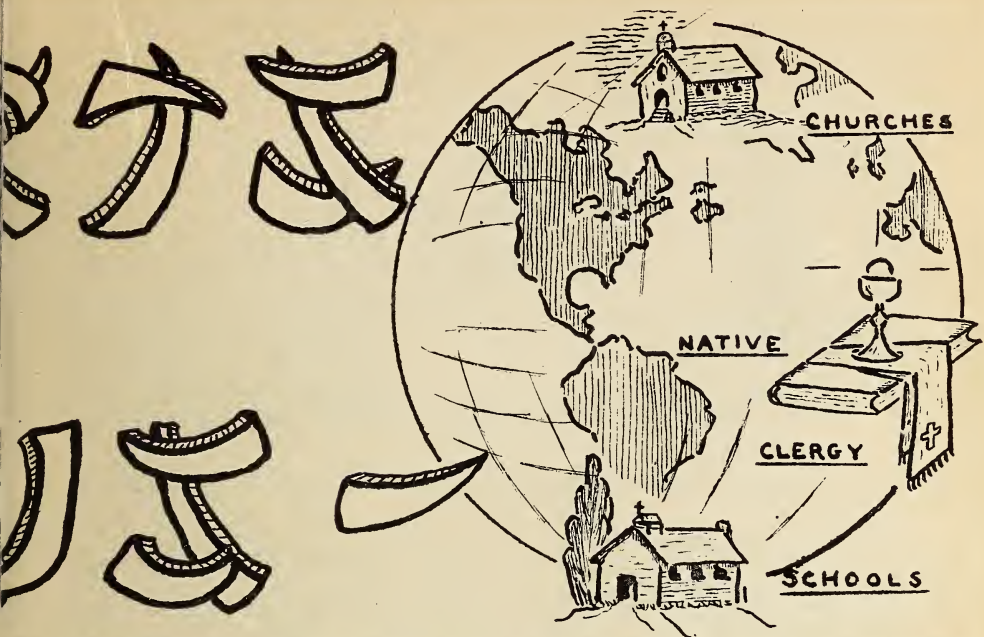
“A DIPLOMATIC mission left Parliament Hill recently for the United Kingdom.” “There will be a mission preached in this parish beginning next Sunday.” “His Excellency the Bishop of Mackenzie asks your kind help in aid of the home Missions.” “There are thirty-seven students at Scarboro Bluffs studying for the foreign Mission priesthood.”

Diplomatic mission—parish mission—home missions—foreign missions! We are all sufficiently well acquainted with the first three types but the fourth needs some elucidation.

What are “foreign” missions? Perhaps a parallel will unfold the ideal clearly. Let us suppose a large Canadian firm wishes to begin trade in China. The general manager chooses one of his employees of great pioneering ability and sends him forth.

He arrives safely and sets to work. Now, his procedure is of importance here. He must first build a store to serve as his headquarters. The next step is to interest the people—to attract customers. Without some purchasers business fares badly. To attract them a small dispensary is outfitted in the rear of the store or perhaps to popularize his business phases of it are shown in slide form. All of these are exceptionally helpful in achieving the ultimate motive—an organized branch in China.

After enlisting patrons, his task is still far from finished. The firm at home gave him strict orders that as soon as possible he was to entrust the project to Chinese personnel. To do this he hires some prospective native merchants and trains them in his skill. This is the ideal since being native, they will best know how to build up trade among their own people; having the understanding of the customs of the people, they will



reduce the natural suspicion and mistrust entertained by the Chinese toward the foreign merchant.

So our employee has come to China, built his store, enlisted a number of buyers whom he attracted by his dispensary or slides; he has placed all responsibility in trained native hands. His task is fulfilled—he may now retire.

A few substitutions will bring out our point—let the employee be a priest, the business firm the Catholic religion and the nature of the missions becomes evident.

The parallel is almost perfect. The missionary is sent to China and on his arrival sets to work. He builds a church or chapel—his headquarters. He seeks to teach and baptize some converts using the means of attraction or contact at his disposal. Like the business man the priest erects a small dispensary in which he cures various bodily ills and infirmities the better to open the way to the soul.

To popularize religious instruction he conducts a school or lecture hall in which he expounds the Catholic religion with the help of slides.

Now comes his most important task—to make Catholicism permanent in the community. He must find a successor to himself and thus build up a native clergy. Now this Catholic locality is a self-supporting unit of the Catholic Church—our missionary has completed his task.

What is the result? Not merely a large number of converts but rather a flourishing Catholic community—the visible Church.

Converts PLUS Churches PLUS schools PLUS hospitals served by native clergy or under native Catholic auspices make up the visible Church. Foreign missions are that work of the Church meant to bring to adult status the visible Church in lands where she is either literally unknown or still only in infancy.

# What's In A Name?



## A BOYL...

by GEORGE COURTRIGHT, S.F.M.

IN the March of 1947 issue of China it was stated that the first Mass in the New World was celebrated by Father Boil on the 5th day of January, 1494.

The name of this priest, which is sometimes written Boyl, might give rise to speculation among loyal Irishmen, as to his nationality. Perhaps you, like myself, are curious to know more about him. His story, fitted together by various documents and facts, reads more like an exciting mystery, or perhaps a case of mistaken identity.

His full name was Father Bernardo Boyl and it is certain that he was a Benedictine monk from the province of Catalonia, Spain. The astounding part of his story, is that Father Boyl, though well intentioned, was an imposter. His appointment as Vicar Apostolic to the West Indies was entirely illegal and history points an accusing finger at King Fernando of Spain as the culprit of the fraud.

\* \* \*

After Christopher Columbus had made his first famous voyage, discovering the West Indies in the name

of the Cross, he returned to Spain to report his discovery to King Fernando and Queen Isabel. These latter who were known as the Catholic Monarchs, wrote to the Holy Father, Pope Alexander VI, beseeching him to name a Vicar Apostolic for the newly discovered islands. King Fernando had his personal ambassador in Rome, and through him, presented for the Pope's approval, the above-mentioned Father Boyl.

The King and Father Boyl were personal friends and thus it was quite natural for His Majesty to propose this priest as a candidate for the position. What actually happened, however, is that the Pope, for reasons known only to himself, named *another* Father Bernardo Boyl to the post. This latter priest was an outstanding *Franciscan* Father, and Superior of his Order in the whole of Spain.

On receiving the Papal document, (some would claim), King Fernando thought there was some confusion of names, and that the Pope had appointed the wrong man. Also (it  
(Concluded on page 22)





# THE Story TELLER

★ ★ ★

## Monte Plata, R.D.

THE name Monte Plata means literally "Silver Mountain."

When I first saw it I could not understand why it had been thus called since it is situated on a plain. Later I learned that it is a combination of the names of two other famous Dominican towns, Montecristi and Puerto Plata which are situated on the northern coast. Monte Plata is an inland town on the southern coastal plain.

Around the opening of the seventeenth century, according to the historian Garcia, the authorities in New Spain wished to promote trade with Old Spain. However, certain towns on the northern coast presented a difficulty in the carrying out of this plan. These towns were promoting secret trade dealings with the Dutch and Portuguese. To prevent this, certain authorities, in the year 1606, ordered the towns of Montecristi and Puerto Plata destroyed. The inhabitants fled toward the south and settled on the sight of the present town of Monte Plata. The people became impoverished due to the fact that they were commercially inclined and were now forced to seek

their livelihood on cattle raising land.

Although the history of Monte Plata is a long one, the town did not advance very far materially. In fact, today, after more than 340 years of existence it has a population of only 1,500. Of course, the parish of "San Antonio" which has Monte Plata as its centre is much larger. It has within its 13 mission stations some 15,000 souls.

Although the spiritual life of this parish must have been vigorous at one time, it all but died within more recent times. This was brought about by the lack of priests. For long years the parish received practically no spiritual care.

Thanks be to God, its spiritual resurrection has begun. During the latter part of 1943, the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, in the person of Padre Roberto Hymus, S.F.M., took charge of this neglected parish.

Great spiritual progress has been made since then. However, for one working in the parish this is not so apparent, seeing that there is so much yet to be done.

A few years ago I was given an opportunity to visit one of the mission stations. A local guide and

I left town, on horseback, shortly after supper. It was a black night but we made the place by 9 p.m. The amazing scene which met my eyes was lit up by a few torches. Before an altar, surmounted by many dilapidated pictures of Our Lady and the Saints, surrounded by several candles, there was a group of women and girls singing the "Salve" with great gusto but very little music. In the house a few feet away from the altar, many others were dancing, drinking and having a merry good time.

I expressed my disgust to the head of the house but he did nothing about it. It had always been thus. Hence, I retired to a house away from the fuss and noise, hoping against hope that the people might be more religiously inclined in the morning.

A good crowd did show up for Mass in the morning but just before vesting I was called away on a sick call. It was unfortunate, as the Holy Sacrifice had not been offered in that mission for at least two years. To reach the sick person I had to pass through miles of sugar-cane on horseback and did not return to the scene of the feast before noon. On the whole I felt that my visit had been anything but a spiritual success.

A short time later another such religious feast took place in a different mission. The priest actually called off his visit at the last minute when he learned that a fight had followed the celebrations of the previous night. One man was killed and another seriously wounded.

Today, such festivities in connection with visits by the "padre" are very few. The people are beginning to realize what true Catholicity means.

During the frightful earthquake last year, the spiritual advancement of this parish as compared to others

more recently taken over by our priests was demonstrated. During those terrifying days the two priests were kept busy day and night administering the Sacraments of Baptism, Penance, Eucharist and Matrimony. The instruction and example of the priests during the past few years bore fruit as soon as wisdom began to enter due to the fear of God.

On the other hand, in parishes like Seibo, where the Scarborough priests had been working only a few months, there was no solid religious revival. It is true that thousands came into the parish centre through fright, just as in Monte Plata, but they did not know what was expected of them in order to make their peace with God. They sought holy water and blessed candles but did not think of receiving the Sacraments.

At this point we may be inclined to condemn these people for their superficiality in religion. However, before doing so let us think a bit. They have never had a real opportunity to learn the Catholic Faith. They do not live amidst the spiritual luxuries enjoyed by Canadians. If they did they would perhaps be better Catholics than we. They possess the beginning of wisdom in no small degree, that is, the fear of God. Perhaps the next half century will see the Dominican Republic a beacon of Catholicity sending forth missionaries to the dark corners of the globe. Let us pray and work that this may come to pass.







**A CATHOLIC READER**, edited by Chas. A. Brady, Catholic Readers Club.  
23 Scott Street, Toronto. 337 pp. \$3.75.

Every anthology has two defects: it has too little and too much; too little of what you wanted and too much of what you dislike. No editor can hope to have his readers agree with his choice since tastes differ even when everything in the brew is admittedly good. Mr. Brady has chosen among Catholic writers since the Reformation. Richard Crashaw, Robert Southwell, Thomas Malory are names which should be better known than they are and Mr. Brady did well to include them. This reviewer hoped to see Southwell's "The Burning Babe" which is a better example of the work of the "metaphysical poets". Coventry Patmore is another who might well have received lengthier treatment. As the poet of married love he deserves to be better known. However we are grateful to the editor for including this writer who is so frequently neglected.

**THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS**, by Vincent P. McCorry, S.J. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott St., Toronto. 184 pp. \$2.75.

This book, as the title clearly indicates, is addressed to girls in their teens. The author, a priest of great experience in giving retreats and conferences in Catholic girls high schools, writes with authority and understanding of the problems that affect teen-agers. The title might

Belloc and Chesterton are inevitable in any Catholic anthology and I suppose today one must also find Ronald Knox and Evelyn Waugh. Besides these one is pleased to find Finley Peter Dunne (of Mr. Dooley fame) and Clare Boothe Luce, Father Tabb and Cardinal Newman. The common denominator is rather indefinite but the variety gives one an excellent idea of the varied problems which have interested Catholic writers of the past three centuries.

The book ends with an essay by Father Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., with directions on how to judge the value of a book. This writer has been making a wonderful contribution to Catholic letters through the pages of America of which he is the literary editor. The brochure "Tenets for Reviewers" by Father Gardiner is a *must* for all discerning readers and the excerpt found in Mr. Brady's book is an excellent way to complete any anthology.

antagonize a girl until she appreciates Father McCorry's explanation that "The teens are terrible in the sense of being troublesome. They are troublesome because they are critical, because they are necessarily difficult and because they are frequently painful to a quite astonishing

degree . . . the high school years are critical because they are, par excellence, the years of decisive formation”.

Time and again we hear parents complain that they do not know why their daughters act as they do, think as they do and are so difficult to manage. The fault is not always with the children for, psychologically, girls in their teens have certain problems that require consideration. This book will be read with profit by parents and teen-age girls, above

all the latter. The author points out that “It is generally assumed that teen-age girls are dizzy . . . but sometimes you get the impression that dizziness is a kind of obligation”. Catholic girls of high school age are capable of serious thinking and this little volume presents their problems in smart, modern style under such chapters as “All the Answers”, “Got To Be Beautiful”, “School Days, School Days”, “Boy Crazy”, “You (Should) Remind Me of Your (Blessed) Mother.”

## What's In A Name?

(Concluded from page 18)

is said) he did not think that a change, made in secret from one Boyl to the other Boyl, would affect the title to the office. Nevertheless it remains a fact that Father Boyl, the Franciscan, was never told of his appointment.

We must remember that Fernando wielded great influence in the Church at that time. You will notice that the Papal appointment was sent to His Majesty directly, to be relayed to the Franciscan. The King simply withheld the original Papal document, and instead sent a letter to his *Benedictine* friend, Father Boyl. In this letter, the monk was informed that he had been appointed Vicar

Apostolic to the West Indies. The King added that he was keeping the original document of appointment because of the danger of theft. According to the historian Roselly, this danger was only imaginary, since Fernando was a powerful monarch and could easily assure safe passage of such an important document.

Yes indeed; Father Bernardo Boyl of the Order of St. Benedict had the privilege of singing the first solemn Mass in the New World. What very few people know, is that his namesake, Father Bernardo Boyl of the Franciscan Order of Friars Minor was the priest who should have had that honour.

O JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, and think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from miserable things of this world; but above all teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.



This little boy doesn't know what's ahead of him so he gets help from Dad. What's in your future? The answer may be right here.



THE best years of his life lie before the little lad in the picture. He's too young to be wondering seriously about his future. Probably his only desire at the moment is to be a policeman like his father. But about January of the year 1962 he will be like many a Canadian Catholic high school boy in the first month of the present New Year. As he begins that year he will realize that it will be different from all the other years of his life—it will be the year of decision. He must decide what he will be and do during the years that lie before him. He must consider what work he feels that he wants to do; what his qualifications are for it.

Perhaps this describes your position as we begin 1948. God may have given you the blessing of a vocation to the foreign missionary priesthood. Certainly not every Catholic high school graduate of this year is called by God to become a missionary after the example of Christ,

the First Missioners, but every Catholic boy should seriously consider whether or not he has been given such a vocation. If you have normally good health, will obtain your matriculation this coming summer, and are wondering about this question, take a few minutes out and drop us a line for further information. If you were undecided where to go on a trip during the vacation you would write for travel folders which would tell you what you want to know, suggest places to go and things to do. If you realize that soon you will be embarking on a trip when you finish high school that may well last your life, since it will be the work you have chosen, it will be worth your while determining definitely just what is required of one who wishes to become a foreign missionary. You can't lose anything and you may gain everything. Address: Father Rector, Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont.

an investigation. Finally the police appeared at the mission and informed the Bishop that the people were demanding an investigation into their activities.

*Francis:* But what kind of an investigation—into what activities?

*The Pastor:* The Bishop soon found out. He and all his priests and sisters were thrown into jail and left there for weeks. Then they were dragged to a so-called People's Court and there were accused of drinking the blood of live children, of being rich landlords exploiting the people, of killing patients in their hospital for experiments and of helping the Japs during the war. All lies, of course, but they were declared guilty, whipped publicly, dragged through the streets and finally expelled from the district. Several Chinese Fathers are still in prison and the Bishop told me he felt sure that they would be executed.

*Moldern:* How horrible! The same thing would happen to you, Father, if they came to Lanchi.

*The Pastor:* I am sure of it.

*Philip:* Then tell me this—why, if the communists are so bad—why does the U.S.A. refuse to help us get rid of them.

*James:* Wedeyemer says it is because our officials are so corrupted and also that we should help ourselves more than we do.

*Arthur:* Tell us Father, what do you think about that? Do you think that the U.S.A. should not help us because some of our officials are not honest?

*The Pastor:* Well, boys, I'll tell you! And this is only a personal opinion. I really think that America *should* help China. After all, China has always had corrupt officials—as every country in the world has to a certain extent. China may be worse than many other countries but that is due to the fact that she is not a Christian country. Chinese officials—many of them have no ten commandments—their moral code is the ancient code of "face." And that does not conduce to much honesty—as you know. A Christian country should not judge a pagan country by its own standards!

*Patrick:* It's time, Father.

*The Pastor:* O.K. We will discuss this question again—some other night. What is the topic for tomorrow night?

*Francis:* The topic is "What is wrong with Education in China?"

*The Pastor:* Well, we will have lots to say tomorrow night. Prepare some ideas. God bless you, boys. Good night!

*All students:*

**GOOD NIGHT FATHER!**

Exit all but the pastor—He looks at the clock and grabs his breviary!

EDITOR'S NOTE: A letter from Father J. J. Tompkins, pastor of Reserve corrects an article which appeared in the November issue of CHINA. Therein was an account of the Cooperative Movement at work in Reserve. Instead of RESERVE this should have been LITTLE DOVER. We are sorry if this caused any embarrassment to the parishioners of Reserve, N.S.



# *Triumph of Christ*

(Concluded from page 8)

scenes of seminary days flashed before him, as the shrilling echo of Monsignor Davis burned in his ears, "When you are called, GO! If you are shaving, lay down the razor, wipe the lather off your face—AND GO!" It was enough; the call had been indirect but a sick call it was nonetheless.

It was night when the small company reached the clapboard, thatched-roofed house. Dismounting quickly, priest and guide advanced to the door of the small hut. In practically no time, the whole household gathered to greet the unexpected visitor, with expressions that wavered between fear, surprise, and respect. With a few re-assuring gestures, the guide announced the purpose of the intrusion, asking the nearest stander-by to inform the sick man that the Padre had come to hear his confession and to administer the Last Sacraments. The curate was led to a small, dark room—shabby and poorly furnished. There in the corner on a board bed, covered with a straw mat, lay the object of his quest. Silence reigned supreme after the response to the Priest's blessing but not for long. Was the old man disturbed? Very much so, raising the same objections as his son a few hours previous. The objections were quickly solved and the Curate set to work to regain that soul for God. How mad the devil must have been!

Having recited the final prayers, the priest turned to bless all who were present—the people in general, the sick man in particular. Approaching the latter, he bent very low thinking to bid him farewell, and to ask a prayer when he should reach heaven. Before he could open his mouth, however, the old man gripped him firmly by the hand, and raised

himself slowly until he was able to clasp his cold fleshless arm about the neck of the priest. The two eyed each other intensely for brief seconds, as the dying man gasped under great strain the last words he was ever heard to speak, "Deo gratias! Dios te bendiga, Padre!" Thanks be to God! God bless you, Padre!" All was over; the mission was accomplished.

As he rode back, the priest's whole being vibrated with a peculiar sensation; he had never experienced it before. For a time he tried to persuade himself that this had been an ordinary sick-call, just like all the others—but nothing sufficed to distract his mind from that last passionate cry of gratitude which kept hammering on his brain, "Thanks be to God! God bless you, Padre!" That the man should have thanked a condescending God was clearly understandable. But what, he asked, had he himself done outside the law of duty. Gratitude and duty—he could not fit the combination; nor must he try. He was a priest of God, an ambassador of Jesus Christ, an instrument in the salvation of souls; this was sufficient reason. It could explain also those sweetest consolations which flooded upon him—consolations which the missionary is wont to feel in the very heart of trial and exhaustion. A missionary of Jesus Christ! The words fell as so many coals to animate the soul and inflame the heart with love for the Divine Master. As if to temper the high exultation of his spirit, he reflected on the words of St. Paul, "Not that we are sufficient to think anything of ourselves as ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God." Inevitably it was the triumph of Christ.



# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

**H**APPY New Year Buds! I wish all of you a holy and very happy 1948. As you return to school I'm sure you thank God for all His blessings. The Christmas season is such a happy one in Canada and it means so little to others, especially the Chinese children, millions of whom are quite hungry. You know how easy it is for you to go into the pantry and help yourself. Well Old Mother Hubbard must have come from China because so many cupboards are bare.

In gratitude to Our Blessed Lord I'm sure you have made a resolution to work hard this coming year. Do your very best in school and at home to please the Infant Jesus. Sometimes it's easier to understand God's plan when we think of HIM as a small child. You know what it's like with a small child around the house. Suppose you have a little baby brother who can just speak. Let's imagine you are playing with him. You bounce a ball for him. What does he say? "Do it again". Then you bounce it up and down some more. What does he say now: "Do it again". No matter how often you do it he just laughs and says: "Do it again". You get tired so for a change you bounce him on your knee. When you stop he says: "Do it again". There is no end to it really because he is so full of life he never gets tired. Older people can't

stand repeating but children love to "do it again".

Sometimes it's a good idea to think of Baby Jesus as a little Boy who can just speak a few words. He looks out over the world and sees the sunrise. He laughs. Next day He says: "Do it again". And after day comes night, then another day, then another night . . . and always He repeats: "Do it again". Autumn follows summer which follows spring which follows winter and He never gets tired. He laughs in glee and tells mother nature: "Do it again".

Now what about you? You get up in the morning, say your prayers, wash your face, eat and go to school. At the end of the day you do your work around the house, say some more prayers and go to bed. Who is watching all this routine? The Infant Jesus. And as He smiles on you what is He saying: "Do it again". So next day you repeat the whole thing; and the next day; and the next, and the next . . . Always that little Voice repeats: "Do it again".

Every Sunday you go to Mass; at least once a month you receive Holy Communion. And a Whisper in your ear tells you: "Do it again". So all your life you do the same wonderful things over and over. Because you have done them so often already, you may have the idea that they are not very important. That is a mistake. Because they are done often





Dear Father Jim:

Here is my gift for China's children. I hope it will be of some use to you.

Please tell the editors of China I enjoy it very much. We all want to read it when it comes.

Marguerite Lemay,  
231 N. Brodie St.  
Fort William, Ont.

Because of your sacrifices a lot of children in China are going to have food to eat, food that they need so desperately—rice. Feeding the hungry was one of the things Christ Himself stressed as a powerful aid to our own salvation.

Dear Father Jim:

Just a note enclosing a small donation for the Missionaries in China who are doing such a wonderful job. I have been sick in the hospital for 15 months and expect to be in all winter, and I would like to have a pen pal.

I am 17 years old.

Miss Mary Ann Joe,  
St. Mary's Hospital,  
Inverness, N.S.

Here's a glorious opportunity for our Buds to make someone happy who is offering up her sufferings for the Missions. So get busy, Buds, and write.

increases their value instead of anything else because you are getting better at it all the time. Take the hockey-player for example: he practises a lot and although he may get tired of practises the result is going to be a better player. It's the same with you. Every time you make the Infant Jesus smile because you "did it again" you are becoming a bet-

ter spiritual athlete, that is more holy.

You tell me you made a New Year's resolution to work hard all of 1948, eh? Well that's fine. Did you say that's the same promise you made last year? Did you keep it in 1947? You did? Well then, **DO IT AGAIN!**

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.

Dear Father Jim:

Your "CHINA" is as good as ever and your page is the best part of it. We are trying to save our few pennies for you. We are waiting again for the next "CHINA".

Your friends,



Pupils of St. John's School,  
Room 3,  
Hamilton, Ontario.

We wish to thank the pupils of St. John's School for their letter and continued interest in our work.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am writing to ask you if I could join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I would like you to send me a donation box and a medal.

I am fifteen years old.



Rene Ladouceur,  
c/o Deep River P.O. -  
Deep River, Ont.

Thanks for your letter Rene. By the time you read this you will have received your mite box.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing a postal note for \$2.50 which is the contents of my mission box.

I pray for the Missions every day.



Margaret Jarret,  
1225 Island St.  
Montreal 22, Que.

Thanks a million, Margaret, for your great interest in our Missions.

We are ever grateful for your prayers so please continue them in our behalf.

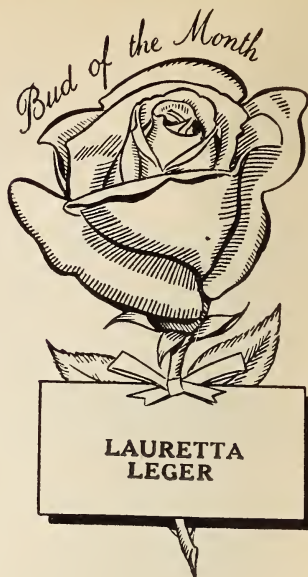
\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed please find \$3.00 my contribution for the fund for the little Chinese boys and girls. Will send more as soon as possible.



Hazel Hartlin,  
76 Gerrish St.  
Halifax, N.S.



Lauretta lives at Green Valley, Ontario and is a very good friend of our missions. With her friends and members of the family she has collected stamps, pennies and offered many Rosaries all for China's children. May the Lord of the Missions bless you and your loved ones, Lauretta.

Orchids to you Hazel, for your fine gift towards those less fortunate than yourself. China's children will be helped that much more to get to Heaven. And you too.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

The enclosed money order is the amount which I have put into my mite box for your missionaries.

I hope that this small amount will be a help to you in your work.



Norine Hamilton,  
Notre Dame Academy,  
Waterdown, Ont.

You certainly must have made many sacrifices, Norine, many thanks



for your donation. Your missionaries can't help but feel very happy to know children like yourself are so interested in the saving of souls.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

*I am eleven years old and I would like to join the Rose Garden and help to save China's children. I am sending some used stamps.*



Barbara Webb,  
6 Burke's Road,  
Corner Brook, Nfld.

Welcome to the Rose Garden, Barbara. Hope you get many pen pals. Thank you for the stamps you have already sent. We appreciate your interest very much.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

*Am sending the contents of my mite box. Sorry to have neglected it so long. Hope it will help to brighten some Chinese child.*



Bill Brown,  
7B Church Rd.  
Grand Falls, Nfld.

Well, Bill, your mite box must have been working overtime to have accumulated such a marvellous donation. Many thanks. You are a real missionary and God will crown your efforts with success.



Pray for China's children.

## NOTICE TO ALL BUDS!

Father Jim needs *STAMPS*, used and unused. Especially Newfoundland stamps. Among the Canadian stamps, please collect the 4c Canadian Citizen and the 4c Alexander Graham Bell stamp of last year. If enough Buds collect and send these in Father Jim will be able to use the profits to help furnish a room in the new seminary we must build. Send used stamps to *NAZARETH HOUSE, ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO.*

## BOOKS WANTED:

- I. J. SEMPER: Hamlet Without Tears.
- R. A. KNOX: The Church on Earth.
- H. AGAR: The Land of the Free.
- R. BORSODI: Flight from the City.
- E. GILL: Work and Leisure.

QUICKIE QUIZZ winner for the month of October was Margaret LeMay, 231 N. Brodie St., Fort William who won the draw from among those sending in the correct answers to the quizz: "What devotion is proper to the month of October?"

Phyllis O'Malley, of Barry's Bay, Ontario, won the November Quizz "What Does Advent Mean?"

Congratulations to both of you, Buds, and Father Jim hopes you like your prizes.



## Items of Interest

This is the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower. L. to R., front row: Miss E. Mooney, Miss N. McSweeney, Jas. White, Mrs. P. Kilcoyne, Miss A. Dougherty. Back row: Rev. J. P. Leonard, S.F.M. and John Wilson.

The priests and students of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society extend their sympathy to Rev. Gerald Doyle, S.F.M. and the members of his family on the occasion of the death of his mother, Mrs. Julia Mary Doyle. Rev. Bernard Doyle of the Toronto diocese and Rev. Basil Doyle of the Paulist Fathers, brothers of Father Gerald officiated at the funeral, whilst Cardinal McGuigan gave the final Absolution. R.I.P.

Page Thirty

### Pray for Our dead:

Rt. Rev. J. W. Englert, pastor of St. Anne's parish, Hamilton.

Mr. W. J. Markle, father of Rt. Rev. Basil and Rev. Dr. Louis Markle.

Mrs. Wm. Doyle, Munson, Alta.

Mrs. Margaret Pellerin, Pictou, N.S.

Miss Mary Ethel McAllister, Toronto.

### In Thanksgiving

In thanksgiving to St. Theresa for a favor received. Sheila Bucher, Montreal, Que.

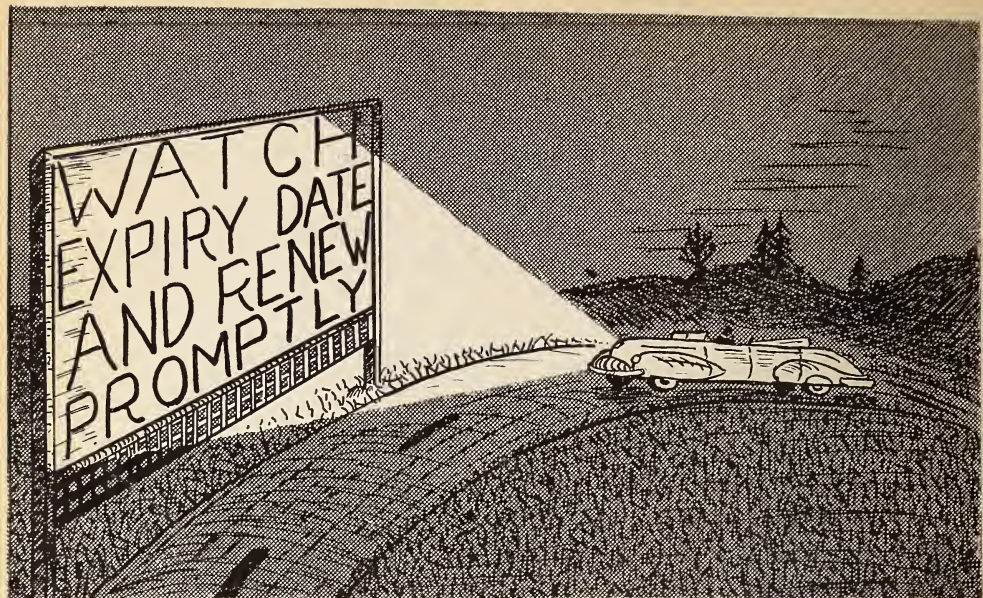
In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary and St. Anne for favors received. Mrs. Rose Burke, St. Mary's, Nfld.

CHINA





The Immaculate Heart of Mary Burse was begun with a gift of \$1,500. Although that was over two years ago, it has still to reach the \$2,000 mark. A completed burse needs \$5,000. The interest will be used forever to educate a priest. Will you help?









# *A Lenten Prayer - - -*

*In a mystic manner taught  
Let us fast because we ought  
Ten days, multiplied by four  
Though it is a beastly bore.*

*Fastings of the prophets old  
Certainly would leave us cold  
Had not Christ the Lord of Ages  
Bid us imitate those sages.*

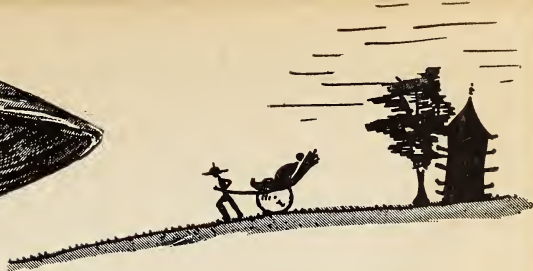
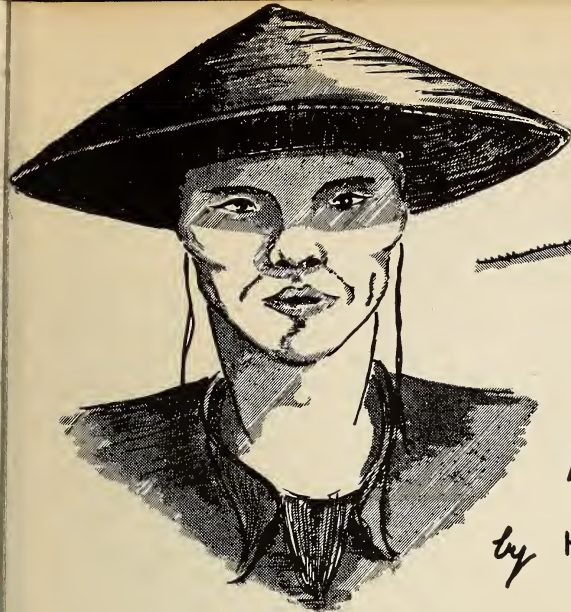
*Fewer words and much less grub,  
Fewer visits to the pub;  
And a watchful eye we'll keep  
On our merriment and sleep.*

*Away with every nasty thought  
In which our fickle m'nds are caught:  
He who submits to Satan's rule  
Is nothing but a silly fool . . .*

*The evil we have done, undo,  
And let our good be added to;  
May we to Our most pleasing be  
Now and for all eternity.*

*Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
Bless my Lenten tea and toast;  
May this my poor pathetic fast  
Help to bring me Home at last.    Amen.*





# AH LI

by HAROLD MURPHY S.F.M.

AH Li's first real adult job was as a boat puller. He would go down to Hangchow from Lanchi in a sampan and help to pull the boat back up the river. Going down was nice—most of the time he could squat on a board in the front of the boat and six times a day fill his stomach with rice the boatman would hand to him. But on the return trip, Ah Li worked for his rice. The sampan had a tall mast from which hung a long rope with a leather loop on its end. Ah Li's job was to slip the loop over his shoulders, wade ashore and pull the boat up against the stream. From early dawn to darkness he would pull and pull—on and on along the shore. If there was a head wind, Ah Li's pulling and straining would force him to lean forward till his head was barely a foot from the ground. Then he would have to stretch every muscle of his back and legs—his feet barely moving—inch by inch—heels digging into the earth—sweat pouring from his body, blocking up his ears, stinging his eyes—the taste of it in his mouth—always pulling—straining—stretching—pulling—.

CHINA

That was Ah Li's job for years. And it was a good job for it was steady. A steady job meant daily food. One has to eat to live—and work to eat. Ah Li—as a little lad—had known hunger. He knew of that gnawing pain—that craving—the terror of hunger. He was quite content to remain a boat puller for the rest of his life.

When he was a very little boy, Ah Li knew what he would be when he grew up. He was going to be a coolie. His father had been a coolie and his grandfather and all his ancestors before him had been coolies. So he would be a coolie.

The life of a coolie requires early training. And so Ah Li started at eight years old!

His father gave him a little pole with a rope on each end with a little pail hanging from each rope. He would trot up and down the hill from the river to his home with the pails full of water. By working all day he managed to bring his mother enough water for the day's cooking. It was a novelty at first—but then it became hard work. For a long time he couldn't seem to balance the pole

Page Three

properly on his shoulder. He was spilling some of the water and it seemed he would never manage the proper sway of his hips, the short quick steps—to be a coolie was difficult.

But then as the years passed the muscles on his arms and hips and legs began to bulge—to become hard. He increased the size of his load and by the time he was twelve years old, his little body possessed all the rythm, the strength, all the supple skill of a coolie. When he was fourteen he could carry twice his own weight with ease.

That job as a boat puller did not last. The boatman went out of business and Ah Li got a job with the oil company carrying tins of oil. He has this job now. All day long he lifts up onto his shoulder a pole with a hundred pounds of oil attached to each end and trots one mile to the river where the oil is loaded onto a boat. He then returns to the company for another load and so on until darkness.

His hours are the hours of daylight. If there is light he works. His wages—a bare sustenance—just enough to keep him alive—to keep from starving. His future is nothing—just nothing but work and work and more work. He will not live long—he knows that—a coolie never does. And then it will be all over!

Last summer every day at sunset I would go down to the river for a swim. In order to get away from the dirtiest part of the river, I would go out the East Gate and across some rice paddies to the shore where some boats were always loading. And often as I passed from the gate to the shore, I would see Ah Li winding his way along a rice paddy path with a load on his shoulders. The sight of this coolie seemed to blend into the countryside. The rhythmic swaying of his body, the rippling muscles straining with the load—the sight of

him seemed to be an essential part of the scene.

One day I smiled at him as he passed. He gave me a startled look in return. The next day, he smiled. And in no time we were good friends.

Ah Li smiles a lot—and only God knows why. And with that smile is a naive simplicity that would touch the hardest heart. An unspoiled creature—this human pack animal!

As I write it is late in the evening. I feel that about this time Ah Li is crawling into his bed—or rather on to the mat that covers two boards—which he uses for a bed. He is pulling up over him a padded quilt—dirty, smelly and filled with lice. Under his head he is stretching his arms—his only pillow. Ah Li, the human beast of burden, is asleep!




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## C H I N A

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**Vol. XXIX**

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# A February Saint

## Peter Damian

### *Cardinal, Doctor of the Church*

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**G**OD gave to St. Peter Damian a lion's share of the responsibility for saving the Church from internal corruption during one of the more unfortunate periods in her long history.

Peter led a most exemplary and fervent life within the walls of his monastery and at the same time kept close watch on the affairs of the Church during the dangerous years which followed the turn of the first millennium.

That he was held in high esteem by his contemporaries is evident from the fact that seven successive Popes named him their adviser.

If we sometimes see him depicted as a pilgrim holding a papal Bull, it is because he acted, on many occasions, as the personal legate of the reigning Pope in bringing about the settlement of grave disputes affecting the welfare of the Church.

We may also see him represented in art as a Cardinal bearing a discipline in his hand. This is due to the fact that he did so much to restore order and discipline in the Church. After being made a Prince of the

Church he addressed a letter to his fellow Cardinals, exhorting them to be examples of true Christian living before all.

His many excellent writings inspired Pope Leo XIII to pronounce him a Doctor of the Church.

'Tis horrible to think that this man, who was used by God as an instrument for so much good, was almost destroyed in infancy by his own brother. Peter was the youngest of a large family which, although noble, was very poor. Hence, his birth was resented to such an extent by an elder brother that his mother refused to suckle him. If it had not been for a friend of the family who persuaded the mother of her duty, the baby would have died of starvation. Thus another Cain was prevented from depriving this sick world of another Abel who would work for its benefit.

Who knows? Perhaps the minds which would have convinced Luther and Calvin to return to the Fold, which would have converted Hitler and Stalin, which would have discovered the cure for cancer, etc.,



### THE YELLOW RIVER IN FLOOD AGAIN!

Every year hundreds of lives are lost in the frightful floods caused by the Yellow River. Levees are powerless against this catastrophe. This picture shows supplies being unloaded to help victims who have lost their tiny homes.

## February Saint

(Continued from page 5)

were all destroyed in infancy by others who thought as did Peter's brother. It could very easily have happened, for God never destroys the free will, even if it does belong to one who refused to be a "man of good will." It is a most probable thing in our modern pagan world where only a strain of Christian sentiment survives. We can almost say that the present-day world is typified by Peter's unnatural brother.

Our saint was left an orphan at a very tender age. An elder brother who hired him as his swineherd did not give him sufficient to eat and maltreated him in other ways. After several years, still another brother, but one "of good will," took him

under his care and gave him an opportunity of receiving a good education.

This brother was called Damian. It is believed that Peter added this name to his own in grateful recognition of his brother's kindness.

If we Catholics only typified this brother "of good will" by being an influence for good in our pagan surroundings, a great change might come to pass. It is true that we shall not likely become great shining examples like St. Peter Damian, the Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church but we can imitate his truly Christian brother. Remember, no man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no good.



# Introducing the parish of San Jose in Yamasa

## Dominican Republic

THE parish of San Jose in Yamasa is the most encouraging and yet, in many ways the most difficult of all the places assigned to the Scarboro Fathers in the Dominican Republic. This becomes evident to anyone who has spent a week alone in it.

Early in October Father Fullerton had been ill with malaria and shortly after my arrival Father Ainslie had to leave for the capital, leaving me alone for only a week; it was enough.

In the first two days there were three sick calls. No automobile to jump into nor were the sick people just down the street; each trip meant that I had to straddle a horse and make my way over narrow trails far into the countryside to return several hours later. On one of these occasions the horse was so small that my feet almost touched the ground on either side. One feels very foolish dressed for riding on such a beast; it looks more like a toy or child's birthday gift but its endurance is something else.

After three such trips besides the ordinary parish work I was not feeling too gay by Friday. According

to previous arrangements there was to be a "campo" or mission trip that day. It rained until 5 p.m. thus preventing an early start. Eventually we got away but the mucky trails prevented any hurry. The horses were not to be rushed and even spurs failed to make any impression.

Tropical darkness fell rapidly soon after our departure and I followed the guide by the sound of the horse's hoofs on the wet, muddy trail. He seemed to have the instinct of a homing pigeon, or some private radar set as he easily followed the labyrinthine paths to our destination. We arrived so late at the little chapel that most of the people who had gathered for evening devotions and confession had returned to their homes, despairing of our coming. However, the group remaining kept me in the confessional for an hour after prayers and instructions. The supper of rice, beans, yucca, bananas and black coffee was very tasty and I certainly appreciated it.

The other room of the little bark-roofed chapel was my bedroom for the night. Its furniture consisted of a small cot. Although the bed clothes did not look as though they had been washed "Rinso white" they contain-

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ed no friendly lice; for this I was grateful. The old caretaker knew that the foreign padre would not dream of sleeping without a mosquito-net so he rigged up the only one available. The holes in it reminded me of the Thousand Islands: some were so small they could hardly be seen, others so large that all the mosquitoes in the Dominican swamps could fly in "in formation." To the sound of falling rain I dropped off to sleep and dreamt of giant malaria mosquitoes entering the smallest holes without the slightest difficulty.

When I awoke in the morning the people were already gathering for Mass. After confessions I managed to begin the Holy Sacrifice at about 9.30. It was certainly well attended and a large number of people received Holy Communion.

Immediately after Mass I set out on horseback to bring the Blessed Sacrament to five sick persons who lived in various parts of the district. Returning shortly before noon, I was told of a dying man some three hours journey away, further on in the mountains. The locals advised against trying to cross the swollen rivers after such rain but I felt obliged to see for myself.

Why he did it I will never know but my guide crossed the river a

short distance above a waterfall. I placed the saddle bags over my shoulders to save them a wetting, then put my feet on the horse's mane and hoped that I would not lose my balance. In such a situation never look down on the swirling waters but rather look up with hope and confidence.

Eventually we reached the home of the sick man. After administering the Last Sacraments we made our way back to the village of Yamasa, arriving at 6 p.m. There a marriage was awaiting me as well as night prayers and many confessions, for the following day was the feast of Christ the King. A few hours later I was free to sit by the oil lamp and recite the Divine Office.

The next morning was really a beautiful one and people came from many of the surrounding missions to pay their homage to Divine Royalty. An elderly native priest who could no longer work said the 6.30 Mass for the people. Although it took him a very long time it did not matter to the Dominican country folk who have the patience of Job. This left me free to hear confessions. Although I kept at it even beyond the hour of the High Mass there were still many left unheard and these had to wait until after Mass ended. All went well until I tried to skip over to the house for a bite to eat before finishing the confessions. Half of the congregation followed! Each one wanted something or other. Even as I ate they surrounded the table and continued to jabber about a multitude of things. All were ignored except one man who entered just as I was finishing. He sought the padre for a dying person who lived several miles away.

So I left the confessions, baptisms, marriage problems, etc., behind and set out over the trails on my trusty steed again. That evening about 6

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## OUR COVER



Would you like a pinch of snuff?

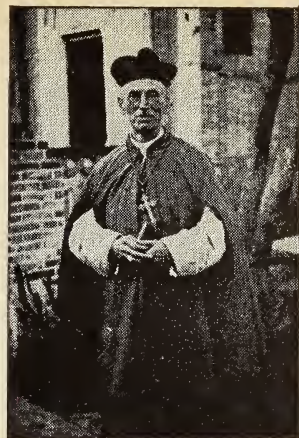
(Continued on page 19)



# Monsignor

## Fraser

## Writes



Catholic Mission  
Kinhwa, Che. China,  
Sept. 21st, 1947.

**T**ODAY for the first time we made the stations before the beautiful pictures sent by Miss Creede. I told the people who sent them and asked them to pray for her intentions. I am afraid she went to great expense to procure these pictures. God bless her and her family and may He reward her a hundredfold.

The prices of Canada cannot compare with those in China. Before the war a pound of rice cost seven Chinese cents a pound; now it is \$230. a pound. When I arrived last year 1 U.S. dollar bought 2,020 Chinese dollars. Now for a U.S. dollar you can get 45,000 Chinese dollars!

A couple of weeks ago a poor barber's assistant took sick and as he was unable to do his work was dismissed. He took shelter in an abandoned straw hovel. There my catechist found him apparently dying and after a brief instruction baptized him. He lingered on however and I went to see him. He was so wretched, lying on a wisp of straw on a mud floor I took compassion on him and had him carried by two

men on a door to our place, and hired a man to take care of him. He died a few days ago. A carpenter made a rough coffin, and after the funeral service he was carried to our cemetery several miles from the city. The morning he died he asked us to give him whatever he wished to eat as he said he would die that day. No doubt his soul was saved. He was quite conscious when receiving the last sacraments and invoked the name of Jesus.

The bundle of Catholic papers arrived some time ago—I would be delighted to get more papers as they make good reading in the winter evenings.

### Oct. 15th, The Feast of St. Teresa

It has turned quite cold lately, 48 degrees above zero—quite a difference from a fortnight ago when it was up to 99 degrees. I received the letters, cheques and Franciscan scapulars, many thanks! The priests are one day late in arriving in Shanghai from Toronto. It will be some days before they arrive here. Customs transfers are very slow.

### Nov. 4th, 1947

Yesterday was All Souls Day. In the morning I said three Masses, one

for the intention of the giver, one for all the souls in Purgatory and the third according to the intention of the Pope, namely for all those souls for whom Mass stipends were donated, but for some reason or other the said stipends were lost, as happened at the beginning of the century in France when pious foundation for Masses were robbed by the State, and as happened in the recent war, when many stipends were lost in the mails or otherwise. In the afternoon as is the custom here, we all paid a visit to the cemetery, where I blessed a tomb, that of the poor man who died recently in our mission, and recited prayers for all those buried there. Our graveyard is over two miles from the city. All the children of our prayer school went with me and some of the local Christians. After visiting the graves

we distributed biscuits which were relished after the long walk. We then visited some Christians and newly converted families in a village nearby. On the way back we inspected a magnificent monument and tomb erected in memory of eleven officials of the Kihwa courthouse who at the approach of the Japanese fled to the country but were found by the enemy and put to death. A beautiful kiosk stands in front of the massive stone steps leading to the tombs. In its centre stands a stone slab on which is recorded the history of the tragedy. When Christians die an obituary notice is often sent to the churches asking prayers for the deceased. These are posted near the door of the churches. One was received for Mrs. Liou. It came from quite a distance, sent by a dutiful son, who relates that his mother was murdered by bandits who looted her home.

Did you ever hear of a person "calling a lost soul" When a child gets sick? the pagans think that his soul got lost the last time the child was out playing. Taking a broom they clothe it with a jacket belonging to the child, and then go through the streets calling the soul, which on recognizing the garment will follow it back to the home!

I noticed in one of the "Chinas" a picture of Chinese playing Hwaguen. The clergy are forbidden to take part in the game. It consists in playing for drinks; but like many other things in China the opposite to us takes place—the loser gets the drinks! It is played at banquets. The players thrust out simultaneously a number of fingers of the right hand and shouts a number, which if it tallies with the total of both hands he wins, and the other fellow has to empty his glass. The game is immoral because it induces drunkenness.

Yesterday I got a letter of thanks

CHINA



I'm Mary Lou Kane. Do I have to give up candy in Lent?



from a High School student to whom I gave some stamps. He says: "Many thanks for your stamps which you are so kindly brought to me by Father Ly. I am pleased with them that I have wanted for a long time. This time many new are rare stamps has not belonged to me. How much disappointed I am! Will you mind if I ask you to send me some others again? Will you suppose me a greedy boy? Excuse me! Then sent my warmest thanks, Wish God bless you! Joseph Ma."

Another letter from a former pupil of our Catholic School here, and now a student in a High School in Fukien reads: "In the twinkling of an eye about six months has passed since we parted from each other. I am sure you are enjoying home life as happy as in Heaven. I am very sorry it is a long time since I wrote to you. My lessons have absorbed my attention so much that I did not have time to write a letter to you. Will you excuse me? Now I wish to make a request you to tell my parents that I wish to become a priest. If they allow me, please give me a letter and allow me to remain in Fukien or Chekiang. This letter is too short. Before I close let me tell you that I am in excellent health. I hope you are the same at home."

On Sunday not long ago a little girl came to Mass barefoot three miles over rough stony paths on a badly burned foot. Every step must have been agony. She did not mention it to me and was prepared to return home when I noticed that she was limping. On examination, I found the whole instep a mass of festering blisters; she had upset a brazier of live coals on her foot. We applied ointment and bandages and I kept her at the mission until the foot got better. I wonder how many children would have come to Mass under those circumstances.

A rich young man, a pagan,

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threatened with blindness, came to see me. I gave him a letter of recommendation to a specialist in Shanghai, the one who treated Father Lassus, the assistant procurator. This poor priest suddenly lost his sight. He was placed in a dark room for a month then given opaque spectacles with tiny holes for light, and then sent home to France to recuperate.

Two youthful soldiers came strolling through the grounds. The older of the two related that at the age of ten he was sent to a far-distant province to learn a trade. After three years of practical slavery he could earn some money for himself. Then he was conscripted into the army and has served a number of years. Though he is a pagan his parents are Christians. They said life in the army is very hard. Two meals of rice and vegetables a day, and only cotton garments in winter. They promised to write a letter to their parents about the visit they paid the Catholic Mission. They were all smiles on leaving and promised to come again on Sundays, their day off.

The U.S. is not the only place where some people are lynched on Main Street. Two thieves were caught red-handed. The mob beat one of them to death and only for the timely arrival of the police the other would have also been killed. He got a severe beating however, and when the police were bringing him away the crowd taunted them saying they were fostering thieves.

Recently a baby girl was born to Mrs. Yang, my catechist's wife, here in the mission compound. I christened her Mary Theresa (The Little Flower). Her sister of ten, whom I mentioned as being very clever at Catechism, I have sent to the Catholic School at Chuchow, 3 hours by rail from here under my friend Fr. Ly.

The other day Archbishop Deymier called and stopped several days. He was on his way to another part of the diocese. We had a long and pleasant conversation together. Fr. Lyons passed through here on his way to Lishui; also Fr. Stringer arrived today. The articles that you sent with the missionaries will be brought here by Fr. McIntosh who is still in Shanghai. Fr. Carey who went to Peking will arrive here next

week. When the box from Toronto arrives I will let you know. Thanks!

**Nov. 21st, 1947**

I received the Sacred Heart Badges sent by a sister of the Good Shepherd Convent; I wrote giving my thanks.

It is very cold here now, everyone is begging for more clothes—the poor people are very miserable during the winter. I was just saying to Fr. Carey that every missionary coming ought to bring a trunkful of old warm clothes, especially old overcoats. It would be wonderful if some of the good ladies collected some and sent them with the next priests leaving for here.

Fathers McIntosh and C. Murphy arrived and proceeded to Lishui with all the baggage. The things that were sent to me are in one of the trunks with much other stuff. It all went in three trunks to Lishui. But my things will be sent back and then I will acknowledge them in detail.

I wish to send my Christmas greetings to all my dear relatives and so many dear friends. May you all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



**HE SCORES! (S.F.M. Novitiate).**





F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**R** EPORTS from England tell of a rare phenomenon: roses which refuse to fade. According to "usually reliable accounts," a crown of roses was placed on the head of a statue of the Blessed Virgin in St. Mary's Church, Heaton Norris, Stockport, England, last May 4th and they have not changed in appearance since then, now some 9 months gone. Newsmen have seen them and written considerably with many theories, all unsatisfactory, to explain this event. What is to be thought of this?

In Germany one reads of apparitions of the Sacred Heart at Heede. In Italy less than a year ago, the press reported that the Blessed Virgin appeared to Bruno Cornacchiola. In France in January of this year more apparitions were reported. What should be our attitude?

There is a permanent wonder in the story of Theresä Neumann the German stigmatist and although nobody can deny the fact, what is its significance for us?

### Two Attitudes, Both Extremes

One over-cautious group of Catholics finds it simplest to deny all such reports and roundly denounces the newspapers for printing anything about them. The Catholic Press in particular is singled out for invective and abuse and the final

statement is invariably: "Even if true (which you understand is quite unlikely), nothing should be said about them." The possibility of fraud is stressed, the number of exposures is related and one is left with the conclusion that although in theory such things are possible, still in practice they never exist and have not since apostolic times.

The other extreme is to jump on the bandwagon and proclaim every report as having the approval of the latest encyclical, to defend even without any exact knowledge and shout down all opposition. According to this latter mode of behaviour and thought, any question or skepticism is tantamount to heresy and must needs be censured and rebuked as such. Pilgrimages are to be organized, prayers are to be written, novenas instituted, private devotions begun and the whole story is to be given the widest possible publicity via handbills, leaflets, pamphlets, magazines, books, lectures on the public platform and radio talks. Publicity is the thing and if one asks why, the answer is simply that God would not have allowed it to happen in the first instance if He did not want it so. There is a frantic urgency to drop everything and spread the gospel of the latest sensation. Is this best?

## What Comes of the First Plan?

Those who deny the existence of all unusual phenomena are hiding their heads in the sand. Lourdes and in our own country St. Anne de Beaupré and St. Joseph's Oratory cannot be brushed aside. There is incontrovertible evidence. Remembering always that Holy Mother Church is a very cautious guide it remains true that She has canonized Bernadette and approved the devotions fostered by the shrine at Lourdes. Surely we can follow the Church and feel confident that in Her wisdom She pronounces truly when approval is given and we are told. "the events are worthy of belief."

## Do You Prefer the Second Plan?

The attitude of the second group is more annoying than anything else. Members of the group range in character from the "joiners" who by temperament want to belong to every new society and organization in the Church right down to the people who have been called "the lunatic fringe." Obviously the "joiners" are harmless and there

need be little concern about them. They are the sheep, the followers, the led. But the others, their leaders, can be a very serious problem. To begin with, they are credulous folk and once convinced they want to convince everybody else. They advocate that you follow their example with reference to the particular phenomenon which has excited them. Possibly its an apparition and you are pressed to believe it and tell others of it. If this fails to rouse you they entreat, importune, implore, insist very firmly and finally goad you. Now let's suppose you are a very stubborn "character" and you do not "goad" very well. The final step is then to denounce you as a fifth columnist, a heretic, a member of the mystical body of Satan.

## By Their Fruits

How does one judge the true nature of these promoters? If they have the active backing of the hierarchy, we may deplore their imprudence but we must also acknowledge our own negligence. However, despite all the noise, if they admit

*(Continued on page 20)*

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Circulation Department.





MR. WONG

*says*

# One Cannot Wrap Up Coals In Paper

During Lent, Holy Mother Church obliges us to chastise our bodies, to discipline them so that they may be worthy vessels of sanctifying grace. The soul must rule the body, the mind must rule our passions before we can be holy. Sin is like fire and cannot be opposed by paper. Train your body to have greater resistance to sinful attractions than paper has for fire.



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## *From Distant Shores, the Ma*

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**B**ILL picked up the satchel, donned his hat and set forth for his new world. He didn't know what it held in store for him but the choice had not rested with him.

He thought it over. The circumstances of his departure were odd. His father had said to him, "Son, I'm going to send you to South America to begin work there."

"Why, Dad? Things are not running too smoothly here at home by any means; you might need my help."

"No, Bill, go as I told you. I know our situation and I think it best for you to go."

Bill went but first he paid a farewell visit to his friends. Almost everyone of them asked the same question, "Why are you going away? There is so much work to do here."

Bill's only answer was, "Dad told me to go, and I have no choice.

You wouldn't want me to refuse my dad would you?"

We have a parallel in our own lives. A young man wishes to enroll in a Seminary to train for work in mission lands. His vocation is tested by the pleas of his family, the sighs of his friends and the sympathy of all the others. Why does he go to a pagan country when he is needed here at home?

*WHY* be a missionary? Did Isaac Jogues or John Brebeuf come to Canada to trade furs for trinkets? Do men become missionaries with the slogan: Join The Missions And See The World? Is China or India or South America a land of pay dirt to which missionaries flock in a wild gold rush? If these were the reasons then surely the choice would be ours completely. But such is not the case. In this Mission Education Bulletin we see that God has spoken on this very subject in His Holy Scriptures. "All





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## er Calls "Come, Follow Me".

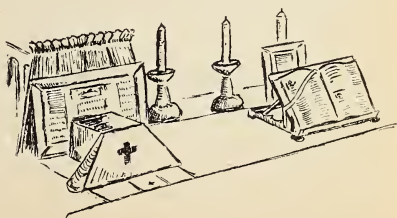
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the ends of the earth shall remember and shall be converted to the Lord and *all* the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in His sight." (Ps. 21, 28). "Go teach *all* nations." (Matt. 28, 20). These texts show the command to preach the gospel is universal, world-wide, with the emphasis on distant harvests.

Now *HOW* is the call made? How persuasive? Let's read St. Matthew again, ch. 4, verses 18 to 22: "As He was walking by the sea of Galilee He saw two brothers, Simon who is called Peter, and his brother Andrew, casting a net into the sea (for they were fishermen). And He said to them: 'Come, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.' And at once they left their nets, and followed him. And going further on, he saw two other brothers, James the son of Zebedee, and his brother John, in a boat with Zebedee their father, minding their nets; and He called

them. And immediately they left their nets and their father, and followed him." . . . Rather abrupt account isn't it? No pleading; no apology; a straightforward command: COME!

How does one know if one has a missionary vocation? It need not be as dramatic as St. Paul's when he was knocked off his horse on the road to Damascus. If you have average intellectual ability, good health and a desire to give your life for Christ's missions . . . give it a thought, won't you?





# Lishui Letter

•

Rev. A. Venadam  
S.F.M.

(A very detailed and most encouraging letter arrived at the seminary in mid-January from our superior in China Father Venadam. Because it covers so many different points of interest we reproduce his text):

... **T**HE new appointments are as follows: Lungchuan, Fr. L. Huds-well; Sungyang, Fr. K. Turner and Fr. R. Reeves; Pihu, Fr. C. Strang and Fr. A. Clement; Lishui, Fr. A. Venadam and Fr. E. Moriarty; Tsingtien, Fr. Stringer and Fr. Kam; Yungkang, Fr. Fu; Tungyang, Fr. T. Morrissey and Fr. Mo; Pukiang, Fr. J. Kelly; Lanchi, Fr. H. Murphy; Iwu, Fr. C. Murphy; Tangchi, Fr. E. Lyons; Kinwah, Mons. J. Fraser; Dolu, Fr. A. MacIntosh; Yunho, Fr. H. McGettigan; Fr. P. Huang goes to Hwangtan.

There are three new missions here and we hope to have priests where possible with an army of catechists to assist them.

Both the Lishui and Lungchuan clinics are operating full blast, with four and five hundred treated at each

clinic daily. Add to this Father Morrissey's little clinic in Tungyang (which has around sixty patients daily), and Father Clement's at Pihu (another sixty) and the number treated is well over one thousand every day!

The girls' school here in Lishui has been altered and is now a seventy-bed hospital and right now it is full. The Lungchuan hospital is also in operation and doing very well. Besides the clinics and hospitals the Sisters are busy treating people in their homes. We have magnificent Sisters, including the new ones. If they don't get to heaven nobody will. It's wonderful altogether. We may be opening another convent soon and Kinwah may be the place. Tomorrow I shall go up there to look over the old convent building.



Our school in Lishui is filled to capacity and so is the branch school five li (a mile and a half) down the river and results spiritually are very encouraging. Doctrine is now included in the curriculum and these classes are now held during school hours instead of after hours as was formerly the case. Father Hudswell is doing a grand job at the Lungchuan school. He has a Catholic principal and will likely get two or three Catholic teachers next term. Father Stringer will be reorganizing the Tsingtien doctrine school and we expect good results there in the future. The doctrine school in Tsingyuen (Lungchuan district) is still operating, but the results are meager—that place is infested with bandits just now.

Practically all the missions are now under repair. The church here in Lishui (the January CHINA had a

picture of the interior on our inside front cover) is in good shape again and more beautiful than ever. Instead of the long windows behind the main and side altars, we have rose windows—five altogether and beautiful ones too. The old altar has been replaced and we now have a liturgical one; reredos, canopy and all. A hand carved Communion-rail, new pews, new doors and liturgical designs on all the windows enhance the beauty. The old sacristy had to be replaced so we built the new one right on to the back of the church, semi-circular and in keeping with the design of our church. All in all it's a very fine job.

We had a wonderful Christmas, over two hundred Communions, eighteen Baptisms and twenty-eight Confirmations. I sincerely hope everyone back home had as happy a Feast Day as we had here.

Sincerely . . .

---

## San Jose in Yamasa

(Concluded from page 8)

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o'clock I met Father Ainslie on the trail. He had returned to the village of Yamasa in the meantime and after preparing his Mass-kit and other equipment had set out on a mission trip to one of the outlying posts; he was going out and I was returning to Yamasa and it was no small consolation to know that once again there were two priests in the parish to share the burdens.

Such is the parish of San Jose of Yamasa with its spiritual consolations and physical trials. Father McIver and Father Dwyer are now working there and are doing a splendid job. The work is increasing day by day but still there are only two priests for the 12,000 people in

the parish who with their strong, simple faith make many demands on the patience, time and strength of those who would lead them to Christ the King.

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that "although the Church has said nothing about this, I feel sure that it's just a matter of time . . ." here one may well make one's own judgment as there is never any obligation to anticipate the action of the Church. Does the phenomenon in question increase our faith, strengthen our hope and inflame our charity? Has it had any effect *on the promoter*? If the answer is "No" in both cases, one may well relax.

## Why do such things happen?

In the divine economy there are many mysteries yet there are also many explanations. We know from history, recorded and personal, that charity can grow cold, that hope sometimes becomes dim indeed, that even faith weakens. There are ordinary remedies for these conditions and God has sometimes provided *extraordinary* remedies. We are dealing with the latter. It has been necessary in the past for God to produce a miraculous event to work out His plan effectively. For example, the Crucifixion. The world might have been redeemed in some other fashion yet that painful torture was chosen as the best means. Similarly Providence brings about other less important phenomena to fulfill other less extensive plans, all of which are subordinate to the great master-plan of our salvation. An example of the latter class might be the apparitions of Our Lady at Lourdes, at Guadalupe or Fatima. These events facilitated the salvation of mankind. They were not absolutely necessary yet such great good has come of them that even ordinary human beings can see the divine Wisdom at work.

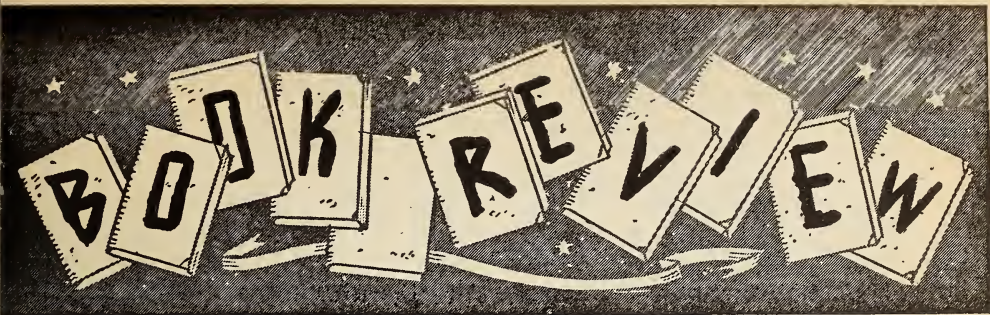
## Warning

What is one to think then of lesser phenomena? Prophecies which have been approved by the Church are rare in number but still, suppose you are confronted with one of them? If obedience to them can further your prospects of salvation, there is no worry. But watch the emphasis. The ten commandments are not to be set aside, nor have the Sacraments lost their power and you cannot neglect your duty. If these have all been taken care of to the best of your ability, then by all means use whatever may be at hand to increase in holiness. To apply these principles in one case, notice the message of Our Lady of Fatima: "You must make great sacrifices" and when asked by Sister Lucy what this meant the answer was: "*By sacrifice I mean the fulfillment of duty.*"

Our conclusion then must be that the events of such a striking nature show forth the power of God, and the first effect can be to strengthen our faith. The second effect might well be the reconstruction of a lost hope, a great need in 1948. The third effect might well be an increase of charity, love of God and love of neighbour.







**THE STORY OF THERESA NEUMANN**, by Albert Paul Schimberg.  
Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto 1. 232 pp. \$3.00.

In eighteen chapters, Mr. Schimberg brings us up to date on the most famous stigmatist living in the world today. Even though one has not read anything previous to this work, this very complete account is a most satisfying introduction. There have been other books interested in the more technical medical aspects of the case and they were written by specialists for specialists. This work is for the general reader and is written by a man with long newspaper experience hence it will have a wide appeal.

Sporadic news items during the war against Nazi Germany were the cause of misapprehension in this country and now the testimony of thousands of soldiers from the Allied

armies is available. The author has made a judicious choice of such evidence and the whole story of those dark years in Konnersreuth is at hand. There can be no doubt as to the fact that in our own day Theresa Neumann bears in her body the wounds of Christ in a phenomenon first given world-wide prominence by the story of St. Francis of Assisi. Having written **THE LARKS OF UMBRIA**, a biography of The Povarello, Mr. Schimberg would naturally be interested in Theresa Neumann. For the past twenty years he has collected information concerning the contemporary mystic and this is the fruit of his research. The reading of it is well worth while.

**WITH DYED GARMENTS**, by a Religious of the Precious Blood. Brooklyn: Monastery of the Precious Blood, 54th Street and Ft. Hamilton Pkwy. 189 pp. \$2.50.

**WITH DYED GARMENTS** is a second printing of the life story of Mother Catherine Aurelie, foundress of the Institute of the Precious Blood. It appeared formerly under the title **A CANADIAN MYSTIC**. It is to be hoped that the change in title and the elimination of the numerous letters of appreciation which today would be of interest only to the professional historian, will attract more of the religious and laity to read this splendid biography. On the jacket of the new edition appears the follow-

ing thorough review written by Father O'Grady, editor of **CHINA**, and which we reprint here from the December, 1946, issue of our magazine:

The life story of the foundress of the Institute of the Precious Blood is an inspiring reminder of the power of the cloister. For those who seek a sign from heaven of the efficacy of prayer, this biography is the answer. The common confusion relative to the type of life led behind convent walls is soon corrected by reading

this book. Far from being a time of peace and quiet with nothing to do, it is here revealed as a life of severe penance, a perpetual retreat.

The austerities practised by Mother Catherine Aurelie are for edification rather than imitation but this record is for every type of reader who may wonder if there are still holy people capable of extreme mortification and suffering. In her life she illustrated perfectly the desire all Catholics should have for expiation and reparation. Devotion to the Precious Blood must be spread throughout our world, as it best recalls to us the mystery of the Redemption. This was the aim of her life, and her example plus the example of the thirty-one monasteries of the Precious Blood thus far founded, will help realize it.

From St. Hyacinth the Institute has spread westward through Canada as far as China, southward through the United States as far as Cuba; since 1925 there has been a monastery in Rome. This growth certainly is a manifestation of divine favour as well as proof of the intense vitality of such a devotion.

This excellent biography has been translated from the French by a Religious of the Institute at Brooklyn. It is ably done. Every Canadian who hopes to have a fellow-citizen honoured on our altars should read this book. The records it contains of favours received through her intercession gives ample cause for the inclusion of a prayer for the beatification of Mother Catherine Aurelie of the Precious Blood.

R. J. PELOW, S.F.M.



Prayer for the blessing of Lenten ashes O GOD, Who desireth not the death of sinners, but their repentance, most graciously regard the frailty of human nature; and, of Thy loving kindness, deign to bless these ashes, which we intend to put upon our heads to express our lowliness and win Thy pardon, that we, who know that we are but ashes and for the guilt of our fall shall return to dust, may be worthy to obtain, through Thy mercy, the forgiveness of all our sins and the rewards promised to the penitent. Through Christ our Lord.

Amen.





# FUN FEST



This story won first prize in a competition run by an American periodical for stories of brevity and dramatic content:

Elvina Parker received a telegram from her brother, who was accompanying her husband on a big-game expedition in Africa. The telegram read: "Bob killed lion hunting.—Fred."

Elvina, overcome with grief, wired back: "Send him home.—Elvina."

Three weeks later a large packing-case arrived from Africa. Inside was a lion. Elvina sent a telegram: "Lion received. Must be mistake. Send Bob.—Elvina."

Back from Africa came the reply. "No mistake: Bob in lion.—Fred."



An English society matron, visiting a farm in her new W.A.A.F. uniform, and feeling very patriotic, coldly eyed a young farmer, busy milking a cow.

"And how is it, my good man, that you are not at the front!"

The farmer took a straw out of his mouth, spat and replied:

"Because, mam, there ain't no milk at that end!"



"I never heard such impudence in all my life. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid."

"I don't call myself that now, Ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job."



Ephraim had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking majestically up and down the street.

"Aren't you working today, Ephraim?" asked one of his acquaintances.

"No, suh, I'se celebratin' my golden weddin', suh."

"You were married 50 years ago today?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate it?"

"My present wife, suh," replied Ephraim, with dignity, "ain't got nothing to do with it. She's de fo'th."



His mother-in-law had written to say that she was on the way to live with them for the duration of the war. As she approached the house she saw a large crowd. Pushing her way to the front, she gasped when she saw what damage a midnight fire had done—at the heap of bricks and charred furniture.

"Dear me," she said, her face livid. "I didn't think he'd go as far as that."

# FAINTLY AS TOLLS THE EVENING CHIME

By A. Plagiarist

*Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
I saw thy form in youthful prime:  
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
O lovers' eyes are sharp to see.*

*O God whose thunder shakes the sky,  
They sin who tell us love can die:  
As slow our ship her foamy track,  
I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock.*

*I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
I lay in sorrow deep depressed;  
The path by which we twain did go,  
O open the door some pity to show!*

*Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
When seven long years have come and fled;  
Oh Reader hast thou ever stood to see  
My country: tis of thee.*

Can you make anything of this "poem"? It is a mixture of many different poets by taking only one line from each. In a few cases the same poet contributed several lines. But there are quite a few famous lines collected here so as to make some kind of sense. What do you think of it and how many can you identify? For the best answer, that is the most complete, we will send the

winner a photograph of the Pilgrim Virgin, a picture suitable for framing of the statue of Our Lady of Fatima, now on tour in America.



## BOOKS WANTED

T. V. Moore:

Cognitive Psychology

Dynamic Psychology

Metz: A Hundred Years of  
British Philosophy

Sumner Wells:

Naboth's Vineyard.

G. K. Chesterton:

The Outline of Sanity





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds:

I want to thank you for all the letters and cards sent to me over the holiday and holyday season. It was a pleasure to hear from so many of you and a few even sent their pictures. If you have a good snapshot of yourself send it along as I like to see what you look like. Anyway the good wishes and prayers you offer for me and for the missions are gratefully received; in return never forget that I remember you and your intentions every day at God's altar.

Your little friends in China and Santo Domingo sometimes write to me and I have an awful time trying to translate the Spanish! As for the Chinese, I just get Father McQuaid here who spent many years in China and he takes care of that! Yesterday I received a very fine letter from England. Next month I must try to have it printed. You see how many Rose Buds there are! Some are in India, China, South America, Canada and the United States, Newfoundland and now England! Only one big country to hear from: Russia! And you know why, don't you? Don't forget in Lent to make some sacrifices for the Russian children as well as the others around the world. Every sacrifice is pleasing to God so never neglect this duty.

God Bless you,  
Father Jim.

CHINA



Mary Lou Kane from Ottawa wants to join the Rose Garden. Father Jim thinks she is a little young but who could resist such an appeal?



Page Twenty-Five



Dear Father Jim:

I have saved this little bit of money to help the children of China.



Emma Harnett,  
South Branch,  
Kent. Co., N.B.

Thanks for everything Emma. I am sure your mite will bring a ray of sunshine to some of the children of China.

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you the contents of my mite box at last and hope it will be of some help, also a dollar for a subscription for the "CHINA" book.



Josephine Byrne,  
Buchans, Nfld.

Josephine doesn't want to miss a single copy of "CHINA" so she's become a subscriber herself, and as well does not forget the Missions.

Dear Father Jim:

Received my mite box yesterday and holy picture. I will try and fill it as soon as possible and return it to you.



Beverly Quinn,  
Belle River, Ont.

Beverly has just recently joined the Rose Garden and is all anxious to do what she can for the Missions.

Dear Father Jim:

I am 11 years old and would like to join the Little Flowers Rose Garden and would like pen pals from Europe and Canada. I have been reading "CHINA" and find it very interesting.



Josephine Meyer,  
250 Abbotsford St.,  
Byrne Rd.,  
New Westminster, B.C.

Calling all Rose Buds, Josephine would like to hear from you. I am sure she will have many interesting things to tell you about her part of the country.

Dear Father Jim:

I received my membership card and mite box which I am thankful for. I have started to save my pennies right away to help China's children. I would like to have pen pals to write to.



Barbara Webb,  
6 Burkes Rd.,  
Corner Brook, Nfld.

It will make our Missionaries, who have returned to China, very happy to know that the children of Canada and Newfoundland are banding together to present a united front against the powers of paganism. So redouble your prayers and efforts.



Dear Fr. Jim:

I am 15 years old and wish to join the Rose Garden to help the Chinese children. We get the "CHINA" and enjoy it. I am sending some used stamps and will send more later on.



Geraldine Marche,  
Port au Port, Nfld.

Welcome to the Garden, Geraldine. Hope that you will get many Pen Pals. Glad to hear that you are getting "CHINA", and many thanks for the used stamps.

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed you will find contents of our mite box to be used for your worthy cause. We are also sending some used stamps and pray that your efforts will be, in the future, doubly rewarded.

Dawn St. John and  
Kaye St. John,  
Kemptville, Ont.



Thank you Dawn and Kaye for your continued interest in the Missions. Your prayers also will bring many blessings upon our work.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to help the missions. I am 8 years old and I go to St. Helen's School. I read the Mail Bag every month and have been thinking of writing you for sometime.

Bernadette MacMahon,  
219 Margueretta St.,  
Toronto.



Welcome to our Garden, Bernadette, and may you have a happy time praying and playing with all the other Buds.

Dear Father Jim:

I was going to send the money out sooner but I went to the hospital and had an operation. It was a Catholic hospital and was it ever nice. The Sisters and nurses were very good to me. I feel a lot better now.



Eleanor Federowid,  
Fork River, Man.

CHINA




This is the statue of Our Lady called The Pilgrim Virgin. It came from Portugal and honours Our Lady of Fatima. It is touring Canada and the United States.

Sorry to know that you have been sick, Eleanor, but happy that you are feeling better after your operation. Get lots of rest and sleep.

Dear Father Jim:


Enclosed you will find \$2.00, one dollar for Daddy's renewal to "CHINA" and the other is what I saved in my mite box. It is small, but I hope and pray it helps some little Chinese boy or girl to know more about God. I am also enclosing my picture in my school uniform.

 Catherine Ryan,  
St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.

Those are really "Pennies from Heaven," Catherine, and will do much to dispel the dismal darkness of paganism from some child's heart. Bless your generous soul! Many thanks also for your Dad's renewal.

Dear Father Jim:


I haven't written for a while, so I am now sending \$3.00 from my mite box. I am praying to the Little Flower so I will pass in my Christmas exams.

 Alecia Ann Glover,  
29 Queen St., N,  
Thorold, Ont.

We are always glad to hear from you Alecia. You and your sister are real co-missionary workers, and God will bless you for your efforts. How did you make out in your Christmas exams?

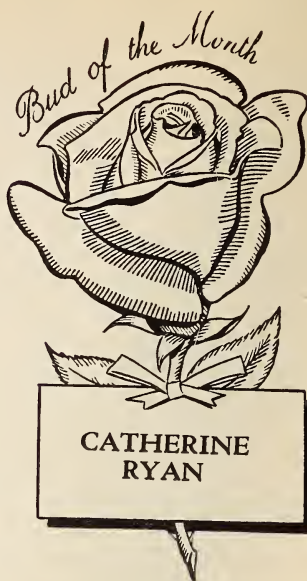
Dear Father Jim:

You will find enclosed a cheque from the contents of my mite box which I hope will help the missions a bit. There is also a cheque for \$2.00 for my mother's renewal to the "CHINA."

 John Baxter,  
61 Station Rd.,  
Mimico, Ont.

Thanks a million John for your mite box offering of \$5.00, also for renewal of your mother's subscription. You must have had to make many little sacrifices to be able to send us this fine gift.

Page Twenty-Eight



Catherine Ryan of St. Mary's Bay, Nfld., is our Bud of the Month for February. Congratulations, Catherine, you deserve the prize which is being forwarded to you. We also have her picture and her latest letter on this page.



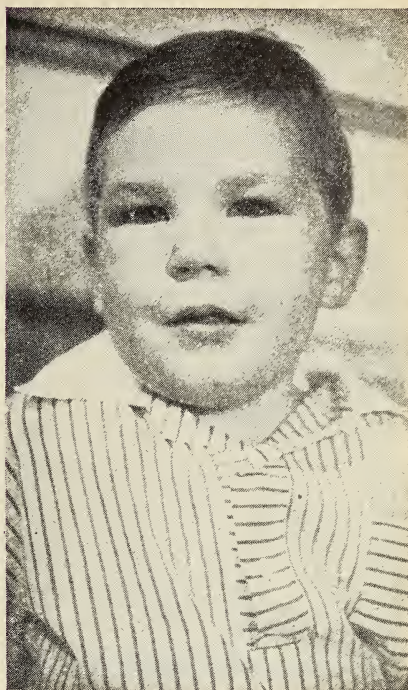
CHINA



## Know any Spanish?

Try it out on these:

1. En casa del herrero, cuchillo de palo.—In the blacksmith's house, a wooden knife. i.e., at times a thing is lacking in a place where one would least expect it to be lacking.
2. En tierra de ciegos, el tuerto es rey.—In the land of the blind a person with one eye is king. i.e., although one may be little talented he stands out among those who are less talented.
3. A pan duro, diente agudo.—For hard bread, a sharp tooth. i.e., to overcome difficulties one must work.
4. Más vale ser cabeza de raton que cola de leon.—It is better to be a rat's head than a lion's tail. i.e., it is better to be first in a humble place than last in a more noble place.
5. Cada uno tiene su modo de matar pulgas.—Everyone has his own way of killing fleas. i.e., each one has his own way of working on certain occasions.
6. En boca cerrada no entran moscas.—Flies do not enter a closed mouth. i.e., it is useful to keep silent.
- ✓ 7. Por la boca muere el pez.—The fish dies by the mouth. i.e., gluttony is dangerous or it is not good to talk inordinately.
8. Agua pasada no muele molino.—Water which has passed does not grind the mill. i.e., it is said of those who have lost a good opportunity or of those who arrive too late.



I'm Tommy Kane. Mary Lou is my sister. I'm going to be a missionary to China when I grow up. Want to come too?

9. Hablo el buey y dijo mu.—The ox spoke and said moo. i.e., said of an idiot who when he says something speaks only nonsense.
10. El gato maullador, nunca buen cazador.—A cat which mews much is a poor hunter. i.e., he who speaks much works little.



### QUICKIE QUIZ:

What is St. Blaise famous for?





## Items of Interest

This is the New Junior group, a separate unit in Philadelphia of the Mission League of the Little Flower. L. to R., front row: Betty Duffy, Mary A. Walsh, Susanne McFadden, Maureen Duffy, Mary Cooper, Martha Walsh. Back row: Margaret Logue, Rev. J. Leonard, S.F.M., Bernard Logue, Lorna M. Cooper.

### New Honours

The Most Rev. M. C. O'Neill, 4th Archbishop of Regina, will be consecrated at St. Joseph's Cathedral in Edmonton, the 25th of this month. To His Excellency, CHINA offers congratulations, prayers and hopes for a long and fruitful life of service to the Church.

Page Thirty

The Halifax diocese has three new Monsignori: Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles E. Curran, Rt. Rev. J. P. Mackey, Rt. Rev. J. N. Theriault. To these Domestic Prelates our sincere congratulations.

### Thanksgiving

Belated thanksgiving to God, Blessed Virgin, St. Jude, and St. Joseph for prayers answered.

### Prayers for the Dead

Edward Wallace, Toronto, Ont.  
Mr. Lawrence MacDonald, Lower South River, N.S.  
Mrs. Marriott, London, Ont.  
Mr. Oliver Bergeron, Cornwall, Ont.

CHINA





### IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

Do you want a safe place for your money?  
A place where neither the moths, nor the  
rust nor inflation can get in? Invest it in  
a burse for the education of a priest.



MEMO

*Time to  
renew  
"China"*



# CHINA

carbobo Bluffs, Ontario

MARCH 1948

SFA







MR. WONG

*says*

It takes a year to  
make a friend but you  
can lose one in an hour.

Dear friend of the missions, how true this is. Some of you have been helping us for many, many years and on you we rely for the constant aid which keeps the work of the foreign missions functioning. You came to know of our work through regular reading of this magazine. If now you pass this copy along to somebody else, perhaps in a year we shall have another subscriber. Will you please do this as a Lenten favour?





# CACIQUE OF BOYA

by

JOHN GAULT S.F.M

**B**OYA is the name of a little village in the Dominican Republic where the Scarborough priests are carrying on their missionary work. The beginnings of this village go back to the days which immediately followed the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

The great Admiral's first dealings with the natives of the island of Haiti (the Dominican Republic extends over two-thirds of this island), where he established the first European settlement in the Western Hemisphere, were most cordial.

After reporting his discoveries to the King of Spain, Columbus returned to the island which he renamed "La Espanola" because it reminded him of Andalucia in Southern Spain. Great was his disappointment when he learned that the garrison which he had left behind had been completely destroyed by the natives.

Thus began the conflict between the Spaniards and the Indians in

the cradle of European culture in America. This conflict continued for forty-one years. The period is known in Dominican history as "The Conquest", extending from the discovery in 1492 to the submission of Enriquillo, the last Indian Chief (Cacique), in 1533.

It was the brave and noble Enriquillo who founded the little village of Santa Maria de Boya.

This Chieftain, as a youth, had been converted to Christianity. Unfortunately, during one of the allotments of territory made by the Spanish conquerors, he was reduced to slavery, in spite of his great talent and noble descent. His master was most un-Christian and went so far as to gravely insult Enriquillo's wife. Consequently, the Cacique sought legal reparation in the Royal courts of justice but received no satisfaction. Failing this, he determined to uphold his offended honour by having recourse to revolt. This brought about great unrest throughout the entire island. He estab-

lished his stronghold in the mountains of Bahoruco where many of the natives who had been forced to work on the ranches and in the mines, swelled his forces and encouraged his boldness.

The Governor of the island, Diego Colon (James Columbus), first made an unsuccessful attempt to conquer Enriquillo by force of arms. Then he resorted to persuasion. A renowned Franciscan monk was sent to discuss the possibility of a peaceful settlement with the rebels. The Chieftain's only promise was that he would show no hostility towards the Spaniards, except in self defence.

During the thirteen years of Enriquillo's resistance, the Spaniards made several attempts to force his surrender but without success.

A peaceful compromise was finally brought about by Captain Francisco de Barrio-Nuevo who was sent by the Emperor Charles V to bring to an end the unsettled conditions on the island of "La Espanola." Barrio-Nuevo carried with him a most friendly letter from the Monarch to the Cacique, Enriquillo. In it he recognized the high personal qualities of the Chieftain as well as the worthy motives which gave rise to his revolt. He promised perfect freedom to himself and all his subjects if they would lay down arms. Royal lands and cattle would be given to him at any point on the island where he chose to live. The same would be done for all his subjects over whom he would continue to rule as Chief till the end of his days.

The interview between Enriquillo and Barrio-Nuevo was most amiable. The leader of the Indians accepted the terms of compromise offered by Charles V and thus brought to an end the period of hostility between the Spaniards and the natives of Haiti.

This news was received with great joy throughout the colony. The famous champion of the Indian race, Padre Bartolomé de las Casas, upon hearing the good news, set out for Bahoruco where Enriquillo, his wife Mencia and all the inhabitants of his mountain domain came out to meet the priest, carrying palms and singing hymns. He remained with them for fifteen days, celebrating Mass, preaching and administering the Sacraments. Moreover, Las Casas persuaded Enriquillo to leave the mountains and to settle where he would be in easy communication with the Spanish authorities. They set out together for the near-by town of Azua where the colonists greeted their former foe as the hero of Bahoruco.

Only the justice of a monarch and the persevering patience of a military man was able to bring to a peaceful conclusion what thirteen years of bloody conflict failed to accomplish.

A short time later, Enriquillo gathered together his people and set out from the hospitable mountains which they had grown to love. They

*(Continued on page 22)*

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## C H I N A

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*Established 1919*

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Vol. XXIX

No. 3



# The Beggar Washwoman

BY

HAROLD MURPHY

S.F.M.



**S**HE was born in poverty. She has always lived in poverty. And she will certainly die in poverty.

And by poverty we do not mean what that word implies to most people. We do not suggest that she has always lacked luxuries and that she has had to work hard for a living. We mean that her daily task was a desperate and even fierce battle for her very life. We imply that since her days of childhood, she has waged a war with starvation—sometimes winning but never victorious—sometimes retreating but never defeated—always fighting on and on—for forty years no peace—not even a lull in this struggle for existence!

When she was a tiny tot in a pagan home, she learned that a girl

was not of much use. Her value was of very little compared to that of a boy. Her family let her know this in no uncertain terms. As a helpless baby she had eaten free. And her father would not get compensation for that until she was at least fourteen years of age and could be sold in marriage. So get to work—you she-child—get to work!

So she worked! And how she worked! Her childhood was one of cleaning bowls and building fires—of scampering back and forth from the river shore with twigs and branches for fuel—of carrying pails of water and washing her brothers' clothing—of abuse and pain and tears!

But she always had something to eat. At least she got what was left over after the men of the family had had their fill. And she learned tricks from her mother and sister—how to slip a few grains of rice into her mouth while cooking—how to excite pity in her father when she judged him to be in a good mood.

For her no playing—no laughter—no joy. She had no schooling—no playmates—no love. She never even heard of toys.

At the age of ten, she was an adult. At fourteen a mature woman. And then she got married.

She had no choice about it. She did not even see the man till the day of marriage. And then all she could think of was how lucky she was to get a husband whose mother was dead. Most brides become the slave of their mother-in-law. But she would not have to endure that. She would be a slave alright. Her husband's slave! But a young man is always easier to handle than a bitter old woman.

Her husband was not much to look at. A young man who looked fifty. He was skinny and bent. The day they were married was the only day she could remember when he did not reek of perspiration.

He was a water carrier. All day he walked that peculiar slithering walk of a coolie from the river to the homes of those people who could

afford a water carrier. From dawn till dark, singing hei yu—hei yu—hei yu—he swayed his body along under the weight of the shoulder pole from which hung two large “kangs” of river water.

At that the job was a good one. People had to have water. The pay was poor but the work was steady.

The catch was that the work was too heavy. They were married only ten years when it killed him. One day he just lay down and died. Like a horse with too heavy a load.

By that time she had four children. With his earnings she had managed—just managed—to keep her family alive. Now she had to earn the rice.

She became a washwoman. The older children took over her former duties, weaving cloth, making shoes, cooking and taking care of the younger children. She went out to the neighbours and picked up washing. No machines for her. Not even a washing tub or board. Not even soap. She just took the dirty clothes down to the river and like her ancestors of old, she dipped and rubbed and pounded the clothing with rocks till it was clean. For years now, rain or shine, winter or summer, the widow washwoman could be seen bent over on the river shore, rubbing, pounding, dipping.

*(Continued on page 24)*

## STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

—P. J. Moore, S.F.M.

THE mortality rate for infants is very high in some of the rural districts of our missions. One day twin babies were brought in for baptism. Their mother had died almost immediately after they were born and now neighbours had made the two-hour ride to the Church. One baby was expiring so both were quickly baptised. The face of the little victim turned black but his soul was white as it sped to God.



# THE THIEF WHO STOLE HEAVEN



**M**AHATMA GANDHI'S fight for peace and non-violence in India terminated in his assassination by a fellow-Hindu who did not like his pacifist tactics.

George Bernard Shaw had this to say of the event: "It shows how dangerous it is to be too good." Why anyone should make such a cynical statement on such an occasion is difficult to understand. If all those who have felt like assassinating Shaw had not been detained from doing so due to their Christian principles then perhaps Gandhi would have said many years ago on the occasion of G. B.'s violent death: "It shows how dangerous it is to be too cynical."

The drama of Calvary shows us that anyone is liable to die by violence. There, Innocence Itself, a repentant sinner and an unrepentant sinner were executed in the same manner, at the same time and place. Christ was put to death due to the instigation of the jealous Jewish leaders. The other two were justly condemned for their crimes. If Shaw had been living then, I wonder

what statement he would have made upon being interviewed that day by reporters from the daily Papyrus Roll.

Dismas, the Good Thief, had been sentenced to crucifixion because of the evil he had done. Yet, in dying, he was sentenced to eternal life due to his good will in co-operating with Divine Grace. "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in paradise." (St Luke: XXIII, 43.)

We can only attribute such an opportunity to God's great mercy. It might have been obtained for him through the intercession of our Blessed Mother because of some good deed in his past life.

A Spanish novel entitled, "El Martir del Golgota," tells a very interesting story about Dismas and claims that it was handed down through St. Anselm.

According to the story, Dismas was the son of a highly respected Jerusalem silversmith. As a young lad he had great love for little children, reverence for old age and an extreme veneration for the dead.

One day he was left an orphan. In his sorrow he had only one desire, namely, that of giving honourable burial to his deceased father. Then a Pharisee with witnesses and a representative of the Roman Law came on the scene. He came to lay claim on the remaining worldly possessions of the poor silversmith in payment of a debt concerning which Dismas knew nothing.

Dismas told him to take all, leaving only enough to pay for the decent burial of his father. The Pharisee refused the petition and Dismas, in his anger, threatened: "My father and you will be lowered into the sepulchre at the same time." The result was that the young man soon found himself in a prison tower.

A few months later, upon receiving his freedom, he learned from a neighbour that his father's body had remained six days unburied and was then thrown into a common grave for lepers.

Two days later the body of the hard-hearted Pharisee was found by Herod's soldiers near the tower of Siloe.

Dismas fled to the mountains where he joined a band of thieves. Some time later the captain of the group was killed in a skirmish. Dismas, although young, was chosen as the new leader. He made his companions swear to protect young children, respect old people and never to leave the bodies of the dead unburied.

One night while he and his men were waiting to attack a rich caravan, on its way from Egypt to Caesarea, a strange thing happened. Word came that the caravan had been waylaid. Then there appeared on the trail an elderly man leading a donkey which bore a young woman and her baby.

The robbers surrounded the trio. Frightened, they came to a halt. It

was the holy Family fleeing into Egypt.

St. Joseph spoke: "What has this poor Mother and Innocent Child done to cause you to threaten them?"

Dismas' manly voice returned: "Do not fear, these bandits will not so much as touch a thread of their garments."

It was a cold, wet night and Mary's clothing was soaked. Seeing this, Dismas removed his own cloak of goats' hair and placed it over the shoulders of the young Mother.

This was not enough. Dismas took them to his castle hideout which was not far away. There he gave them a good supper and shelter for the night.

St. Joseph sought to persuade the captain to abandon his life of crime but to no avail.

The following evening at sunset the holy Family set out again on the trail to Egypt.

Thirty-two years later Christ would repay the hospitality of this Good Thief. Mary would be there beside the two of them.

This is merely a beautiful tradition. It may be true and yet again it may not. No one knows. Even if it is not, there certainly should be no difficulty in believing that Mary obtained from her Son, for Dismas, the faith to see what almost all Israel failed to see. Was not Dismas the only one to speak in defence of her dying Son on that dreadful day?

It is significant that the feast of St. Dismas falls on March 25, the day of the Annunciation, one of Mary's most beautiful feasts.

Knowing then the story of Calvary, the story of the Good Thief, should we consider seriously such a statement as: "It shows how dangerous it is to be too good"? Remember, it is the will of God, your sanctification. Do not let any cynic convince you of the contrary.



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# Monsignor

## Fraser

### Writes

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Catholic Mission,  
Kinhwa, Che., China.  
Dec. 31st, 1947.

**T**HE Christmas feasts are over and I have a little spare time. We had a big crowd at the Masses on Christmas Day. I said three masses at midnight and Fathers Carey and Charles Murphy six in the morning. The Christians assisted at all nine Masses.

A poor pagan boy with T.B. was brought to me. I took him in and sent him to the Hospital for treatment. But his case is hopeless. He is now well instructed in Christian doctrine and Fr. Murphy baptized him a few days ago. A girl who minded ducks lost several or they were stolen. She was afraid she would be murdered by the owner, and fled to me for protection. She was a typical Topsy when she arrived, dirty, raggedy and dishevelled; but now after three months she is decently dressed, instructed in the Faith, baptized and has made her first Communion. Another similar case is that of the little girl I told you about as having

walked so far on a sore foot. Being an orphan and very poor she was hired out to a pagan family. And here is where our intensive instruction took effect. The pagans tried to compel her to perform superstitious acts. She refused and fled to us for protection. She is still with me learning prayers and Christian doctrine. She is one of the children confirmed here last spring. A few days ago I performed the marriage of her older sister, Bright Pheonix age 15 to a new convert. It was an extremely simple wedding. They borrowed the clothes they wore; had no banquet and walked home three miles. I gave them a comforter and some financial aid.

### Prayer School Bears Fruit

My prayer school is acquiring a reputation. Seven pupils were sent to me by Father H. Murphy and seven by Fr. Morrissey, all baptized but lacking instruction. Those from Lanchi have been confirmed and returned home. Fr. Murphy is quite pleased with the result of their three month stay with me. He writes, Dec.

26: "My heartfelt thanks to you for the splendid job you did for my children! Their child-like devotion and fervent faith—their splendid knowledge of doctrine—their very apparent love for God, makes them a credit to any church—to my parish! I am very pleased and sincerely grateful to you for what must have been a task demanding great personal sacrifice on your part and that of your catechist."

### Charity Makes Convert

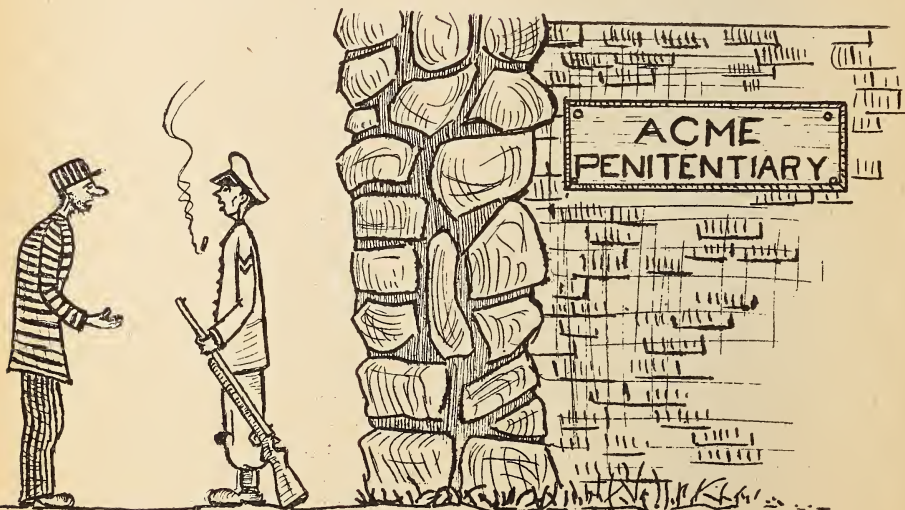
A couple of weeks ago a boy was brought to me; he was a pagan and war-victim. His father had been killed by the Japanese; his mother died; his home and all he possessed burned, and he had no one to support him. Starving, he took a job cutting fire-wood, but for two days' work his pay was only one meal. He slept like the beggars in a temple and someone gave him a rag of a quilt. How could I refuse to take him in? I find him intelligent and not illiterate; he went to school

in his better days. He is studying the prayers diligently and listens attentively to the instruction. He wears a Sacred Heart badge and says the Rosary. No doubt we will make a fervent little Christian out of him.

### Prayers for Souls

Our Pro-Prefect has declared the altar in this Church "Privileged." Do you know what that means? According to Moral Theology "a Privileged Altar is one to which is attached the privilege whereby a priest saying Mass at it can apply a plenary indulgence to the soul for whom he says Mass."

While this result is not infallibly sure, it is nevertheless more certain than other indulgences. In order that a soul in Purgatory may gain this indulgence, that is, liberation from Purgatory, the Mass on the Privileged Altar must be said for one certain soul, not for a number of souls. It is not necessary that the Mass be said in black; any colour will do.



OF COURSE I CAME BACK, I ONLY  
ESCAPED TO RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION TO  
"CHINA" MAGAZINE.—(HOW ABOUT YOURS)



While marooned in Manila I induced the Archbishop to declare the main altar of the cathedral privileged, as also that of Quiapo the principal pilgrim shrine of that city.

I am training the children to gain many indulgences for the relief of the Souls in Purgatory. They often go into the church and recite thousands of times, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, to which an indulgence of seven years was attached by the saintly Pius X each time the Holy Names are pronounced. One little girl told me she made the round of the beads 120 times in one day repeating the Holy Names on each bead. 120 rounds of 55 beads each multiplied by seven years and 365 days in each year would make a grand total of 16,863,000 days indulgence. Not so bad for a little girl who three months ago did not even know how to make the sign of the cross. On leaving for her home a few days ago she told me she would try to induce her brother and sister to come here for instruction.

### Church and Residence Repaired

Father Carey has arrived and is living with me. He has installed electric lights in the residence at his own expense. Father Charles Murphy is also staying with me until he can rent a house in *Ni wu*. I have had the exterior of the church and residence calcimined. They look very nice, the pilasters and mouldings white, walls slate colour. Can you form an idea of our "compound"? The entrance gate is quite pretentious. There are reception rooms on either side, then an open space, several buildings, one for the catechumens and another for the girls' class-room; then a flight of stone steps leading to the church on one side and priest's residence on the other; then a court yard and, at the back of the property, the boys' school house.



### Old Friend a New Bishop

I found a notice in one of the papers that Father Santos had been named Auxiliary Bishop of Manila. He was my companion and bosom friend during the years I was there. I as guest and he as private secretary to the Archbishop. The last I saw of him was when in the dead of night the Japanese took him off to jail. The poor Archbishop, he lost four secretaries in one year. The Japanese could not touch him as he was of a neutral nation—Ireland—but they could annoy him by arresting his secretaries. Father Santos was thrown into a dungeon and remained in prison upward of a year until delivered by the Americans. I am delighted to hear that my friend has been elevated to the Episcopal dignity.

### Prescription for Salvation

The druggist living next door came in to see me. He brought two friends visitors to the city. I showed them to the church and explained the stations of the cross to them one by one. At the end the druggist, a pagan, exclaimed "Oh, how Christ suffered!" Say a prayer for his conversion. His drugstore is called "Heaven's Virtue."

# BOOK REVIEW

**HUMANIST AS HERO**, by Theodore Maynard, Catholic Readers Club,  
23 Scott Street, Toronto. 261 pp. \$3.75.

The subtitle of this book is: *The Life of Sir Thomas More*, giving us the subject of the work whilst the title itself gives the particular viewpoint Mr. Maynard had in mind. The author is a twentieth century humanist hence his approach to the biography of a saint and martyr is fittingly from the scholar's standpoint.

In histories of the Church one frequently concludes that the period of dissolution which brought on the Reformation was one of preoccupation with learning for the sake of learning, that men were more interested in study than in life, that each lived in an ivory tower and the needs of the general population were of scant concern. The conclusion sometimes drawn was that a great interest in letters was a distinct impediment towards success in the more active life of commerce, politics and religion; that a person who read much could not be interested in bettering the conditions of the poor. There was also the charge that if one could speak Greek, Latin, French, English and Italian, then one must be wasting so much time as to preclude the possibility of being a saint.

In this biography of St. Thomas More we have an example of a man who was a scholar, statesman, an

exemplary parent, martyr and saint. His great charity and love for the poor was acknowledged by all yet this man so wellknown in the marketplace had an international reputation as a leader in the revival of learning. Mr. Maynard is intensely interested in this fact because like Mr. Maritain the author thinks this is what we need today. The humanism we need must spring from religious sources, even sanctity. When the learning our greatest minds possess can be given to the average man, then the prejudices broadcast by pagan ideologies will lose their deceptive appeal.

Except for the scholar, this book may well replace the books on St. Thomas More by Chambers, Hollis, Sargent and the diary by Margaret Roper, the saint's daughter.







# THE HOLY BURIAL

On Good Friday the quaintness of Spanish tradition asserts itself. After the Way of the Cross at 3 o'clock they have what is called the Holy Burial. Each church has a small ornamental coffin and also a rather large crucifix of which the arms of the corpus can be lowered or raised. The nails are removed from the cross and the "corpus" or body of Christ is taken down. The arms are lowered to the sides of the body and a white shroud is wrapped about it. The "body" is placed in the coffin and the principal men of the town carry it around the main streets to the mournful funeral march of the local band. The procession is large because nearly everyone in the town is present. Then as if one procession was not enough to tire even the most active priest, there follows a double procession. The coffin is placed away in the sanctuary. The vast congregation divides into two groups. One group carries a black-clothed image of Our Lady of Sorrows and goes about the town in one direction. The other group carries a statue of St. John in another direction. Finally the two groups meet in front of the Church and enter together. This symbolizes a tradition that after Our Lord gave St. John to Our Lady as a son, and she as our Mother, the two were separated in the turmoil of the crucifixion and they went about seeking each other.



R. J. HYMU.

ARTHUR KEELOR



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

IN 1848 Karl Marx wrote: "A spectre is haunting Europe, the spectre of communism." Don't look now, Karl, but that ghost is still around, bigger and more frightening than ever. And it's celebrating its centenary this year. Only now it's not only Europe; the whole world is at stake. My, how little Topsy grew!

Comrade Lenin once said: "Who controls Germany controls Europe." By now people believe him and the U.S. & Britain are joining the French in an attempt to wrest such control away from the U.S.S.R. It was also Lenin who said: "An obituary will be sung either over the death of world capitalism or the death of the Soviet Republic." It remains to be seen whether this prophecy must also be tested. Is it not strange that the warning of Pope Pius XI which was looked upon with such incredibility should have been realized so quickly. That pope said that if capitalism did not wash its own dirty linen it would be first driven into an alliance, then into a conflict with Communism. The alliance came against Nazi Germany; the conflict is believed by many to be inevitable.

### Homo Economicus

Marx was right in his condemnation of an economic system which

treated the worker as a "hand", an instrument, a tool and not a spiritual reality. His exaggeration was to teach that the *only* criterion of value was labour. He thought there was a necessary opposition between the owner or capitalist and the labourer; he called them the 'exploiter and exploited'. The worker had his sympathy and the owner or capitalist had Marx's hatred. There must be a struggle; it was inevitable and the sooner it was brought about the better for mankind. With his theory of this economic determinism Marx searched the history books to *prove* his theory, not *test* it. When you look with that prejudice you cannot fail to find what you want. History has so many sides it is like a highly polished stone; you may stop and admire any surface you like . . . but if you do, you do not see the whole gem.

### Homo Not So Sapiens

Marx began the study of Hegel's Idealism (all is spirit or ideas are the only reality) but later switched over to an absolute Materialism (only matter is real). With this change his economic theory seemed on steady ground. His class-struggle theory is premised on this: the goods of this world are unfairly parcelled out, the rich grow richer and the poor grow



poorer. These two classes must always fight. There can be no peace until one class is eliminated. Now the rich cannot live without the poor who provide the labour; but if the State owned everything, then nobody would ever miss the rich class. Thus he set up his ideal: the State must take over all property and since the State is made of people, class struggle will disappear and peace will be permanent. HOWEVER, there must first be a revolution to get rid of the rich or owner-class. Then playing upon the emotions of the worker, he preached bloodshed. And millions have believed; in fact it has become a religion making absolute demands on mankind. It must have been the Abbot of Hell who whispered in his ear when with Engels, Marx issued the infamous 'Manifesto' in 1848: "Workers of the world, unite; . . . you have nothing to lose but your chains."

### Homo Americanus

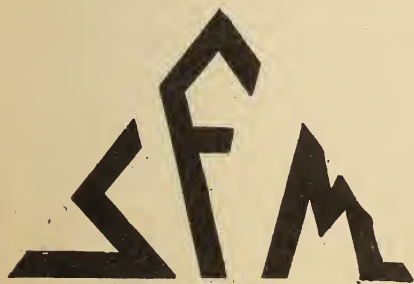
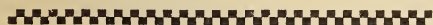
The conflict between capital and labour will be most intense where industrialism is most highly developed. In his own time Marx thought England the likeliest spot for Communism to develop. Were he alive today, the United States would provide him with the most interest-

ing testing-ground because the workers through their unions have real power, and the capitalists are richer than any the world has ever known. The future is unknown but in the past Marx was wrong. Russia was the least developed industrially yet Communism took root there. In America, there is real fear and the forces of reaction are at work to avert any possibility. A rather startling but effective means is the anti-Communist booklet **IS THIS TOMORROW**, a 52 page comic book in full color. It is anything but comic as it exposes the standard Communist technique in overthrowing a country. As a possible preview of what may happen, it makes one shudder . . . and this was exactly its purpose. The style is not meant to appeal to intellectuals but to the average man and even children who read the comics. It has received the highest praise from the Reds: a denunciation in *The Daily Worker*.

The reaction in the newspapers, magazines, radio outlets is now obviously anti-Communist. However the confusion caused by identifying Christianity and Capitalism is evil. Our moral code preceded Capitalism and never ceased decrying abuses of this particular economic system. We now wish to oppose atheistic communism on religious rather than economic grounds. The world force which seeks domination at the moment must be shown to be anti-religious before being shown as anti-capitalistic. In a defence of the Jesuits a man once said: "If that Order is accused of killing a man and his dog, it is not the best argument to be able to bring in the dog." Similarly religion must be shown as the first victim.

### Sinanthropus (Chinese Man)

AMERICA FIRST was a movement which has long since lost favour. It preached isolation during the recent European war. Later there



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was a relic of this school of thought which wanted to help win the war in Europe and then at one's leisure defeat the Japanese. This idea has fostered another whereby the Europeans are to be helped against Russia NOW and in 4 or 5 years help will be given to China. If this happens, the Reds will have taken over Asia and Chiang Kai-Shek will be of interest in the same way as the fossil known now as *Sinanthropus*.

It is a global struggle and though greater effort must be made on one front now and on another front tomorrow, no spot may be left so vulnerable as to endanger the whole victory. Happily General Marshall knows China and in his position as Secretary of State he will see to it that the world is informed on this vital issue.

### Invasion versus Revolution

Above all there is confusion in mistaking the struggle as an invasion. This term implies a homogeneous force on each side. It might be exemplified by a battle of apples against oranges. All the apples are apples and all the oranges are oranges but apples are quite different from oranges. It is not apples against oranges but the battle is being fought between *men* and *men*. Besides this, the men on either side do not form a homogenized group. All Russians are not atheistic communists and all men on the other side are not practising Christians. In conclusion it is not an invasion at all.

By revolution we mean an upset order, a disturbed equilibrium, an inverted hierarchy. This is true of international society, of nations and also of the individual people who make them up. To attempt a cure at the international level and neglect the units of nations is folly; it is equally hopeless to stop at nations. We do not need a new concept of world-order, nor a new concept of nations

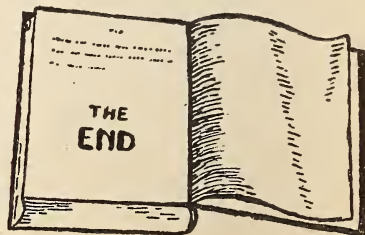
nor a new concept of man. We need a NEW MAN.

### Homo Catholicus

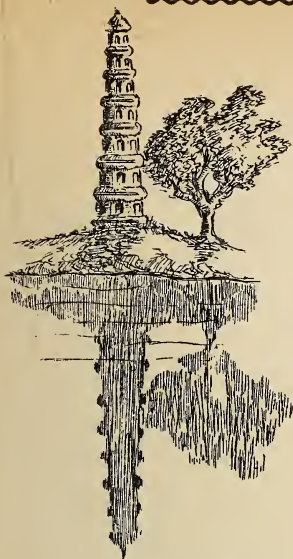
The disturbance in man was caused by original sin whereby reason lost its complete control over our lower powers. These latter are good, but they must be kept in their places. It does not do to have the children run a household. The parents must rule and the best rule is one of authority backed up by good example. Similarly in the world today, *Homo Catholicus* has his opportunity of showing by his example that the order one must seek is the order of grace whereby man seeks his God and revolts only against the rule of the devil.

Maxim Gorki attempted to reconcile Christianity with Marxism. Hearing of this Lenin wrote him and told him not to be a fool. The two are fundamentally opposed as Lenin saw so clearly. He would have approved heartily of Pius XI's statement that a good Catholic cannot be a good Communist.

He would have been surprised to read the conclusion of the encyclical on Atheistic Communism by the same Pius XI: "We place the vast campaign of the Church against world communism under the standard of St. Joseph, her mighty Protector. He belonged to the *WORKING CLASS* . . ."







# Marathon Sick Call

*(This is an actual experience and a good example of conditions in our territory in China. No wonder good legs are as important to a missionary as to a baseball player.)*

ON a Wednesday morning, near the end of June, the mailman brought one letter. It read simply: "Mr. Liu is very sick; come as soon as you can."

It was now ten-thirty a.m. The sick man lived in a village twenty-eight miles to the west. To cycle that distance would be easy but the priest's bicycle was being repaired in a larger town fourteen miles to the east. What would be the best way to reach the dying person? Perhaps there would be a bus. If so, it would be passing up the other side of the river at 12.30. That would leave time for dinner.

By eleven-thirty the pastor was setting out on foot, alone, intending to cross the river in the little ferry boat. He seemed alone as he hurriedly crossed the village streets, but he was not alone. For with him he carried the King of

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Kings, Our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist.

"There will be no bus today," he was told at the bus station. "It goes only every second day now." He had come prepared for such news, for he had brought his umbrella and was wearing his Chinese shoes, much easier on the feet for a long walk than the leather shoes he had worn all his life. They are soft and are better over the uneven stone paths. There was nothing to do but start walking.

More than likely those who saw him set out along the highway at that time of day whispered to one another, "See that crazy foreigner, only such a person would start walking in the heat of day."

**Did you say Restaurant?**

For the first couple of miles he made fairly good time. But then



he began to lag, although the umbrella protected him from the midday sun; still he seemed to lack energy. By four he simply must stop to have a cup of tea. In a little roadside *restaurant* (four stakes with reed mats serving as a roof and sides), he sat on a little bench and waited for the owner to boil his kettle. He was given a bowl with a few tea leaves in it, over which was poured the boiling water. It was good to get sitting down; even though it be only a narrow bench. The hot tea was refreshing. As he slowly sipped it he wondered if he could reach his destination by night fall.

### Homeward the Ploughman

When he resumed his journey the sun was partly hidden behind the

mountains which paralleled the river valley. It would now be gradually cooling and he would make better time. The road, though considered a highway, resembled an ordinary country road in his homeland. Now that the heat of the day had passed there was more traffic—men and women—all walking, most with a carrying pole over their shoulder on either end hung a basket filled with any one of the various products of the district—rice, barley, beans, firewood, little pigs, hens, geese, ducks. Or perhaps the baby, too small to be left alone, would be found occupying one of the baskets. As it grew dusk farmers returned from their fields, leading their water buffalo and carrying their plough or other implement on their shoulder. Yes, *carrying* their



plough. In Canada you can hardly lift such an implement but in China the ploughs are much smaller and in the evening you see the farmer returning to his home carrying his plough over his shoulder and leading his water buffalo. At first we used to wonder why they did not use horses and bigger ploughs. We discovered that a horse could not stand the heat of China nor is there proper fodder, nor could they climb the terraces. The land is terraced so that when the water has irrigated the higher levels, it simply flows down to the next terrace and is used all over again. They waste nothing in China, particularly water. There is quite a contrast between the ploughman with his water buffalo and the modern machine age of farming in the homeland, mused the missionary as his thoughts returned to the purpose of his journey and the dignity of his travelling Companion, unseen and unknown by practically all the people of this district.

By 7 o'clock, five miles remained but fortunately the rest of the way was mostly downgrade. The road now left the mountain and entered a beautiful valley. There was a full moon. Although he was footsore and weary the priest gained speed as he entered the village which was his destination. The mission was his first stop. The old man who lived there and looked after it had written the letter four days ago. His face lit up. "You have arrived, Father," he said.

### Last Rites of Church

"Mr. Liu is still living. I will take you there immediately." Ten minutes over the stone streets brought them to the home of the sick man. Six or seven people were in the house; relatives no doubt, of the dying man. They didn't quite understand when the priest asked them all to leave him alone with Mr. Liu. They were

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all pagans; how could they be expected to know anything of Christ's Sacraments. The sick man made his Confession, received Holy Communion, was anointed. The number of visitors had increased and were crowding around the priest before he had finished the last blessing. It doesn't take long for the news to spread that a foreign priest is in a village and all seem to feel quite free to gather round and have a look at him.

### Foot Bath

It was after ten when the old caretaker carrying his lantern led the way through the narrow, winding village streets back to the mission compound. Shortly after their arrival he was given a basin with warm water to wash his feet. This is the Oriental custom and a very sensible one indeed. After such a walk, bathing the feet is wonderfully refreshing and prevents swelling. Next morning you are all ready to go again having had this treatment. You will recall reading the story of Our Blessed Lord in the Bible being invited to the home of Simon and having Mary Magdalen bathe His

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feet with her tears and then drying them with her hair. Our Lord reproached Simon for neglecting this hospitality. In the East where much walking must be done on the frequently dusty roads, it's common-sense to supply your guests with an opportunity to bathe their feet upon their arrival in your home. Hence, the priest was glad indeed when the old caretaker came into his room with the basin of warm water. It wasn't long after that before the

missioner was fast asleep on a bed of boards on top of which was spread a straw mat.

### Return Journey

Had the missionary been able to ride on his bicycle he would have brought his Mass-kit on the carrier but as things worked out there was nothing to do but retrace his steps of yesterday. The bus would not leave until noon which meant it would reach his home village too



late to offer Mass. The alternative was to start walking. News that morning that Mr. Liu had died during the night increased his desire to say Mass for what greater way was there to thank God for having given him time to have administered the last Sacraments.

About two hours brought him to the point where the road skirted the river bank. He had had some experience hitch-hiking on the highways at home; here, as there were no cars on this road, he would try hitch-hiking on the river. The first boat he hailed pulled in to shore. The boatman, no doubt, had noticed the foreigner and recognized his chance to pick up a little easy money. There was only one passenger; this man had hired the boatman to take his load of rice down the river to a better market. He had no objections to the boatman taking on an extra passenger.

The priest was sorry he couldn't join the passenger in his morning bowl of rice. It would be useless to try to explain why. The Eucharistic fast is a mystery to pagans.

It was not pleasant travelling. The water was high, the current strong.

The boatman could make good time without rowing too hard. Stretched out in the little boat the priest chatted away as best he could with the merchant who was anxious to hear about the foreign lands and people. By eleven the boatman must take a little time out, to start his fire aboard the sampan to cook his rice for dinner. The stove is of tin and only the size of a small pail; just big enough to boil a kettle of water or a pot of rice. The merchant, realizing the priest was anxious to reach home by noon, offered to steer the boat while dinner was prepared. Thus no time was lost and by twelve the boatman, smiling with satisfaction at the fare received, waved goodbye to his strange passenger.

By twelve-thirty the Sacrifice which had been offered on that first Good Friday on the Cross was being renewed on the altar of the little church which the priest had grown to like so well. He could not help but think of how fortunate he was to be the instrument the Son of God used in offering adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and petition to His Father for all those people who knew Him not.

**O** JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, and think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from the miserable things of this world; but above all, teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.

made their way across country to new homes near the city of Santo Domingo, the capital of the colony. Each town, through which they passed, rendered them a most friendly and joyful welcome. In Santo Domingo itself a magnificent reception was prepared by the civil authorities, clergy and inhabitants.

Enriquillo established his new domain about forty miles north of the capital. The village which grew up as a result still exists to-day and is called "Santa Maria de Boyà (St. Mary of Boyà)". It is the sacred spot where the unfortunate indigenous race of Haiti finally found peace and liberty.

After this success, death was not long in overtaking the noble Cacique. He continued to rule over his four thousand subjects (all that remained of the original inhabitants of "La Espanola"), until the last. Constant tradition maintains that the beautiful little colonial church which still stands in Boyà was built at the request of Enriquillo's wife, Mencia, as a fitting monument to this great hero. It is believed that the ashes of both Enriquillo and Mencia lie beneath its marble floor.

Another monument to the memory of the last Cacique of Haiti is lake Enriquillo which is the largest on the island.

Although the history of Boyà is a long one yet the centuries have not changed it a great deal. The little huts of palm board and jagua still

form a large horseshoe around the ancient stone church.

Only a few years back, President Trujillo had the historic edifice restored. Sad to relate, the terrific earthquake of August 4, 1946, all but threw it to the ground. The well shaped concrete dome above the altar is so badly cracked that sunlight now falls where it has not done so for long, long years. There is serious doubt whether or not the old building can be again restored. At any rate, since the 'quake it has been abandoned to the bats and to the slow but nonetheless destructive power of the elements. A low, oblong shack with rough mud floor now shelters the Blessed Sacrament.

But then, true religion does not consist in beautiful churches. Rather, it consists in serving God "in spirit and in truth". What Boyà has lost materially she has gained spiritually during the past few years. At one time it was the centre of the parish of San Lorenzo but due to the decay of the religious spirit she lost this privilege and became a part of the parish of Monte Plata.

In 1943, the Scarboro Fathers took over the entire territory. Since then, religious progress has been so rapid that the Archbishop decided to re-establish Boyà as a parish centre. At present, Fr. Harvey Steele, S.F.M., is in charge of this historic village which claims both the Virgin Mary and St. Lawrence as its patrons.

# S F M





The Church at Boya.



This picture was taken from belltower of Church at Boya.



# The Beggar Washwoman

(Continued from page 6)

But she raised her family. Everyone of them. The eldest girl—the largest and healthiest of her children because she had the most food when she was a baby—is now,—like her father before her—a water carrier. She carries water for my mission. The two older boys are learning to be carpenters. The youngest—a lad of twelve—is going to school. It is the first time in the history of her family that anyone ever went to school. Every day after school the boy comes to my room and I give him a vitamin tablet. The mother arranged for this. Nothing is going to happen to him.

And this widow washwoman has a personality. That is the marvellous thing about her. That is the most outstanding fact about her. She has a wonderful sense of humour! Why, I do not know, and where and how she picked it up, is one of the many mysteries of China.

Last night as I sat reading my breviary, she knocked on the door and walked in. She did not wait for an answer to the knock. And before I had a chance to put my breviary aside, she was leaning over the desk and booming,

"Well, Shen Fu, you are always reading. Don't you ever do anything but say Mass and read?"

And then she laughed her big hearty laugh and again before I had a chance to say a word, she roared.

"Alright, alright, you are a good priest! But, you know, sometimes I wonder about you priests and sisters! I wonder!"

I said, "Is that so! And what do you wonder about?"

"Well," she answered, "I wonder if you people are not the lucky ones in this world. Oh, yes, I know that

you live alone without a family because of your love for God. But three good meals a day and no family worries. That sounds good to me!"

I knew she was joking so I just ignored this and said,

"Please will you sit down and state your business."

"Alright," she said and sat down. Then looking at me as if she was going to challenge me to a duel, she boomed,

"I want a rosary!"

"Well, alright," I drawled, "but it will cost you five thousand dollars." (Five cents.)

"No! Shen Fu," she said. "It will not cost me a cent. You are going to give it to me as a gift."

"Is that so?" I said.

"Yes," she replied, "that is so! You have often mentioned in Church that we Catholics should pray for you, our pastor. That prayers are priceless, worth a lot more than five thousand dollars. So I am making a bargain with you. You buy my rosary from the mission, give it to me free and I will say the rosary once a week for your intention. Otherwise I will never say another prayer for you."

She got the rosary free!







# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Here is a story which may not be true but it's a good story anyway. When the Holy Family had to flee from Herod they set out for Egypt. On the way they got lost in a forest and night overtook them. St. Joseph finally discovered a little house away back in the woods and there he asked for shelter for the night.

The young woman who answered the door invited them in to share her poor house. She later told them that her husband was a thief but as she did not expect him home that night they would be quite safe. She and Mary became good friends as she also had a tiny baby to care for. When Joseph and Mary looked at the other baby, they were saddened

to notice a very bad rash on its face and tiny body. The mother told them that nothing had helped and the baby seemed doomed to bear the scars for life.

Next morning, Mary washed the Divine Child and before throwing the water out she told the other woman to bathe her baby in the same water. This was done and a miracle was worked: the rash disappeared instantly!

The little baby grew up and became a robber just like his father had been. One day he was caught and the penalty was crucifixion. I am sure I don't have to tell you anymore. His name was Dismas.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.

---

## BOOKS WANTED

1. Leonard: St. Vincent de Paul and Mental Prayer.
2. McNabb: The Craft of Prayer.
3. Rt. Rev. J. Vaughan: The Minister of Christ.
4. More: The Four Last Things.





Dear Father Jim:

I am eleven years old and would like to join the "Little Flower's Rose Garden". I will try to help all I can. Please send me a mite box.



Patricia White,  
Staff House,  
Deer Lake, Nfld.

The Little Flower will certainly be pleased to have you join her Rose Garden, Patricia. If you try to help all you can she will do the same for you. God bless you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing the contents of my mite box; also sending some stamps. I hope these will help some pagan child. I read "CHINA" and enjoy it very much.



Gertrude Hartley Molloy,  
33 Temperance St.,  
St. John's, Nfld.

Thank you very much for your very kind offering and nice words, Gertrude. Your wishes will certainly come true because it is by your efforts and others like you that we are able to help the pagan children.

Dear Father Jim:

I always think about the Missions every day and pray for them. In this box are 1035 stamps and a small pair of mitts.



Ina Taylor,  
St. Martha's Hospital,  
Antigonish, N.S.

Ina is an old friend of ours and we are always very happy to hear from her. Keep up the good work, Ina, and God will surely bless you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am six years old and would like to join the Rose Garden. I am saving stamps and pennies for the Missions. I pray every night for the success of the Missions especially Uncle Pat and his fellow priests in Santo Domingo.



Patsy Moore,  
110 Adie St.,  
Sudbury, Ont.

We are very proud to have you join our Rose Garden, Patsy. Keep up the good work and we will remember you and your Uncle Pat in our prayers too.



## QUICKIE QUIZZ

Who was St. Dismas?

Prize given for lucky draw from among correct answers sent in.





Dear Father Jim:

Here is a dollar which I know will help the little children in China. Would you please send me a new mite box?



Sylvan Stinn,  
Box 40,  
Rockyford, Alta.

No wonder Jesus loves little children — they are so kind to Him. Thanks very much, Sylvan, and try to get your friends also to help the children in China.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

We have been intending to send this mite box money for some time, so to end the year right here it is.

Teresa, Mae and John McDonald,  
4469 Wilson Ave.,



Montreal, Que.

That is certainly a wonderful way to end the year. God will surely bless your family since there are three of you in the one family working for Him and helping Him in His work.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I would like some pen pals. Enclosed you will find \$3.00 which I have saved in my mite box. It is not very much but I hope it will help a little.



Catherine Cain,  
278 Johnson St.,  
Kingston, Ont.

Catherine is 14 years old and is in 2nd. Form High School and judging by her nice letter and her good work should be a real good pen pal for one of our Buds. Thanks a lot, Catherine.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I decided to write and ask you to please send me a mite box.



Catherine Duleau,  
Penetang, Ontario.

That was certainly a good idea Catherine. Each little bit you put in the mite box will be like putting money in the Bank of Heaven.

CHINA

## Calling All Buds!



Send used stamps to  
Nazareth House,  
St. Mary's, Ontario

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you the contents of my mite box. Father, I hope you will say a prayer for me to get ahead in my studies.



Josephine Woodford,  
Harbour Main,  
Conception Bay, Nfld.

Josephine, we will say more than one prayer for you, we will say many and you please continue to help us by your prayers and offerings.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed you will find \$4.00 to help the Missionaries who are doing such a wonderful job. I have a lot of fun getting and sending this money.



Sybil Costley,  
39 Metcalfe St.,  
St. John, N.B.

This happiness of yours Sybil is passed on by your offering since it allows us to help those who need it so badly. The work of the Missionaries is made possible by the wonderful job of our Buds. We are all on the same team and God is the Captain.

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed you will find the contents of our mite box and some used stamps. It's not very much, but I hope it will help the China Mission a little. We don't forget to pray for the Missions.



Gertrude and James Walsh,

Box 120,

Buchans, Nfld.

Thanks very much Gertrude and James. Who is the older you or James? Your gift will certainly help because all the little amounts help us to do a big amount of good work and may God bless you both.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

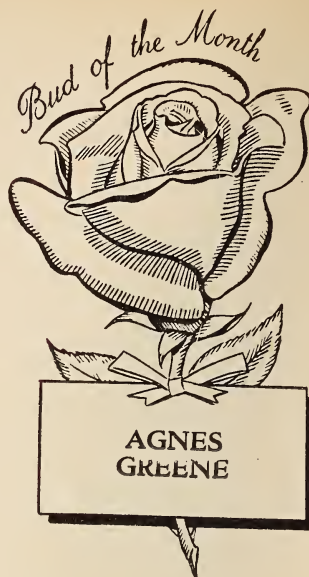
How are you? I am sending you some stamps and money from my mite box. Please list my name in the pen pals. I am 8 years old.



Marie L. McGuigan,

Hunter River, P.E.I.

We are very happy to have you as a new Bud, Marie, and since you are so young and so good we know you will have many happy years in our Rose Garden.



Come and join with me, Buds, in saying a heartfelt Thank you! to Agnes, who, like all of you, isn't afraid to make sacrifices that others might receive the happiness we have in knowing and loving God. Agnes lives in Placentia, Nfld. and attends Grade XI in St. Edward's High School. Your offering, Agnes, will go far in helping some little pagan child.

Calling All Buds!



Send used stamps to  
Nazareth House,  
St. Mary's, Ontario

## New Members and Pen Pals

### ENGLAND

Maynard, Marlene Mary, 8, 14 Highroyd Lane, Moldgreen, Huddersfield, England.

### TORONTO, ONT.

Adams, Marie, 7, 2412 Bloor St. W.; Allan, David, 14, Mayfield St.; Ambrose, Josephine, 12, 628 Runnymede Rd.; Anderson, Donald, 8, Gary, 6, 454 Armadale St., Annabelle, Helen, 11, 371 Lauder Ave.; Armstrong, Jessie, 10, 31 Florence Cres.; Armstrong, Ronayne, 11; 101 Riverview Gdns.; Armstrong, Eleanor, 13, 14 Valley View Gdns.; Bannon, Mary L., 9, 499 Windermere Ave.; Barrett, Ruth, 9, 658½ Jane St.; Barrington, Mona, 10, 15 Brule Gdns.; Bathgate, Robert, 11, 476 Jane St.; Beaudoin, Mary 13, 102 Cumberland St.; Beausoleil, Helen, 14, 591 Dundas St. E.; Begin, Marie, 12, 19 Normanna Ave.; Belanger, Roland, 10, 54 Mars Ave.; Bell, Bobbie,

CHINA



8, 61 Florence Cres.; Bennett, Alvin Rolland, 12, Bil, 10, 508 Durie St.; Bero, Mary Lou, 15, Geraldine, 15, 247 Belgravia Ave.; Blake, Charles, 11, Robert, 13, 2484 St. Clair Ave. W.; Blute, Teddy, 9, 60 Durie St.; Botwell, Shirley, 15, 282 Bain Ave.; Bourdon, Verdun, 9, 42 Moreland St.; Bova, Jean, 15, 134 Symington St.; Brady, Carol Ann, 8, Michael, 10, 2 Grenadier Hgts.; Bray Yvonne, 11, 2276 Bloor St.; Briceland, Wayne, 7, 15 Grassmere Rd.; Brioux, Charmaine, 6, 272 Durie St.; Brisbois, Elaine, 6, Paul, 9, 22 Ardagh St.; Britton, Billy, 6, 499 Willard St.; Broadhurst, Emily, 10, 535 Jane St.; Brocklebank, James, 8, 609 Durie St.; Bruneau, Raymond, 7, 7 Blakely St.; Brunette, Jack, 14, 758 Windermere Ave.; Bucklin, Christopher, 13, 414 Willard Ave.; Burke, Denis, 13, 21 Raymond Ave.; Byrne, Stanley, 9, 349 Durie St.; Calaghan, Mary, 9, John, 7, 57 Beresford Rd.; Calvert, John David, 11, Matthew, 26 Old Mill Dr.; Calvert, Judy, 7, 492 Mossom Rd.; Cameron, Helen Mary, 7, 423 Beresford Rd.; Campagna, Anne, 6, 599 Annette St.; Carey, Mary, 15, 301 Erskine Ave.; Carrine, Alma, 12, Doreen, 13, 18 Jillson Ave.; Casey, Janet, 15, 458 Strathmore Blvd.; Casey, Kathleen, 14, 458 Strathmore Blvd.; Cavalier, Julien, 15, 422 Armadale St.; Chard, Garry, 11, 479 Armadale St.; Cobham, Camilla, 10, 10 Brule Terrace; Cochrane, Bobby, 5, Joan, 9, 69 Rivercrest Rd.; Coffey, Paul, 9, Shirley, 14, 27 Valley View Gdns.; Colero, Doris, 12, Eddie, 10, Jimmie, 6, Margaret, 7, 862 Windermere Ave.; Collingbourne, Ronald, 7, 717 Willard St.; Comella, Antoinette, 12, 748 St. Clair W.; Condon, Claudette, 14, 18 Hazel Ave.; Connolly, Adelyn, 13, 394 Armadale Ave.; Conroy, Bill, 13, Bobbie, 9, Donald, 7, John, 10, 654 Jane St.; Contina, Silda, 13, 11 Mackay Ave.; Cooney, Ruth, 10, 19 Somers Ave.; Cornacchia, Anne, 14, 2352A Bloor W.;

#### AMHERST, N.S.

Kohout, Joan, 13, 2 QueenE.

#### ANTIGONISH, N.S.

Robertson, Kenneth, 13, Hawthorne St.; Chisholm, Lauchlin J., 8, Box 72; MacNeil, John Francis, 14, Glossburn.

#### BROOKLYN, N.S.

Andrews, Donald, 16, c/o Mrs. W. A. MacAlpine.

#### CHAPEL'S COVE, N.S.

Hawco, Patricia.

#### DOMINION, N.S.

MacNeil, Sadie Arlene, 9, Park St.; MacNeil, Mary Jessie, 11, Park St.; Le Clair, Mary Margaret, 12, Park St.; Le Clair, Carol Ann, 8, Park St.

#### ENFIELD, N.S.

Bellefontaine, Evangeline, 7; Douthwright, Earle, 13; Douthwright, Paul, 8; Herman, Ronald, 15; Horne, Alma, 9; Horne, Barbara, 8; Horne, Pauletta, 8; Horne, Alberta, 8; Horne, Edmund, 8; Horne, Francis, 8; Wagner, Elizabeth, 8; O'Neill, Ralph, 16; O'Neill, Geraldine, 8; O'Neill, Gerald, 13; O'Neill, Douglas, 15; McDonnell, Helen, 8; McDonnell, Bernice, 8; McDonnell, Bernard, 15; McCormick, John, 8.

#### FAIRVIEW, N.S.

Ashe, Daniel, 5, 132 Rufus St.

#### GLACE BAY, N.S.

Proctor, Patricia, 13, 24 Seaview St.; Proctor, Carol Ann, 7, 24 Seaview St.

#### GLENNDALE, N.S.

Harrietha, Sarah Ann, 10.

#### GRASS COVE, N.S.

Nash, Mary Agnes, 11.

#### HALIFAX, N.S.

Archambault, Suzanne, 6, 39 Seaforth St.; Baldwin, Diane, 5, 431½ Elm St.; Barron, Edna, 6, 112½ Isleville St.; Beaman, Suzanne, 6, 426 Robie St.; Berrigan, Gloria, 5, 31 Yale St.; Bertrand, Kathleen, 5, 130 Windsor St.; Bookholt, Carl, 5, 18 Swain St.; Boudreau, Heather, 7, 283 Oxford St.; Boudreau, Clar-

ence, 11, 27 Brusselse St.; Burgess, Shirley, 8, 15 Sebastian Pl.; Burke, Joan, 39 Poplar St.; Burns, Garnet, 6, 181 Chebucto Rd.; Burns, Robert, 6, 48 Clifton St.; Carnell, Marjorie, 6, 10 Seaforth St.; Carroll, Julie Ann, 6, 6 Deacon St.; Carter, John, 5, 237 North St.; Charlton, Dolores, 5, 30 Allen St.; Chute, Patricia, 7, 26 Sebastian P.; Clancey, Stephen, 6, 337 North St.; Clarke, Sandra, 5, 31 Duncan St.; Coalen, Linda, 5, 1 Third St.; Coalen, Mary E., 5, 53 Elm St.; Comeau, Eleanor, 6, 1 Bloomfield St.; Comstock, Pauline, 5, 81 Lawrence St.; Connors, Patrick, 5, 14 South Kline St.; Connors, Carol Ann, 6, 126 Harvard St.; Croze, Helen, 8, 8 Lynch St.; Cullen, Mable, 16, 125 Gattingen St.; Currie, Frank, 7, 140 South Kline St.; Dacey, Shirley, 7, 11½ Black St.; Davies, Diane, 5, 171 Beech St.; Dobson, Carol, 7, 75 Cabot St.; Doyle, Mary Elizabeth, 13, 14B Henry St.; Drysdale, June, 14, 38 Creighton St.; Ellis, Carol Ann, 6, 126½ Kline St.; Somers, Mary, 17, Georgene 15, 26½ Bland St.; Moore, Joyce Rita, 12, 20 Billy St.; Cox, Ronald, 7, 150 Cunard St.; Buckley, Jane, 9, 8 Beech St.; Flynn, Mary, 6, 129 Beech St.; Foley, Frances, 6, 90 Chebucto Rd.; Foley, Arlene, 6, 152 Windsor St.; Fry, Sandra, 6, 73 Dublin St.; Gentles, Beverly, 8, 19 Columbus Pl.; Gerrior, Michael, 5, 268 Oxford St.; Gilbert, Catherine, 12, 68 Wellington St.; Greeley, Geraldine, 9, 33 Almon St.; Grisdale, Diane, 5, 96 Duncan St.; Halbot, Joyce, 7, 33 Connolly St.; Hanrahan, Barbara, 6, 136 Duncan St.; Hanson, Carol, 6, 805 Robie St.; Harnish, Patsy, 7, 295 Oxford St.; Higgins, Patsy, 7, 23 Stairs Pl.; Higgins, Sandra, 5, 153 Windsor St.; Hogan, Wendy, 6, 227 Chebucto Rd.; Holmes, Sandra, 6, 332 Gottingen St.; Houlihan, Brenda, 7, 244 Agricola St.; Howard, Michael, 5, 32 Berlin St.; Howard, John, 5, St. Margaret's Bay Rd.; Jerratt, Anne, 5, 101 Chebucto Rd.; Johnson, Joseph, 6, 137A Cunnard St.; Joseph, Percy, 5, 7 Compton Ave.; Kelly, Mary F., 6, 169 Windsor St.; Kidney, Jean, 6, 79 Willow St.; Kline, Beverly, 5, 50 Windsor St.; Landry, Peter, 5, 370 Quinpool Rd.; Lewin, William, 207 Quinpool Rd.; Lipscombe, John B., 6, 184 Beech St.; Little, Betty Lou, 7, 22 Kane St.; Lully, Carol, 8, 69 Columbus St.; Lynch, Wayne, 7, 67 Charles St.; Mannett, Helen, 8, 16 Belle Aire Terrace; Maxwell, Clifford, 5, 166 Windsor St.; McAdam, George, 7, 49 Charles St.;

## OUR COVER



Peek-a-boo! I'm a hitchhiker

# Items of Interest



Father Allan McRae, S.F.M. receives a gift from the students of De La Salle, Oaklands, high school, Toronto. This event on the occasion of Father McRae's departure for China last month. To the boys of De La Salle, their principal: Brother Wilfred, and to Brother Benedict, director of the Mission Club, a most cordial thank you.

## Valentine Silver Tea

The Ladies of China Mission Bridge Club of St. Vincent de Paul parish, Toronto, held a tea February 15th. The proceeds went towards the St. John the Evangelist bursar for the education of priests. To Mrs. John

Groark who made her home available, to president Mrs. A. Hymus and to all the officers of this Club who made the event possible, CHINA says thank you. Monsignor Kirby is an old friend of our Seminary and we are grateful for his continuous encouragement.

## Pray for the Dead

Rev. Francis J. Downes, S.J.,  
Guelph, Ont.

Miss Catherine McCarthy, Toronto, Ont.

Robt. J. Gaudet, Miscouche, P.E.I.

Mr. Chas. Kelly, Winnipeg, Man.

Miss Catherine Farmer, St. Peter's Bay, P.E.I.



# Where Does the Money Go?

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## In China, it's like this - -

20c in Canadian money takes you a mile in a rickshaw.

\$1.50 in Canadian money buys a pair of cloth shoes.

\$25.00 in Canadian money buys a Missal.

\$50.00 in Canadian money takes care of a missionary for a month.

## In Santo Domingo, it's like this - -

\$1.00 buys 20 catechisms (Spanish).

\$5.00 provides feed for a horse for 2 months.

\$20.00 pays wages for a catechist for a month.

\$100.00 buys a horse.

## At Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

\$10 provides food for one student for one week.

\$5,000 provides a burse, the interest from which used to take care of the board, room and tuition of one student.





# C H I N A

Carbboro Bluffs, Ontario

APRIL 1948







MR. WONG

says

Corpulence is not  
acquired by one  
mouthful of food.

*(Corpulence is regarded as desirable and the proverb is  
used to stimulate steadfastness of purpose)*

In China they never say: "He's too fat for me!" Obesity is looked upon as a proof of prosperity and consequently an enviable condition. A "man of distinction" would like to weigh some 200 lbs.! In these days of starvation this would be almost impossible for anyone no matter how successful in business he might be. But it still remains a goal and a hope of better times to come.



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# Wang Hsia Jen

The story  
of a modern Dismas

By Thomas Morrissey,  
S.F.M.



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**A**LTHOUGH he is gathered to his ancestors for some time now, Wang Hsia Jen was once my honoured guest in pre-Japanese Tangchi. A local boy who had made good in the guerilla or irregular army, he had been away from home for a couple of years. Letters were frequent and promotions had followed in rapid succession. Financial assistance to his family was on such a munificent scale that I was led to enquire, diplomatically of course, if its sources were quite orthodox. The queries provoked the most foolproof explanations. A new house was built and there was a persistent rumour that Hsia Jen was about to marry a local school teacher and retire from military life. Finally the long anticipated day dawned and our hero returned to his native village. He was dressed in all the splendour of a newly tailored officer's uniform, his tunic decorated above, below and on all sides with leather straps, and typically, a large pistol as the badge of his rank.

## The Usual Banquet

Shortly after his arrival I invited him to the mission for a celebration,

a banquet in his honour. This was good form since my guest was a Catholic and apparently still faithful to his duties. I can well recall his poor old father as he sat next to his son at table. To say that he was bursting with pride is a definite understatement. He was hanging on the pearls of wisdom dropped from the lips of the hero. At appropriate moments he would nod, smile, beam approvingly and then remembering himself, try to look modest. This attempt was futile but who could blame him?

As banquets go, the event was a success. Compliments and praise were heaped on the conquering guest of honour, and he gave no sign of knowing the relationship between flattery and soft-soap (both are ninety per cent lye!).

## Return to Guerillas . . . and Disaster

Another week or so of basking in the admiration of his almost adoring family and then Hsia Jen began the return trip to his outfit. The road over which he had to pass was a mountainous one but at that particular time was quite a busy one as it

alone allowed one to avoid unwelcome meetings with the Japanese. On this road Hsia Jen met his Nemesis. The wine of success mixed with the often fatal brew of power finally exacted its toll of him. Some twenty miles from the city he met several salt carriers. He confiscated the whole amount, some four or five hundred pounds, ordering the coolies to deliver the cargo to the nearest house where he intended to dispose of it. The carriers, in keeping with a time-honoured custom of not appearing to recognize a bandit, feigned ignorance as to his identity. They obeyed his every wish (supported by the authority of his revolver), took their salt to the house designated, obsequiously made their adieux and hurried to the city to report the incident. Not only did they know Wang Hsia Jen, but they knew his father's name and the village whence he came. Before evening, my erstwhile guest was registered in the local government offices as a bandit who had disgraced his uniform and was guilty of highway robbery.

Next morning the poor old Dad was at the mission telling us what had happened, asking for advice and hoping for the best. What a metamorphosis! From pride and joy to the very depths of shame and despair all within the space of a few short days. (There is a slight interlude here as I left just ahead of the Japanese army; after five years, the local people told me the end of the story).

## War and Peace . . . and Justice

Another long-anticipated day came to Tangchi when the eight-year-old war ended in unconditional surrender. All China rejoiced in the rebirth of peace—blessed peace—so long hoped for. The drums and bugles had scarcely ceased their joyous sound when local justice regained its authority. The bugler

took his place outside the gaol of Tangchi and the gates were flung open. Out into the early morning sunshine marched a small company of soldiers, and in their midst, infamous and disgraced, was my guest of yesteryear. Minus his splendid uniform, his pistol had long since parted company with him, his hands tied behind his back, dressed in a dark sweater-coat, now thin and forlorn and weeping in unison with his broken-hearted father and brothers, Wang Hsia Jen was taken outside the west gate of the city. The firing squad was soon lined up; the "ready" order was given followed soon by "aim" and "fire!" . . . and the local boy who had made good but forgot his God and country in his triumph paid his debt to society, and we hope, to God. His bullet-ridden body, wrapped in ignominy rather than in the colours of his country, was taken to the old home village and interred. Shortly afterwards his father and older brother followed him into eternity. Their idol, personification of success and ability, had been one of clay; they died of a broken heart.

(Continued on page 22)

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# CHINA

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Established 1919

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No. 4



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*In the  
Dominican  
Republic*

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**B**ANI is, by far, the largest town in the Dominican Republic which comes under the jurisdiction of the priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. It has a population of more than 12,000 souls. The town is situated in a beautiful valley just a few miles from the sea.

The parish of Bani, however, is much more extensive both in area and population. Its territory stretches from the Caribbean coast far into the mountains of the interior. Within these confines there are over fifty thousand parishioners who look to the three Canadian priests for their spiritual needs.

Naturally, so many thousands cannot be handled in the parish centre itself, although it does possess a very large church. Hence, approximately fifty outlying mission stations have been established. In February of this year the priests succeeded in obtaining a second-hand jeep. With it they can visit forty of these stations in dry weather. However, they still de-

pend on horses to carry them to the others, especially those which are lost in the rugged mountains. On one occasion it took Fr. Moylan thirteen hours on horseback to reach one of these outposts.

Before the Scarboro Fathers took charge in the early part of 1945, an elderly Spanish priest had been alone to care for this parish which is larger than some Canadian dioceses. It goes without saying that he was unequal to the task. Hence, thousands remained unbaptized.

Seeing this, the new Pastor decided to make a special effort to baptise those who lived in the town proper. In this task he had two other priests to assist him as well as several willing layfolk. The latter were able to record the necessary information in regard to each candidate while the priests confined themselves to giving instructions and administering the Sacrament. Within a few days they baptized over five hundred persons. The President of the country



acted as honorary Godfather for all.

The people of Bani are very proud, not only of the present but also of the past. One of their most famous fellow-citizens was Maximo Gomez, the Liberator of Cuba. He was born in Bani during the year 1831. He had a long and hectic career in both the Spanish and Cuban armies. Eventually, he became commander-in-chief of the Cuban army when it was fighting for independence from Spain. In February, 1899, when it marched victoriously into Havana, Gomez was at its head.

One of Bani's most recent claims to fame is connected with a supposedly "miraculous picture".

It all began shortly after the terrible Dominican earthquake of August 4, 1946. The island was still given to shimmering like a dry leaf on the surface of a pond. Fear of what might yet come to pass still gripped the hearts of all. Then one night two strange rumours converged on Bani. The first rumour was paralyzing. The second seemed to confirm the first.

The Governor was informed by reliable sources that the 'quake had opened an enormous fissure in the floor of the Atlantic ocean. This fissure was gradually growing. So much so that it was expected to engulf the island that very night.

The other story was that of a weeping picture of the Blessed Virgin, owned by a poor peasant who lived some distance from the town. Hundreds of people had gathered and were carrying the picture, in procession, to Bani. They were to arrive some time during the night.

Immediately, the Governor made known the news of impending disaster to the Parish Priest. They decided to inform only a select few in order to avoid chaos. Did you ever have to withhold some startling news? It's difficult but how much more so when that news implies that you and all who surround you will soon be swallowed up by earth and ocean in convulsion. What horrible torture to sit and wait in silence!

The weeping picture, miraculous or not, came to the rescue. It was late





Fray Salvador, a Capuchin Father, with Rev. J. Fullerton, S.F.M. (in white), and some of the altar boys of Bani.

when the procession entered the town but in no time there were thousands gathered in the park beside the church. The awful silence was broken. The priests were preoccupied in administering to the people, leading in prayer, giving instructions, etc. Then too, thousands were within a small area so that general absolution could be given if the earth should begin to tremble and split asunder. Thus the night was passed in feverish activity but it was much better than sitting in silence, wondering and worrying about what one should do in such a situation. The morning brought a denial of the rumour and sleep.

Whether or not the picture was really weeping, we do not know. However, its very opportune appearance at least solved a serious problem. By reason of it, a night which might have ended in terror and chaos was turned into a night of prayer and order.

I happened to be in Bani on the anniversary of this event. The people were anxious to carry the "miraculous" picture in triumphal procession through the town. The priest in charge would not permit this since no

investigation had been made into the matter by the proper ecclesiastical authorities.

However, he did consent to lead the people in procession to three little thatched roof shrines lying on the outskirts of the town. Hence, at seven p.m. the demonstration began, accompanied by the civic band. The immense crowd walked for miles over dark, rough streets beneath a threatening sky. At each shrine the "Salve Regina" (Hail Holy Queen) was sung with great devotion. It was after nine o'clock when they returned to the church where this public act of thanksgiving was terminated with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Priestly work continues to increase in Bani. It is true that there are now three priests working where a few years ago there was only one. The burden is somewhat lightened by having a jeep travel instead of having to do it all by horseback. However, more priests are needed; better facilities are needed if the many thousands of Bani Catholics are to be cared for as they deserve.

The Scarboro priests now working in this parish are: Father John Fullerton, Fr. John McCarthy and Fr. Joseph Ernewein.



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# The Tragedy of the Waters

(From June, 1938, to April, 1947, in the area of the Mission of Kaifeng.)

By the Archbishop of Kaifeng

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“THE Heart-break of China”, “The Incurable River”, “The Whip of the Chinese People”, “The Destroyer of All Prosperities”; these are the titles of the Yellow River. Those titles are founded on the historical fact of terrible floods, with the destruction of many thousands of villages. The history of China, from 1700 B.C. to the present time, registers more than fifty big floods and many other smaller ones.

How many millions of human lives has this vagrant, this inexorable destroyer of the most flourishing commercial centers reaped? Nobody can know that. The Yellow River likes to move its bed to various places in spite of men and of the dike with which men try to oppose the fury of its waters. Because of this the authorities must take care of it day and night as they would a furious madman who wishes every minute to break his chain. Every year, when the snow in the central mountains melts and the summer rains come, its waters are so threatening that people become anxious, for a new break in the dike is always possible.

In the beginning of 1937 the Mission of Kaifeng was living under the incubus of the encroaching war, under the panic of cannons and aero-

planes, until finally, in the middle of the same year, we were caught in the bloody vortex of war and flood. From that day to the present the work of each missionary has been hard. Surely, the present moment in China is one of the most important in its centuries-long history. From the day we were first enveloped by the war we have not known peace; missionary homes bombarded and destroyed; war and flood, internment first of the American Sisters and then of the Italian Missionaries; four Fathers barbarously killed; two others buried alive; many chapels destroyed by the waters; others destroyed by the Communists—briefly a long story of very dolorous events.

The war was a whip that touched almost all Missions in China; but the flood of the Yellow River was a special scourge of this Mission; the





disasters caused by it are more important than the disasters of the war, so now I wish to write a little more at length about this calamity.

The territory of this Mission of Kaifeng was the theatre of sharp conflict and Japanese troops were advancing further and further, when suddenly during the night of June 13th, 1938, Chinese troops broke the dike in order to arrest the advance of the enemy. Who could have imagined what terrible affliction this river could produce. The water, this muddy and yellow water, ran suddenly outside of the dikes, and that same day many, many towns were surrounded; this was the beginning of the flood.

From June, 1938, to April, 1947, our Mission territory was in the midst of this flood; I am not able to describe the grief and the pain that we have seen during this time. This new Archdiocese of Kaifeng comprehends 18 hsien; during the last nine years ten of these have been under water. Not only thousands, but some tens of thousands of villages were surrounded and destroyed by the tremendous waters; houses, people, wheat, trees, tools, everything was carried away by the waters. Many lives were lost, some millions of men remained without homes, ground to work, or bread to eat; they could only become beggars for the flood had destroyed all their property. This is indeed a page of tears and blood in the story of our mission.

After this the Yellow River drafted itself a capricious bed. Without dikes, or with only unstable ones, every year as the water increased the river would expand outward over the territory for a distance of from twenty to thirty miles. All our Missionaries have seen terrific and dolorous scenes; all could write volumes of sad episodes.

From among those episodes I especially remember one called "The



Island of Starvation". For the outcome of that episode the Catholic Church in China was heartily congratulated. At the time when the waters first spread outward, several square miles of land were isolated in the middle of the terrible, new and large Yellow River. On this piece of soil 264 human lives were endangered; for them the future became unknown and spectral; everywhere was only the afflicting, fearful threatening, purling of the waters; all hope of salvation was closed for these poor people because strict military orders forbade the crossing of the water. For 20 days they ate anything; grass, roots, bark, then . . . their agony, starvation. Some of them starved; others would die if Providence, like a Mother, would not be vigilant for their existence.

The starvation continued; despair touched their hearts . . . about 13 of them died, begging only for a leaf, some bark, a root . . . anything. Two mothers, compelled by despair, suffocated their babies; a poor man, blinded by his pain, pushed his daughter into the water.



Scenes of devastation caused by the fearful Yellow River.

On the evening of the 26th day of their martyrdom, when the sun was going down beyond the horizon, these people on the Island of Starvation all together sent up a mournful cry: it was a cry of agony; men, women, children all their strength sent forth a cry for salvation. I was then missionary in that district; that cry electrified me . . . three times at short intervals I heard that cry in Weihse where I then was and from which the Island of Starvation was not so far. After the last cry . . . only the fast running of the devastating River in the silent night . . . some tears dropped from my eyes. In the sky there was not one star; it seemed the stars, too, were afraid to behold this common agony of living beings. Immediately I decided to do what would be possible for the salvation of those poor agonizing people. I besought the authorities, I supplicated them and threatened them. At last I won; they gave me permission to get those poor people across the River. In this way, on the evening of the 35th day of their isolation, 236 men, the

remnants of that pitiable group crossed the River and were received into the refugee camp that I opened with the supplies given by the International Relief Committee. How many had starved? Twenty-eight, and the others came into the camp in very bad condition; four fainted, more than twenty were carried because they could not stand; more than ten were seriously ill; some had swollen limbs; many had their skin covered with wounds; all had yellow, transparent faces, with bones protruding. What a convoy of grief!

Many times I had read about the effects of hunger, but then I realized what they were. The survivors stayed in my camp for a few years, ten among them died because of the effects of their suffering, but before death, they were baptized. I think that this example will be enough to let everyone know how many and how great were the sufferings of the poor people of the flooded areas.

The Archdiocese of Kaifeng is 24,000 sq. Km., and the inhabitants number 4,500,000. Of this area, not less than 15,000 sq. Km. were flood-



ed and remained under water for nine years; about 3,000,000 inhabitants were deprived of homes, ground, food; some of them went from place to place hoping to find at least something to eat; became vagrants. These were the circumstances in our mission territory for nine years.

In the Archdiocese of Kaifeng there are towns; before the war they were in very good condition, but now they are like Pompei. Thousands and thousands of villages were destroyed, and a very large number of men, houses, animals, tools, were over-run by the destroying waters of the big river.

During this time of terrible destruction and death, missionaries remained at their places always ready to relieve the poor people, and to share with them any kind of pain. Now we must repair and rebuild everything and start again all our work. The flood commenced in June 1938, and was finished only in April, 1947, thanks to efforts of UNRRA in repairing the dikes.

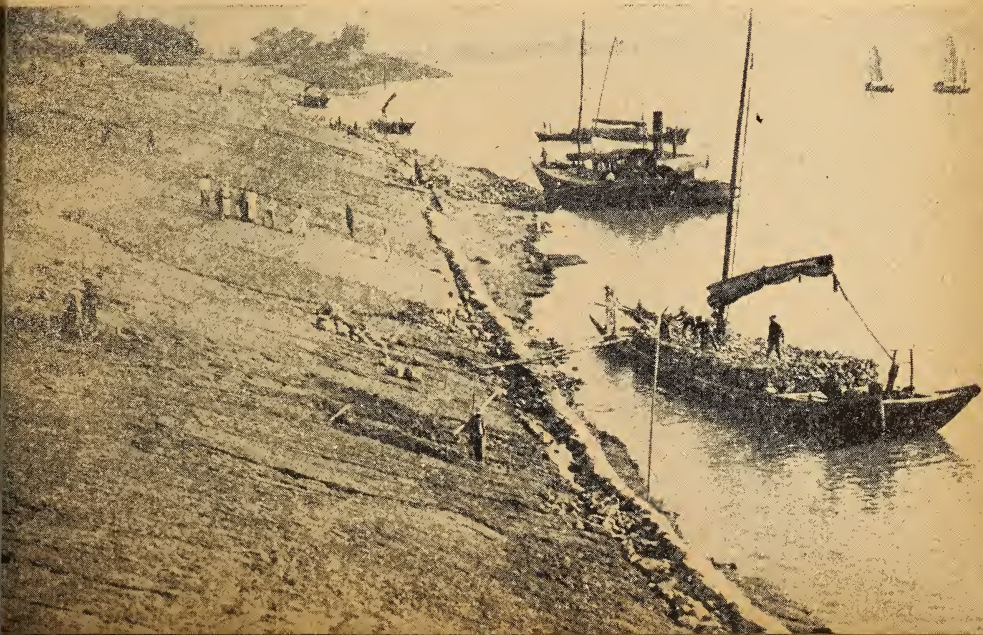
Now I have to lead this very large



Mission that has just emerged from the flood. The damages sustained by it are very great; I can say that the flood produced tremendous destruction. Alas! we had three churches, 52 chapels, five main mission stations and 33 small stations submerged by water.

We are still in danger. The problem of the Communists is still very heavy and menacing, but we shall remain, even as during the last war, to continue our apostolic work. Our only desire is to work until the day of death, and it is only for that reason that I am becoming a beggar.

#### Supplies for flood refugees.





Two sardines were swimming down by California when one suggested that they swim up to Oregon. The other objected: "Oh, no, it's too far to swim." "Well, let's go by train," said the first. "What", cried the other, "and be packed like a couple of tourists."

The newly-rich woman was trying to make an impression.

"I clean my diamonds with ammonia," she said, "my rubies with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with Danzig brandy, and my sapphires with fresh milk."

"I don't clean mine," said the quiet woman sitting next to her. "When they get dirty I just throw them away."

A young man walked into the outfitting shop and asked if he could have a suit the same as the one in the window. The assistant asked him if he would like the one in the window.

"Yes," replied the man, "if I can have it second-hand!"

"Second-hand!" Whatever for?

"Well, that chap in the window has had it on six months, and I thought it would be much cheaper, and no coupon required."

"I'm sorry, madam," said the attendant at the movie, "but you can't take the dog into the theatre."

"How absurd," protested the woman. "What harm can pictures do a little dog like this?"

#### *Those Sergeants*

Sergeant (making rounds after dinner: "Any complaints?"

Timid Tommy: "If you please, the meat's funny."

Sergeant: "Well, then, laugh."

Hostess (at children's party to small boy): "Well my little man, how are you?"

John (aged four): "Quite well, thank you, except for a bit of whooping cough."

#### *Ought to Hold Him*

A golfing novice had driven his ball along the fairway, but unfortunately it disappeared down a rabbit hole.

"Which club will you take now?" asked his caddie, with a sly smile.

The novice sighed wearily as he scratched his head in doubt. Then at last he asked hopefully: "Have you got one shaped like a ferret?"

He had just returned from church, and his wife said to him, "What was the text of the sermon today?"

"He giveth His beloved sleep," was the reply.

"Many people there?" she inquired.

"All the beloved," came the answer.

Co-ed: Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the roll?

Friend: I will try to, but he answered for four different names.

Applying for his citizenship papers, Gino was going all right until he came to the questions about the Canadian flag. "What is it," asked the judge, "that you always see flying over the courthouse?"

"Peejins!" confidently replied Gino.

"Smile that way again," she blushed and dimpled sweetly.

"Just as I thought, you look like a chipmunk."

Passerby: "Is that a genuine bloodhound?"

"It surely is. Oscar, come over here and bleed for the lady."

#### *Difference*

Dealer (to stable boy): "Here, Steve, just ride this horse around to show the gentleman."

Stable Boy: "Ow am I ter ride it—for buying or selling?"



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**I**T HAS been said: Speech is a blessing; language a curse. And in this epigram there is supposed to be contained a reference to the two forces, one centrifugal and the other centripetal, which have united and separated segments of mankind from the beginning. Man is different from other animals because (among other reasons) he has true speech; men differ among themselves because of language . . . or so some people tell us.

Canada is supposed to provide an outstanding example of this: in Quebec one language is spoken and, according to the simplified version, throughout the rest of Canada we do not speak the same language, in more senses than one. This is part of what is called "the Quebec problem" and is presumably insoluble. The explanation is more religious than patriotic but at the moment the reference is made rather to show the existence of a difference of language than anything else.

## Quebec French

There is a further distinction made in connection with the language of this province. There is a contention that the language spoken is like nothing else on earth; that it is quite unique and has in fact no similarity to the language spoken in a Western European country whose patron saint

is Joan of Arc. To prove this a story is told of a Canadian airman who was shot down over France and parachuted to safety on a small farm. The owner sought to know whence he came and the young man said: "Je suis Canadien-français." The farmer answered: "Canadien, peut-être; Français, Non!" This repudiation is considered proof incontestable that there is no connection and likely never was a connection between Quebec and France.

## The American Language

In H. L. Mencken's book: *The American Language*, he says: *The French they (French-Canadians) speak is by no means that of Paris*". And this view implies corruption, decay, deterioration, a definite debasement from the original inheritance. Mencken's main charge is that Quebec French has absorbed English and American terms.

Earlier in the same book, Mr. Mencken quotes John Witherspoon, a Scottish clergyman who had come over to be the president of Princeton in 1769: "By Americanisms I understand an (sic) use of phrases or terms, or a construction of sentences, even among people of rank and education, different from the use of the same terms or phrases, or the construction of similar sentences in Great Britain. It does not follow, from

a man's using these, that he is ignorant, or his discourse inelegant; nay it does not follow in every case that the terms or phrases used are worse in themselves, but merely of American origin . . ." Now Mr. Anthony, my question is: Why is the same pleasing explanation given to Quebec French? Why not say the result is enrichment rather than say the original is debased?

### Differences in Quebec

There is the obvious distinction that professors of language are not likely to use the same vocabulary, accent, etc., as butchers, bakers and candlestick makers. Besides this, various sectors of the province of Quebec make their own contribution to the language just as various sections of the U.S. have their distinctive speech. New England differs considerably in its speech from the Middle West. So also, there is an unmistakable difference between the French spoken in Quebec city and the rest of the province (another example: Boston).

### Differences in France

Every country supplies samples of internal differences of speech. Marseille at the south of La Belle France differs greatly in accent from northern Paris. Lille, near Belgium differs again from Toulouse, which is closer to Spain. But where oh where did the notion come from that Paris has absolute uniformity? It's a big town, with over one million inhabitants. Reflection argues that various sectors of Paris will use different terms, and even accent depending on the class of person, education and the type of work indulged in, etc. Yet one hears the expression so frequently: "*Parisian French*". Did you ever hear of London "*English*", or "*Dublin Gaelic*" or "*Berlin German*" or "*Washington American*" or "*Ottawa Canadian*"? Then why *Parisian French*?

### Aversion to Good English

Everyone has heard of the dog which refused to obey the command "Lay down"; only "Lie down" was effective. Why? The dog was a Boston terrier. Another former favourite: the farmer is asked by a summer guest whether the cackling in the chicken coop means that the hens are setting or sitting on the eggs. He answers that he doesn't care about that so much as, are they laying or lying? Now this sort of thing appeals to most people because it ridicules an over-anxiety for good English but at the same time it reveals our disregard and even annoyance with the rules of the language. What's sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander yet in Canada there is a readiness to deplore poor French whilst we tend to defend poor English! The argument here is far more striking relative to pronunciation and accent. When two people simultaneously pronounce the same word in two different ways, there is an immediate attempt to justify both, if English is being spoken. If it is a French word being used, invariably one hears: "Of course that's Parisian French". There has been so much of this nonsense that I for one have been driven to this definition of "*Parisian French*": It is a usage of French words, grammatically correct, spoken as a rule by graduates of a central Ontario University, and pronounced with an *English accent*.







### IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

Pray for Us.

The Apostolate of Prayer Mission Intention for April: The Protection of China from Atheistic Communism.

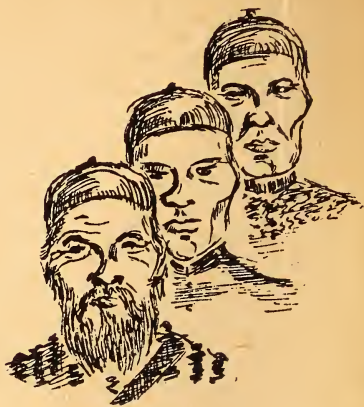
We place the lives of our Missioners and Christians in that country under the powerful protection of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

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# All God's Children

(An M.E.B. article)

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IT WAS a bright sunny Thursday morning. The little Chinese town of Li Yang was clothed in peaceful sunshine. Every dwelling took on a bright, pleasing, inviting appearance; even the poor hut of my poorest parishioner; Pu Shih, looked as if it might be entered with "Home Sweet Home" joy.

I thought to myself: "This will probably be a very ordinary day—the villagers will go to fields. I will go there too, walk among them, talk to them, discuss their problems with them." If I could have seen into the future but one hour I would have realized that this was destined to be a very notable day for Li Yang.

At 10 o'clock I was surprised to hear my servant-boy announce: "Shen Fu, Ching Kuo Yu, the Mandarin, is at the gate. He wishes to speak to you.

Although I knew he was very kindly disposed towards Catholic missionaries, this was my first contact with the Mandarin and I was a good deal puzzled as to its purpose.

I ushered him into my "parlor" despite his profuse protestations.

"I am unworthy to visit so great a person as the Shen Fu and I beg the spiritual Father's pardon for calling on him." This is the usual line of approach to any conversation. I replied that if anyone was unworthy it was surely myself—I was most honoured to have such a great man visit me.

After the customary cup of tea and fifty minutes of general conversation he finally brought our attention to the problem on his mind.

"I have been observing your work, most honourable spiritual Father, and I am most pleased with your astounding efforts to help my people. I have a great respect for your teachings but I would beg your most gracious pardon to allow me to enquire on one point of your doctrine."

I assured him that I was unworthy even to attempt an answer but with my feeble mind, I would do my best.

He continued: "Buddha limits his truest followers to the few who can



rise to contemplation; Tao knows only his most gifted disciples. But the honorable Shen Fu gathers in everyone. Most high Father, how can your God accept all men as his friends; you have the poor man Pu Shih in your chapel and at the same time the most gifted Ch'un Yao Tu, mayor of Li Yang." Here he sank into a satisfied silence, contemplating the problem, listening to my explanation.

I collected my thoughts. This was an unusual objection for a pagan but the answer explained my being in Li Yang. "Most honorable sir, what you have said is most true. My God makes friends of all men. And why not? He is the God of Heaven, of earth, of the white man and of the yellow man. He made them all. They are all His children. Any kind father is friendly to His children; he loves them and wishes them to be happy. My God is a kind father. Pu Shih is His son as well as Chien Yao Tu. They are different only in station of life and other external things." This approach seemed to be making headway.

I thought perhaps a concrete instance would cinch my point. "You recall, my respected guest, when our armies were fighting to regain the Phillipines. In one of the battles of North Luzon we lost many men—the Japanese lost many more. It was a gallant display of true valour. After the enemy had retreated, the dead were buried and the wounded were carried to hospital. As the bodies of the dead were being examined many were found wearing Miraculous Medals. They were obviously good Catholics who had fought for their native land and who had died for what they considered a just cause. They were certainly friends of God. Twenty of the soldiers had these medals about their necks—three Chinese, eleven Filipinos and six Japanese."

My listener shook himself and looked at me rather startled. "Six Japanese? They were our enemies."

"Yes, they were fighting against us but this did not prevent them having God for their Father. God loves not only those of His children who live in some particular country. He loves the Chinese and the Japanese and the Filipino and the Canadian."

This idea of God's fatherhood of all men seemed to baffle the pagan Mandarin. Paganism could not offer him an example of this to help him understand.

Finally, however, he seemed to see more clearly: "Yes, spiritual father, I see that you are trying to help my people in some way but until today I did not know how you could help them. But I am very pleased, my most kind friend, that you have enlightened me concerning your God. Now I see how you can allow Pu Shih and Ch'ien Yao Tu at your church together."

This seemed to solve his problem and also it gave him a reason for my presence in this Chinese town.

We departed according to the rules of true delicate Chinese etiquette.

All God's children! This was the Mandarin's stumbling block. We are so fortunate to have God for our Father—can we do better than bring back His other children to their Rightful Father?





*A  
Letter  
from  
Sr.  
St.  
Angela*

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Shen Mu Yuen,  
Catholic Mission,  
Lishui, Chekiang,  
Jan. 18, 1948.

Life is quite rushed in our little world. The sick, the poor, beggars, lepers, orphans and prisoners are our very precious charges and we are happily busy in this service, a sweet one, to be sure. The clinic averages 350 patients per day. Our small hospital is crowded to overflow. Daily we visit the sick poor in their homes, both in the city and in the outlying villages.

The prisoners are our pet devotion. Into the narrow crowded cells we go twice a week and treat about 180 inmates. Poor men, they are sorely in need of medical aid and are manly sincere in their appreciation of our work among them. All listen very attentively to the catechism classes which we conduct after clinic hours. Many have requested baptism but they are not quite ready for that big step. On New Year's eve we were greatly touched when

the warden brought two prisoners to the Convent. The two men proudly displayed a big basket in which were five large hens. A card on top read, "To the Sisters of the One True God who bring light and hope and even heaven into a dull







Sr. M. Catherine returning to the Lishui Mission after a sick call.

prison. Please accept our miserable New Year's gift." From the warden I learned that the prisoners had been saving since June the little money given them by relatives, so that they could buy some little gift for us. Poor men! Their own need is so great!

One sad case in the prison is that of a five-year-old child. Her father was sentenced to seven years and as there was no one to care for the then-three-year-old child, he took her to prison with him. She lives in the same cell as her father along with 40 other cell-mates. We would like to take her but cannot yet because of court difficulties. However, we clothe and feed her, and have obtained permission to bring her to the Convent quite frequently.

At the moment we are working feverishly on clothes for thirty-five abandoned babies in the pagan orphanage. We visit them twice a week. The condition of those little mites is beyond description. Last week, on our visit, we baptized seven dying infants.

Beggars enter very much into our day, too. They come daily for food and clothing. Most of them are blind and crippled. Not a few are lepers. Repulsive as they are in their rags and sores, their courteous and gentle begging manners are nothing short of courtly. God bless them! How we would like to help them more!

Our Convent and war-torn buildings are gradually returning to their pre-war state. There is much to be done yet, but we are not discouraged, and daily thank God for permitting us to return to our beloved China, from which we hope never again to part. Sister Julitta is back in Toronto but her heart is with us, we all know. We do miss her, and so do her hundreds of faithful Lishui friends. She was dearly loved over here.

Sincerely,

*Sister St. Angela.*



Sr. St. Angela, Lishui's superior of the Grey Sisters, does some mending after lunch.

# BOOK REVIEW

THE GLORY OF THY PEOPLE, by Father M. Raphael Simon.  
Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto 1, 139 pp. \$2.00.

This is the story of a conversion by a soul which went the whole way through our modern educational system, including medicine, and was still dissatisfied with merely human wisdom. Father Simon was born of Jewish parents and was given early religious training in the synagogue. Today he is a monk in the Cistercian Order.

The intervening years saw a loss and a gain as Judaism faded in its appeal and our school system substituted a search for the truths of science. The inadequacies of this ersatz wisdom as revealed in a case history are shown in their true light. We know the truth of this in a general way but a concrete example, in autobiographical form, makes the argument vivid. The book is a psychological record, a spiritual diary, a journal which relates the development of faith in the minds of an indefatigable pilgrim searching for Truth.

From the grade schools of New York, through high school and the University of Michigan, later at Berlin University, and the University of Chicago we see the vision of God once revealed and then hidden, until finally the reward of these years of prayer and goodwill, of persever-

ance and intelligent search came with the grace of Baptism in November, 1936.

One of the striking features is the reminder, in the words of the late Pope Pius XI, that "spiritually we are Semites". The Jewish pilgrim discovers that Catholicism is the continuation, the development and the fulfilment of Judaism. There are several fine pages on this thought.

Dr. Simon studied medicine and is a qualified psychiatrist. In the philosophy and theology of the Church he found the source and object of scientific truth. In a real sense, he gave up nothing to be a Catholic; in fact he tells of finding himself more than ever a Jew and a scientist as he leads the strict life of prayer as a Cistercian.

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# SFM

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THE LETTERS OF POPE CELESTINE VI, TO ALL MANKIND, by  
Giovanni Papini. E. P. Dutton & Co., N.Y. 223 pp. \$3.50.

There was no such a Pope as Celestine VI. The author chooses this title in order to speak to the various classes of people in the world and in the mouth of the mythical pope he places the words, thoughts and emotions of his own. If one dislikes, or disagrees with the thoughts expressed, one opposes Mr. Papini and not anybody else.

It is helpful to know that Papini is and has always been a violent, vitriolic man. Since his return to the Church in 1920 he has been styled "the great penitent" and is the self-appointed spokesman (frequently led astray by exaggeration) of the Church. Prior to his conversion, egotism and hatred were keynotes of his writing. In his later books, his uncontrolled 'zeal' has frequently led him, nay pushed him, beyond all reason. In his own eyes he is at once hero, reformer and saint. His fervent castigations have all the fury of Bloy but lack the necessary distinctions.

The letters are addressed to: Christians, priests, monks and brothers, theologians, the rich, the poor, rulers, subjects and all are condemned unmercifully; everyone is wrong! (Presumably Papini himself is the solitary exception). The language is replete with anatomical and physiological metaphors which one could never imagine in a papal document but are to be expected in contemporary best-sellers. Perhaps this explains the great sale of the book in Italy (40,000 copies in the first few months).

In his letter to priests p. 34, he says: "Every Christian can eat of the body of Christ, but you alone every

morning drink of His blood". Strictly speaking, this is heretical! To the theologians, p. 56: "Creative thought has passed from you. After St. Thomas—and let us say, even after Suarez—you have been unable to raise a new and powerful theological system . . . The initiative has passed from you to your enemies, the philosophers(!)" The confusion here is absolutely inexcusable. He has the impression that every age can erect a theological "system" and implies that it should be independent of predecessors which is a travesty of the notion of Tradition. And to imply that philosophers are (apparently naturally) enemies of theologians is just silly. Truth is one, not divided and theology is built upon philosophy, not opposed to it.

In Part II he addresses the historians, the scientists, the separated Christians, the Hebrews, the atheists and closes with a prayer to God. If Lot could not find 10 men of goodwill in Sodom, Papini could not find ten in the whole world! Such pessimism is unworthy of a Christian and incomprehensible in a Catholic; it is tantamount to a denial of the efficacy of the Redemption.



## Wang Hsia Jen

(Continued from page 4)

Wang Hsia Jen did not receive the grace of the last Sacraments because no priest was available but the catechist of Tangchi visited him in prison on several occasions. They were together the night previous to the execution and together they recited the act of contrition. This catechist is an exceptionally well instructed Catholic and he is convinced that there was real sorrow and contrition and feels that besides providing an example that crime does not pay, my former friend is today with St. Dismas.

Governor of Jail (to newcomer): "Now, my man, I believe in doing the best I can for my fellow creatures, I should suggest, first of all, that you follow your trade, while here."

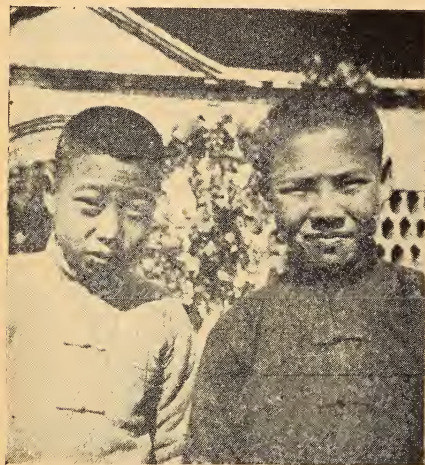
Newcomer: "I was a deep-sea fisherman, sir."

## Prayers for the establishment of April, Month of the Holy Eucharist

"O God, who under this wonderful Sacrament hast left us a memorial of Thy passion: grant us, we beseech Thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Thy Blood, that we may ever feel within ourselves the fruit of Thy redeeming work: who livest and reignest world without end. Amen."

(Roman Breviary)

"O Virgin Mary, our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, thou glory of the Christian people, joy of the universal Church, salvation of the whole world, pray for us, and awaken in all believers a lively devotion toward the Most Holy Eucharist, that so they may be made worthy to partake of the same daily."



Two frequent visitors at Lanchi and great friends of Rev. Harold Murphy, S.F.M.



Rev. C. B. Murphy, S.F.M., en route to Sungyang with a modern "rickshaw".





*Papal Award  
goes to  
Chinese Convert*

IT IS with the greatest of pleasure that we read recently of the Papal Award: Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice being conferred on Miss Violet Wong, a parishioner of St. Francis Xavier Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver, B.C.

For thirteen years Miss Wong has taught in our kindergarten assisting the Sisters in that important work. The results of her efforts long ago came to the attention of His Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop W. M. Duke, D.D. and he recently conferred this honour upon her in recognition of her splendid labour.

In 1934 Miss Wong met Father Sharkey, the founder of our Vancouver Mission and soon her little brother and sisters were pupils in our Mission School. Miss Wong began to take instructions in less than a year and in November, 1935, was baptized by Father Sharkey. She had volunteered to assist the Grey Sisters who taught in our kindergarten and they found her work a great benefit to the Mission.

Having taken Summer Courses for several years, Miss Wong soon became an expert Social Worker among the children and this knowledge, added to her experience, made her a most valuable lay assistant to the Mission. Ever since 1935 she has been doing this work and has refused many offers which would have been more lucrative but which she felt would have a far lesser supernatural value. Her zeal is matched only by her charity and Miss Wong has been an inspiration to all who have seen her work. In fact she has been compared with Pauline Jaricot, the famous laywoman who founded the Propagation of the Faith movement.

Our sincere congratulations to Miss Violet Wong on receiving the papal award in recognition of her distinguished service in helping to realize what is expressed in the motto of St. Francis Xavier Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver: "God has come to Chinatown, let us bring Chinatown to God."

# A Thought on Vocation

## *'He had no shoes'*

THERE is a story told about a man who complained that he had no shoes—until he met a man who had no feet. Day after day stories pour out of Europe about children who do not complain about having poor food but that they have no food at all. We know well enough that we should do all we can to alleviate the sufferings of peoples in Europe.

However, the war meant not only that people in Europe would starve physically but also that people in Asia would starve spiritually. Before the war Europe was the great arsenal of foreign mission vocations having contributed some seventy per cent of the Church's missionary man-power.

## Books Wanted

Christ in the Rosary  
by Jas. B. O'Brien

How to Pray  
by Abbé Grou

Spiritual Perfection  
by Reginald Buckler

Our Tryst With Him  
by Kirlin

Life of Our Lord  
by V. McNabb, O.P.

Came the war and France saw nearly 18,000 priests called to the colours, not as chaplains; Germany saw all the clerics born after 1906 having to take up arms; Poland found only 100 seminarians studying theology after the German and Russian occupation; and so the story ran. Now there is more work than ever to be done in China, Japan, and every country that has need of foreign missionaries.

It is to Canada and the United States in particular that the Church looks for priests to carry the faith to other lands. To our high schools and colleges we are looking for young men ready to offer their services in the work of winning souls for Christ. If you are physically fit, scholastically equipped and desirous of doing something really big for the honour of God write to us for further information about the qualifications of a future missionary.



One of the primitive but none-the-less effective ways of getting food supplies upstream in war-devastated China. This is an example of the undying determination of this great people to win the peace.





# THE LITTLE FLOWERS ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Well, Lent is over and I hope all of you did very well. Some of your letters tell me of daily Mass and Holy Communion, frequently for the missionaries in China and Santo Domingo. That's WONDERFUL! I don't know how to thank you except by saying that Father Jim remembers all of you at daily Mass. Some of the Buds gave up candy, or something else like that piece of cake before going to bed! Others had a different idea: they wanted not to give up doing but to do. Hence they did the dishes for Mummy every day in Lent or something extra. Others recited the rosary before going to sleep every night. Others visited their church once a day, apart from Mass. I'm certain it all pleased Our Lord very much.

One letter told me about the 1st Saturdays in honour of Our Lady of Fatima. I was pleased to learn that one of our Buds has made the series

5 times in a row; that makes 25 First Saturdays! In case you've forgotten how to do it, I suggest you make a big circle on the family calendar around May 1st, June 5th, July 3rd, August 7th and September 4th to help you remember. Then on dates listed (all First Saturdays of the respective months) (1) you receive Holy Communion (with Confession within the week before or the week following); (2) recite five decades of the rosary (3) as She said Herself: "Keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the rosary with the intentions of making reparation to me".

How many Buds will start this right away? If you do Our Lady has promised to help you at the hour of death with all the graces necessary to save your soul! That's some promise, isn't it? Will you join me?

Sincerely,

Father Jim.

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QUICKIE QUIZZ winner for the month of February was Lilly Rostaing, Ohaton, Alberta, who won the draw from among those sending in the correct answer to the quizz: "What is St. Blaise famous for?"

The March winner was Frances Kohout, Enfield, N.S., with the answer to: "Who was St. Diamas?"

Father hopes you both like your prizes.



Dear Father Jim:

It is a long time since I have written to you, but I haven't forgotten you. Enclosed is a little gift for the Missions. I am also sending some stamps, which I have saved.



Helen Rose O'Toole,  
Brighton Ave.,  
Sydney Mines, N.S.

Well Helen, I really was pleased to hear from you again. Many thanks for the stamps and the gift. Some little pagan girl will be enabled to learn to love God, as you do.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending the contents of my mite box. I am thirteen years of age and I would like to have pen pals of my own age from Newfoundland.



Marilyn Nicholson,  
R.R. No. 2,  
West Monkton, Ont.

Delighted to hear from you Marilyn. Write again soon and tell Fr. Jim all about yourself. Well Buds, Marilyn wants pen pals from Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

Would it be possible for you to secure a pen pal for me. If so, I thank you very much.



James Gorrell,  
112 Rideau St.,  
Kingston, Ont.

Look Buds, another wonderful missionary wants a pen pal. Write to me again soon Jim and tell me all about your new pen pal.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you these stamps and a small donation. My cousin, Fr. Jim MacGillivray was the first missionary of your Society to die in China. Best wishes.



Ruth MacGillivray,  
Box 341,  
Sydney, N.S.

Well Ruth, you have missionary blood in your family. It's your sacrifices along with those of the other members of the Rose Garden that enable us to continue the work of Fr. Jim MacGillivray. God bless you.



## QUICKIE QUIZZ

What does Pentecost mean?

Prize given for lucky draw from among correct answers sent in.





Dear Father Jim:

I am sending the money I saved in my mite box. Sorry I didn't send it for Christmas, but I think it will be helpful now too. I hope the missions will have a very successful year. I pray hard for them every day.



Ann Manuel,  
2 Hill Road,  
Grand Falls, Nfld.

You are a real missionary, Ann. The Missions cannot help but have a successful year with a spirit of sacrifice and prayers, such as yours.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

My sister and I are enclosing the contents of our mite box. It isn't very much, but we hope it will help the Missions. We will send more later. I'm 12 and my sister is 14. We would like to have pen pals.



Ruth and Muriel McIsaac,  
St. Andrew's, Nfld.

Hello Ruth and Muriel! It's small gifts like yours that enable us to carry on our mission work. Calling all Buds, here are two more pen pals.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I received your mite box a few weeks before Christmas. I have saved up a sum of money and daddy is going to get a money order for it and I will send it soon. I am sending some stamps that I have saved from Xmas cards. I hope these little gifts will do a little bit for China's pagan children.



Mary Ryan,  
14 McDougall St.,  
St. John's, Nfld.

God bless you Mary, and your Daddy also, for your generosity to the Missions. Your efforts will make some Chinese child very happy.

CHINA

Dear Father Jim:

Please accept the enclosed money order from "the Fewers". We have made a practice of providing this annual offering to the China Missions, by dropping the odd copper or nickel in our mite box. Although five of the seven of us are now past school age we do not forget our attachment to the Rose Garden.



The Fewers,  
97 Gower St.,  
St. John's, Nfld.

The good God will surely shower His grace upon you, for your continued devotion to the missions. I'm overjoyed when I hear from the former members of the Rose Garden.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

We saved our pennies for the Missions and each day we pray for the Missions. Please pray for the children of Grade I, St. Joseph's School.



Ann Sheridan,  
St. Joseph's School,  
Toronto, Ontario.

God bless you Ann. I certainly will pray very hard for you and your classmates. Your little gift will give some little mission children an opportunity to learn to print as well as you do.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Whelan, Donald, 13, 212 Foster Ave.; White, Beverley, 6, 34 Pine St.; White, Eileen, 11, 18 Albion St.; Whyte, Paul, 9, 18 Albion St.; Woodacre, Loretta, 15, 14 King St.; Young, Margaret, 15, 9 Bettes St.; Young, Nadine, 6, 9 Bettes St.; Young, Peter, 7, 9 Bettes.

## BRANTFORD, ONT.

Longhurst, Rosemarie, 13, R.R. 2; McKenna, Patricia, 14, 241 Park Ave.; McKenna, Theresa, 16, 241 Park Ave.

## BREWER'S MILLS, ONT.

Doyle, Mary, 17.

## HALIFAX, ONT.

MacDonald, Marion, 9, 94 Elm St.; McGilivray, M. Joseph, 5, 98 Cork St.; McGinnis, Judith Anne, 5, 117 Windsor St.; McGrath, Michael, 6, 88 Summit St.; McNeil, Alexander, 5, 115 Beech St.; Moffatt, Helen, 5, 14½ Bluebell Rd.; Molky, Leslie Al, 6, 206 Quinpool Rd.; Moore, Colleen, 7, 56 Bloomfield St.; Moriarity, Jean, 11, 56 Wellington St.; Moriarity, Joan, 11, 56 Wellington St.; Moriarty, Mary, 14, 71 Wellington St.; Mullane, Mourneen, 5, 279½ Oxford St.; Murphy, Patricia, 8, 288 Maynard St.; Murray, Theresa, 16, 2A Mailand St.; Myatt, Donna, 7, 8 Oak St.; Napier, Marguerita, 6, 280 Oxford St.; Naugler, Sylvia, 6, 123 Willow St.; Nelson, Allen, 5, 14 Hunter St.; O'Brien, Geraldine, 6, 20 Windsor Terrace; O'Connell, Patricia Anne, 4, 255 North St.; Oliver, Rose, 7, 123 Summit St.; O'Sullivan, Lorraine, 7, 14 Vestry St.; O'Toole, Patricia, 6, 117 Allen St.; Pattie, Thelma, 6, 30 Berlin St.; Peake, Gordon, 5, 52 Connolly St.; Potvin, Maurice, 6, 56 Connolly St.; Power, Betty Ann, 7, 147 Duffus St.; Rafus, Barbara, 8, 38½ Fern St.; Rafuse, Douglas, 5, 168 Willow St.; Renner, David, 7, 118A Willow St.; Renner, Paul, 5, 118A Willow St.; Renner, Sandra, 3, 118A Willow St.; Roache, Sheila, 8, 2 Stairs St.; Robichaud, Noreen, 8, 264 Maynard St.; Rose, Patricia, 7, 320 Agricola St.; Rudolph, Diane, 6, 321 North St.; Sadler, Lorne, 5, 20 Newton Ave.; Shea, David, 5, 65 Allen St.; Sim, Joan, 5, 29 Allen St.; Smith, Coleen, 7, 27 Livingstone St.; Squires, Diane, 8, 96½ Allen St.; Stoneman, Wifrid, 6, 28 Vienna St.; Sullivan, Pauline, 12, 144½ Shirley; Tanner, David, 6, 45 Dublin St.; Tanner, Joseph, 7, 17 Swain St.; Tanner, Judith, 5, 50 Lawrence St.; Thompson, Carol, 6, 470 Robie St.; Thompson, Shirley, 8, 3 Black St.; Vickers, Beverley, 6, 55 Dublin St.; Walsh, Patricia, 14, 5 Cunard Court; Weaver, Bonnie, 5, 64 Clifton St.; Webb, Shirley, 15, Pleasant Harbour; Welburn, George, 6, 67 Berlin St.; Woodcock, Jacqueline, 5, 78 Willow St.; Young, Carol Ann, 6, 132 Willow St.; Young, Dorothy, 7, 54 Vienna St.; Young, Michael, 6, Young St.

## JOGGINS, N.S.

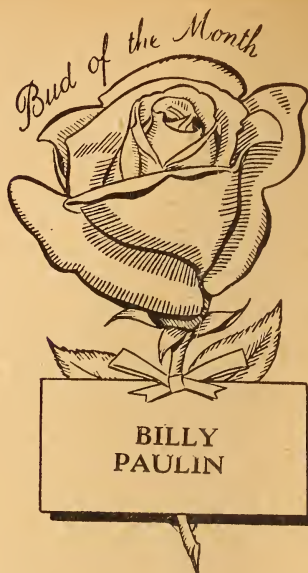
St. Peters, Ruby, 13.

## LAKEVIEW, N.S.

Miles, Joyce, 7.

## SALMONIER, NFLD.

Gould, Joseph, 8, St. Joseph's; Gough, Marie, 7, St. Joseph; Hearn, Mary, 10, Mount Carmel; Hearn, Kathleen, 15, Mount Carmel; Marrie, Albert, 10, Mount Carmel; Marrie, Francis, 15, Mount Carmel; Marrie, Michael, 9, Mount Carmel; Nolan, Josephine, 10, Mount



Billy Paulin of Kawene, Ontario, is our Bud of the Month for April. I am sure God will bless you for your interest in the Missions. Many thanks to your brother and sisters for helping you fill your mite box. Billy looks forward to reading "CHINA" each month.

Carmel; Nolan, Annie, 17, Mount Carmel; Power, Mary B., 15, Mount Carmel; Power, Imelda, 17, Mount Carmel.

## ST. MARY'S BAY, NFLD.

St. Croix, Hilda, 15½, St. Stephen's; Ryan, Catherine, 11.

## TORBAY, NFLD.

Bradbury, Viola, 10, North Side; Bradbury, Pauline, 14; Gosse, Madonna, 9 North Side; Nolan, Theresa, 11; Shea, Eileen, 14.

## TREPASSEY, NFLD.

Curtis, Connie, 7, Shoal Point; Hicks, Mary, 10; Kennedy, Marge, 16, Shoal Point; Pennell, Mary, 9, Daniel's Point; Pennell, Leo, 11, Daniel's Point; Power, Zita, 13, Shoal Point.

## TRINITY BAY, NFLD.

Mackay, Madeline, 15, Melrose; Pensent, Raymond., 11, Bellevue; Pinsent, Anthony, 15, Bellevue.

## CHATHAM, N.B.

Barry, Joan, 13, Duke St.; Bakely, Rita, 15; Johnston St.; Boyle, Bernie, 10, St. An-

CHINA



drew's St.; Boyle, Dorothy, 13, St. Michael's Academy; Breau, 12, Cunard St.; Breau, Marie, 13, Wellington St.; Brennan, Grace, 12, 12 Water St.; Campbell, Doris, 12, St. Michael's Academy; Campbell, Frances, 13, St. Michael's Academy; Carvell, Maura, 12, Duke St.; Clancy, Mary, 11, Wellington St.; Comeau, Eric, 12, King St.; Connell, Joan, 13, Water St.; Cook, Stanley, 13, Lower Water St.; Cripps, Elaine, 13, Pleasant St.; Cripps, Gertrude, 11, Lower Water St.; Cunningham, Barclay, 11, Queen St.; Deredin, Catherine, 14, Centre St.; Doyle, Gerald, 13, Water St.; Dufresne, Carmel, 13, Ferry Road; Duplessis, Joan, 13, Upper Water St.; Duplessis, Margaret, 13, St. Andrew's St.; Duplessis, Marie, 13, Centre St.; Duplessis, Wayne, 10, Chatham St.; Flanagan, Joseph, 11, Johnston St.; Flanagan, Marie, 13, Johnston St.; Fraser, Helen, 11, Cunard St.; Goulette, Marie, 11, King St.; Green, Joan, 12, Greenville; Hackey, Adolph, 11, St. John St.; Hannah, Bobby, 12, King St.; Hannah, Gertrude, 13, King St.; Isaiah, Yvonne, 12, King St.; Jardine, Jacqueline, 13, Pleasant St.; Jardine, Weldon, 11, Duke St.; Johnston, Edna, 11, Pleasant St.; Johnston, Margaret and Mary, 13, St. Andrew's St.; Kane, Regie, 11, Water St.; Keating, John, 10, Cunard St.; Keoughan, Eileen, 14, Pleasant St.; Keoughan, Mary, 13, Pleasant St.; Keoughan, Rose, 13, Pleasant St.; Kingston, Jean, 13, Lower Water; LeBreton, Ida, 11, Pleasant St.; Leggatt, Patsy, 13, Water St.;

Loggie, Mary Jane, 10, Water St.; Malley, Joe, 14, Princess St.; Moar, Peter, 10, Queen St.; Murdock, Carmelia, 13, Loggiesville; Murphy, Waddy, 10, Lower Water St.; MacDonald, Anne, 11, Pleasant St.; MacDonald, Bobby, 11, Queen St.; MacDonald, Eileen, 11, Lower Water St.; MacDonald, Marie, 11, St. Andrew's; MacDougall, Mary, 12, Kerr St.; McCue, Teresa, 12, St. Michael's Academy; McDonald, Betty, 13, St. Andrews; McDonald, Jean, 14, Lower Water St.; McGrath, Margaret, 12, Pleasant St.; McIntyre, Catherine, 12, St. Andrew's; McIntyre, Helen, 14, Duke St.; McIntyre, Marie, 10, King St.; McKinnon, Frances, 13, Johnston St.; O'Connell, Mary, 10, St. Francis St.; O'Herne, Doris, 12, Johnston St.; O'Herne, Eileen, 14, Johnston St.; O'Herne, Leona, 13, Johnston St.; O'Kane, Mary, 10, Pleasant St.; Olson, Loraine, 10, Water St.; O'Reilly, Margie, 12, Johnston St.; Preston, Floyd, 11, Henderson St.; Preston, Roy, 14, Duke St.; Quinn, Billy, 13, Princess St.; Reynolds, Beatrice, 13, Middle Island; Reynolds, Eileen, 13, Pleasant St.; Richard, Frances, 13, St. Andrew's St.; Richard, Germaine, Upper Water St.; Richard, Mary, 11, St. Andrew's St.; Rogers, Mabel, 14, Middle Island; St. Pierre, Noella, 11, Queen St.; Skidd, Billy, 11, Queen St.; Skidd, Catherine, 15, Kerr St.; Skidd, 12, Queen St.; Skidd, Frank, 11, Kerr St.; Skidd, Gertrude, 13, St. John St.; Skidd, Margaret, 11, St. John St.; Smith, Betty, 13, King St.;

## NOTICE TO MISSION STAMP CLUBS!

To all those clubs in schools across Canada who have been helping us collect used stamps, we think these rules may be of help.

1. Never separate stamps from envelopes! The danger of tearing the stamps is too great a risk. Even if the stamp is not torn, it will most likely be made thin and this reduces its value.
2. Always leave a wide margin, at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch if you can manage. This saves the perforated edge which must be intact or the stamp loses worth.
3. Never send the used stamps via airmail. Sometimes this costs more than the stamps in the package are worth!
4. Always mark the package on the outside: USED STAMPS, then the postal authorities do not have to examine the contents when a border must be crossed.
5. Condition is the all-important thing. Stamps with slight defects e.g. damaged by a tear or mutilated or a serious thin spot are of much less value, so exercise great care.

# Items of Interest

## New Monsignori:

Most sincere congratulations to the new monsignori of the archdiocese of Vancouver: Rt. Rev. T. Melville Nichol, D.P.; Rt. Rev. P. Fogarty, D.P.; and Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Carey, D.P. The last named is well known to early readers of CHINA as Monsignor Carey left Ireland to come to Canada at the request of Mons. John Fraser in 1919. For seven years after his Ordination in 1920 (at Ottawa, Ontario), the then Father Carey served in the ranks of what was to be known later as the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. He returned in 1927 from China to help in the Vancouver archdiocese where he has since been stationed, having held many important posts. Since 1936 he has been pastor of St. Helen's parish in Vancouver.

## Report from China

In our next issue we will publish the recent report of Very Rev. K.

Turner, S.F.M., our Regional Superior in China. Father Turner has just completed a tour of all our parishes and mission stations and the progress on all sides is reassuring. Watch for this in May.

## Thanksgiving

Thanks to the Blessed Virgin for favour received, J. E. Comstock, Halifax, N.S.

## Pray for Our Dead

Rev. J. T. Finn, Peterboro, Ont.

Dr. F. J. McNevin, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. R. S. MacKinnon, MacKinnon Harbour, N.S.

Mrs. Thos. Yazbeck, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Mr. Stephen Clyde Ware, New York, N.Y.

Dr. Hugh W. Mullins, whose sister Anne Joe is one of the Officers of the Mission League of the Little Flower, of Dorchester, Jamaica Plans.

Very Rev. A. L. Zinger, C.R., former Canadian Provincial General of the Resurrectionist Fathers.

## Latest Addresses in China

Very Rev. A. Venadam.....	Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang
Rt. Rev. John Fraser, P.A.....	Catholic Mission, Kinhwa, Chekiang
Rev. M. Carey.....	Catholic Mission, Kinhwa, Chekiang
Rev. H. Murphy.....	Catholic Mission, Lanchi, Chekiang
Rev. C. B. Murphy.....	Catholic Mission, Iwu, Chekiang
Rev. A. MacIntosh.....	Catholic Mission, Dolu (via Tsingtien), Chekiang
Rev. J. Kelly.....	Catholic Mission, Pukiang, Chekiang
Rev. E. Lyons.....	Catholic Mission, Tangki, Chekiang
Rev. D. Stringer.....	Catholic Mission, Tsingtien, Chekiang
Rev. E. Moriarty.....	Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang
Rev. T. Morrissey.....	Catholic Mission, Tungyang, Chekiang
Rev. C. Strang.....	Catholic Mission, Pihu, Chekiang
Rev. A. Clement.....	Catholic Mission, Pihu, Chekiang
Rev. H. McGettigan.....	Catholic Mission, Yunho, Chekiang
Rev. L. Hudswell.....	Catholic Mission, Lungchuan, Chekiang
Rev. R. Reeves.....	Catholic Mission, Sungyang, Chekiang
Very Rev. K. Turner.....	Catholic Mission, Sungyang, Chekiang
Rev. J. McGoey .....	Catholic Welfare Committee of China, 361 Yingsze Road, Shanghai, China

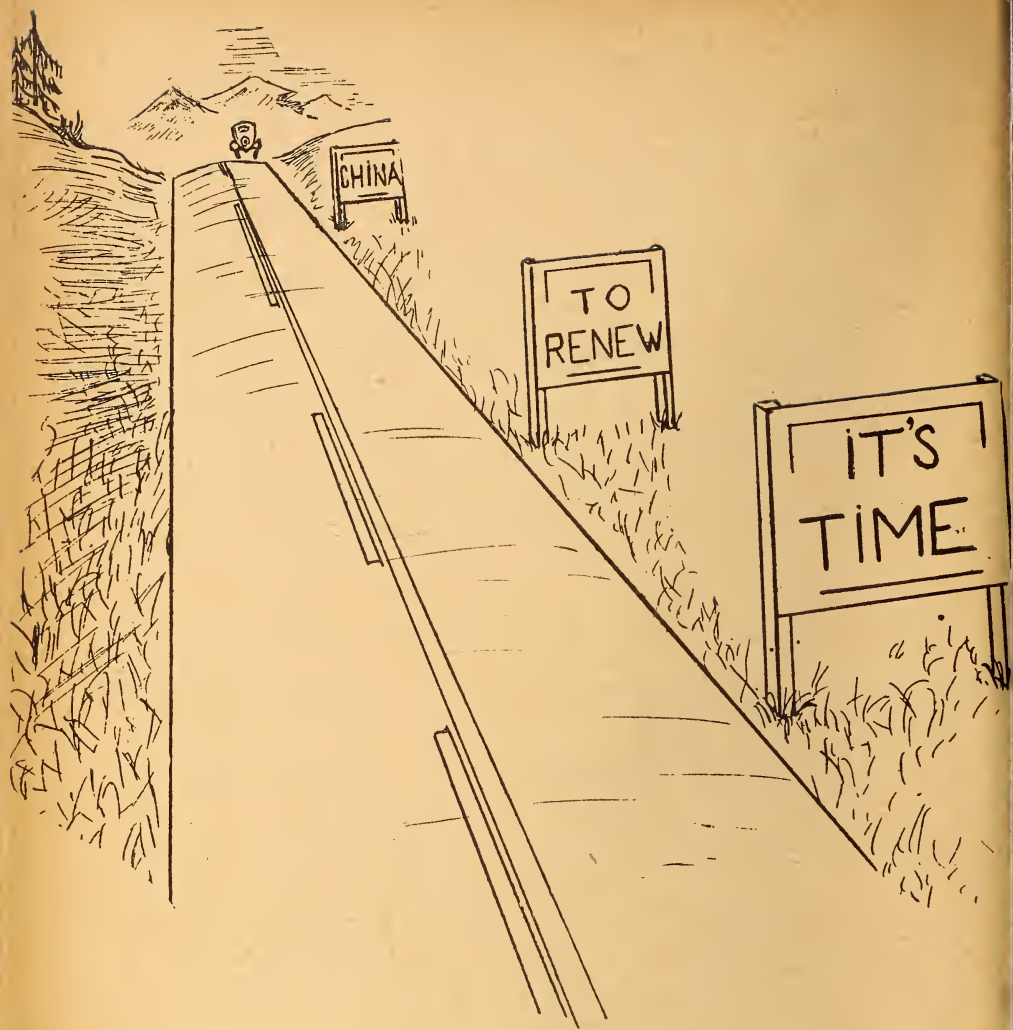
Rev. G. McKernan, same as above.





A report from Very Rev. K. Turner, S.F.M., to be published next month, tells of progress being made in our mission field in China particularly in the matter of reconstruction. The above view of labourers may serve as a reminder during April, the Eucharistic Month, that hard work is necessary for the Church to regain her pre-war position in China. We are counting on your help, spiritually and financially to bring this about.

# SFM





C H I N A

carbboro Bluffs, Ontario

MAY 1948







### *The Virgin*

Mother! Whose virgin bosom was uncrost  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
Woman! Above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;

Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend  
As to a visible power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



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# Saint Isidore

## Patron of Farmers

FEAST-DAY: MAY 15

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THE life of Saint Isidore was spent almost entirely in the countryside near Madrid in Spain. He divided his hours between recollection and labor in the fields. It is for this reason that all rural people, whether they be full time farmers or those who live on the land and labor in industry, would do well to accept this saint as their heavenly patron. They might imitate him. Although he considered work to be his primary occupation this did not prevent him from lifting his mind to heavenly considerations. He invoked the blessings of his Creator upon the work which he was about to begin. He remained united with the divine presence as he performed his labor. When his task was accomplished he never failed to render thanks.

History relates little concerning the origin and early years of the saint. It is thought however he was born about the year 1110. It is however a known fact that his parents were poor. Since they were of the laboring class it seems that they left him nothing as a material heritage but their plow. They did nevertheless leave him the memory of their virtuous lives. Since he had no land of his own to cultivate he hired himself out to a wealthy master and he cultivated his fields.

Isidore passed his youthful years in the performance of works of charity and of piety and permitted nothing to tarnish his innocence. Since his vocation called him to a life of the world he was careful to choose as his life companion a virtuous woman. He entered upon married life with the most perfect sentiments of submission to the good pleasure of God. Mary, his wife proved herself to be worthy of his faithful companionship and each strove to imitate the other in a life of virtue. One son was born of this holy marriage.

Since Isidore found it necessary to work for others to gain his livelihood, he hired out with the house of de Vergas and with his family spent the greater part of his days.

The habits of Isidore did not vary from day to day. He was up before dawn. He consecrated the actions of the day to the service of God and then made necessary preparations for the work in the field. When all was in readiness about the house he set out with the most profound recollection to perform one of the devotions which was always very dear to him and from which he derived great spiritual benefit. This consisted of a pilgrimage to the various churches and chapels of Madrid and surrounding territories. As a rule, Mary, his

spouse, accompanied him in the performance of these religious exercises. At the foot of the altar Isidore repeated his morning offering, prostrated himself with sentiments of the deepest humility and petitioned of Him who watches over us and fructifies our toils that He might bless those efforts which he was about to expend in the service of his earthly master. If a Mass was being celebrated he did not depart from the church until he had assisted at it. At times he assisted at several Masses.

Sunday was for Isidore truly a day of repose and of joy. Early in the morning he set out for the church and he generally had the happiness of approaching the Holy Table. After Communion he attended several Masses in a spirit of thanksgiving. Before noon he assisted at a Solemn Mass in one of the parish churches of Madrid. In the evening at sunset after having spent some time in social conversations with his friends he returned to the church to assist at Vespers and other devotions. At times it was necessary to draw him away from the foot of the altar so much did he enjoy "relaxing in the presence of God" from the labors of the week.

Just as in the Gospels, those murmured against the head of the house who had begun their labors early in the morning and had borne the heat of the entire day only to receive the same reward as that given to those who had come at the eleventh hour, so likewise these companions of Isidore did not hesitate to complain as they noticed that he frequently began his work late in the morning and yet received the same words of praise and the same pay as they had received. They therefore accused him in the presence of Squire de Vergas as one who was wasting his time at excessive devotions, running from church to church, while they themselves were always seen at dawn following the plow.

Squire de Vergas was one of those upright characters for whom it is difficult to believe evil spoken of any person. Perfect probity, a religious spirit, tranquil and kindly sentiments caused him always to look upon his workers as members of his household and to deal with them as a father deals with his children. He had placed the utmost confidence in his servant and trusted him implicitly. He would not want to be betrayed in this confidence for anything in the world. He felt toward Isidore something more than a mere confidence of a master. His attitude toward him had grown into what might rather be considered a friendship. However without revealing his intention to anyone he determined to discover for himself the truth or falsity of the accusations. Early the following morning he concealed himself a short distance from the place where Isidore was scheduled to begin his work. From this point, without being seen, he might observe all that would take place. According to his custom, suspecting nothing, our Saint in company with wife, performed his daily practices of religion. Whether through devotion or due to the particular will of God that the virtue of the faithful servant might shine forth

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## C H I N A

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**Vol. XXIX**

**No. 5**





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more brilliantly than ever before, the pilgrimage of Isidore took more time than usual on this particular day. The sun had already risen well above the horizon, his companions had already plowed many a furrow by the time that he came running in great haste to put his hand to his plow. Squire de Vergas, hidden in his retreat could scarcely overcome his astonishment. Isidore had indeed lost considerable time. The other fields had already been plowed and the field assigned to Isidore had not yet been touched. Should he not complain and call attention to a fault which has caused real damage? He was about to rise up from his position a hundred times and to go forth to heap reproaches upon the poor laborer. Each time, however, something seemed to detain him. An interior voice told him to wait. For some time he wavered in this attitude of doubt when suddenly glancing at the work of Isidore it seemed to be greatly advanced. Once more he looked with fixed attention in the direction in which the laborer plowed and noticed that two brilliant angels were working at the side of the Saint. Each grasped firmly the handles of a plow and they were evidently contending in a holy rivalry to see which might be the first to conclude the task. Overcome with amazement the squire could not trust his vision. He hastened toward the worker to assure himself that he had not become the victim of an

illusion. But the nearer he approached the scene the less brilliant the light became. Little by little it disappeared until he reached Isidore at which time it had completely vanished and he found the plowman absorbed in the most profound meditation. This but served to arouse his curiosity the more. "I beseech you," he said, "in the name of the Lord whom you serve with such great fervor who were those who were up to this moment aiding you in your work? I have seen some being at your side, but as I approached they vanished."

"In the presence of the God whom I serve as faithfully as I possibly can," Isidore answered with as much candor as simplicity, "I vow that I have seen no other persons and I have called upon no other than God alone whom I always invoke and who never fails those who with confidence call upon him." It was evidently a miracle. The servant proved to be faithful. As he left the scene the good squire could not refrain from saying, "I disregard all that which jealousy has inspired your enemies to say. Do as you please. My fields I place in your charge. May God always be at your side." From that time on, whenever any person complained to him concerning the actions of Isidore, he simply answered: "Angels are his helpers." He then related what he had seen.





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One century later, as the deacon John set out to write the life of the saint, he found everybody talking of this miracle as though it had happened in recent times.

Isidore, as we have already seen, was filled with compassion for the poor and the underprivileged. He never permitted a person who was less fortunate than himself to put forth his hand for alms in vain. It was quite natural for him to give, but he always gave in the name of the Lord and with a heart which was cheerful and happy. It made no difference whether the beggar was a stranger or lived in his own village, whether he received in return expressions of gratitude or otherwise, he gave just as cheerfully in either case, knowing that the gift was not extended toward man but toward a suffering member of the Mystical Body of Our Lord. At times perhaps human prudence or the advice even of friends urged him to moderate his generosity. To look out for the rainy day is quite natural for any man. But on such occasions he turned his attention with the eyes of faith toward the One who did not hesitate to deprive Himself of all things for the love of us and then he gave with greater joy than ever before.

Mary and Isidore were not greatly advanced in years when they were called to their eternal reward. They had, however, stored up for themselves abundant treasures in heaven because of the good works which they

had accomplished throughout their lives.

This was the fifteenth day of May, in the year 1180. On this day of the year the church of Spain still celebrates his feast.

And in Santo Domingo the farmers and labourers are noted for their great devotion to San Isidro. This tradition has been passed on from generation to generation and today it is the basis for an agricultural movement under the direction of Archbishop Pittini. A letter to our priests stationed in that country had four main points (1) Form a Society of San Isidro to unite the men in every town and country mission; (2) Use this Society to stir up their enthusiasm to live good Catholic lives establishing the families on a sound basis; (3) Instruct the men in groups concerning the possibilities of Co-operatives; (4) When adequately prepared, establish both Consumers and Producers Co-operatives, as well as Credit Unions.

### In Monte Plata

The first step in this parish was to organize the Society in the town as the centre for the whole parish. We have 22 outlying country missions. To be an *active member* it was neces-

*(Continued on page 29)*





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# *Religious Report on our Mission in China*

By the Regional  
Superior

VERY REV. K. TURNER  
S. F. M.



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IT is when one has visited all the parishes in the Prefecture without intermission that one is impressed with the immense territory and the work there is to be done to Christianize the inhabitants of the countless towns, villages and hamlets within its borders. To help form an idea of the size: From Lishui to Lungchuan it is nearly 90 miles by road; Lishui to Kinhwa is about 90 miles also. To Tungyang in another direction about the same distance. To Tsingtien about 47 miles. These distances are reckoned as between residences, and not between the furthestmost limits of the respective parishes mentioned. For instance, Lungchuan's farthest chapel is over 60 miles from Lungchuan; Huang-Tan Chapel is over 70 miles by difficult mountain roads from Tsingtien. All the country from northern to southern, eastern to western borders is inhabited. Lishui Prefecture takes in 18 counties

and according to Provincial government figures they make up a total of 93,937 square kilometers (roughly 36,694 square miles). The same source gives the population at 2,877,435 souls.

## **Percentage of Catholics**

Last Spring a census was prepared on orders of the Internuncio and pains were taken to insure its accuracy. The names of all Christians were entered by each parish rector on specially prepared census sheets. We found that we have 6,364 Christians. So the percentage of Christianity to population is extremely low, viz. .22%. It is evident that we are really only beginning to convert this area. This is a labour that will require many men, many more than we have at present. And as I will try to show later on in this report, it will require much more money than is now available.

## Need for Catechists

In the direct manner for the propagation of the Faith, that is, in preaching the Gospel, the most necessary adjunct to the Missionary himself is the Catechist, whether Religious or lay. We have been handicapped by a lack of these helpers. For one thing suitable men with training are hard to find and moreover we have not the means to hire many men even if they were available. I believe that Fr. Venadam is anxious to open a training school for catechists when we can afford to do so and please God that will be soon. Each parish now is struggling along with an absolute minimum of catechists or none at all. For instance I have ONE man and this parish takes in THREE COUNTIES. In the whole Prefecture we have but twelve catechists; at one time one parish alone had nearly as many catechists as this.

## Aid from Grey Sisters

For the indirect means of propagating the Faith our most valuable help comes from the Grey Sisters. The Sisters conduct two dispensaries, one at Lishui and another at Lungchuan and during most of the year their doors are crowded five mornings out of seven. The last time I enquired, Lishui was treating over 200 cases a day and Lungchuan even more. Not included in this are the numerous sick-calls the Sisters answer every day nor the trips they undertake on demand from the various parishes to treat the sick, to vaccinate, etc. At Lishui and at Lungchuan there are hospitals for patients who cannot be efficiently cared for in the day dispensary. At present we have no doctors or surgeons but the foundation has been laid. Most rectors dispense medicine to the sick of their parish and especially in Tungyang and Pihu to a very great extent. As a result of the dis-

pensary work in Pihu, Fr. Strang has been able to open a catechumenate with between 30 and 40 listening to doctrine every evening.

## Prayer Schools

At present we have only two registered schools, both Primary Schools, located at Lishui and Lungchuan respectively. There is also a Prayer School in Tsingtien and, in Kinhwa, a Prayer School for boarders. This latter was opened by Msgr. Fraser more than a year ago in an attempt to solve a big problem common to all parishes as a result of the war. During the occupation many baptized children grew up without learning doctrine and without receiving the Sacraments. Msgr. Fraser takes these children in groups of about thirty and they live at the Mission and study doctrine all day. In two or three months they are able to receive the Sacraments and on being Confirmed return to their homes again to make room for a new group. In the matter of schools we have had to go slowly again because of limited allocation and because we have not many Christian men or women qualified by government standards to teach. A Catholic Middle School (High School) is a necessity both to insure that at least the brightest of our Christian children continue their studies in a Christian atmosphere and that from the graduates we can select some to teach in our Primary Schools. At present the only way we have to obtain teachers is to help finance the education of promising Christian children in government high schools. On graduation we then have a priority on their teaching services for a few years.

## Urgent Need for Repairs

Even with the destruction of buildings in Lishui and the looting and damage done to buildings in other





The Grey Sisters treat over 1,000 cases each day in the dispensaries of our missions.

Missions, as a whole our buildings throughout the Prefecture suffered surprisingly little damage. Many Missions were occupied from early 1942 to the end of the war with Japan. However, time and the weather have brought many buildings to the state of needing extensive repairs and all have needed some kind of repairs. The following will give an idea of what is needed.

Lishui: A rectory badly needed to replace the old one now disappeared. Living quarters for servants needed, also reception rooms for Christians and catechumens.

Dolu: The large Christianity in this village demands at least a Prayer School to be built for the numerous children. Additional piece of land needed as this compound is very small. Church and rectory need fairly extensive repairs.

Kinhwa: As this seems the next place in line to open a convent for the Grey Sisters, we will need to build here or at least convert one of present buildings in the next-door compound owned by us. Church badly needs repairs and refurnishing.

Lanchi: Large church with sacristy in bad condition which need repairing, glazing and furnishing. Rectory is very poor, very old and at least it should be made liveable.

Iwu: No property owned here and at present we are renting a few rooms. Rent is very high in this busy town and even as a matter of economy we should buy land and build something quickly.

Tungyang: This mission completely destroyed by fire during the war and for the past two years Fr. Morrissey has been living in rented rooms in a Chinese home.

A rectory has just been completed and a small piece of land bought as site for a church. The lower part of rectory is being used as a chapel. For this flourishing mission a church is needed.

Pukiang: There is a fine little church here but no other buildings but an old native-style house now serving for rectory. This could be converted to a school and rectory built.

Yuingkong: Here we have only a rented house and chapel. We should buy property and build.

Yunho: There is a small piece of property here but nothing on it but an old hut. At least we should buy a piece of property adjoining and build a combination chapel-rectory.

The above includes only the missions where we have a priest in residence. I have not included the many chapels owned by us which are sadly in need of repair and which are deteriorating rapidly. All the above projects would represent a very big expenditure.

### Cost of Living

The high cost of living increased throughout the year and along with it the inflation of the nation's currency. At year's end the price of a caddy of rice (1-1/3 lbs.) was about \$10,000 C.N.C. The currency is so unstable with prices doubling overnight that wages, salaries, etc., are not reckoned in money any more but in so many caddies of rice. The same holds for Mass stipends! A low Mass stipend is now 13 caddies of rice.

### Danger from Bandits

Banditry has been on the increase. In December, the Sungyang-Lishui bus was twice held up and once earlier in the year. Busses on the Lishui-Lungchuan road were held

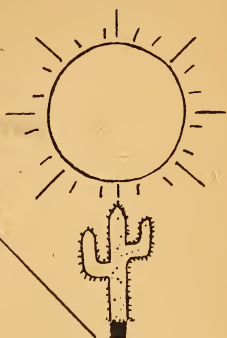
up four times to my knowledge, in 1947. Passing through Yuingkong a few weeks ago I learned that over a hundred bandits had come into town on the two previous days and attempted to burn the busses and bus-station. Fr. Fu was relieved of his money on one trip into the mountains a few weeks ago. It would give a false picture to say that we move about in fear of our lives or purses. This is far from the truth, but bandits are to be figured on before making long trips across mountain trails.

### Communism a Threat

The Communist menace is probably the reason for many towns imposing a curfew. In Lishui last month I had to wait until dawn (not having a pass) before leaving the mission to make my way to my sampan on the beach. In the long years the Church has laboured in China, I doubt if she could ever look forward to years of uninterrupted peace, but despite the uncertainty she went ahead with her plans and disregarded the uncertainty. This is the only way for us to work now because to put on the brakes in projects for the evangelization of this area on the plea of an uncertain future would be but to deny the progress the Church has made in all the uncertain centuries in China. We naturally want to be optimistic in predictions for the coming years but at the same time we must remember that the Church in the North is being suppressed and persecuted.

A milepost was passed in the history of the Church in this Province on last Feast of Pentecost when the hierarchy was established with the installation of our first Archbishop, the Most Rev. G. Deymier, at Hangchow. The Apostolic Inter-nuncio performed the ceremony.





*a  
Desert,  
Physically  
and Spiritually*

**D**URING the past several months we have attempted to present our readers with some information about the twelve immense parishes which have been assigned to the English-speaking Canadian priests on the West Indian Island of Santo Domingo. This month we will deal with the one which is the most historically famous of the twelve, namely, Azua de Compostela.

This town was already a thriving centre when, in 1504, Christopher Columbus made his last voyage to the Island of Santo Domingo which he so cherished. Its founder had been Diego Velasquez de Leon who is better known as the conqueror and colonizer of Cuba.

Azua can also claim other famous men in history as its citizens. From it went forth Hernan Cortes who explored Mexico and eventually conquered its Aztec ruler in the year 1521. Another resident was Francisco Pizarro who established himself in Peru after taking over control of the great Indian Empire of the Incas. Another local boy who made good was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean.

Perhaps the most stirring moment in the history of Azua came at 3 p.m. on October 18, 1751, when it was completely destroyed by a violent earthquake. The following year it was re-established a few miles further inland from its original site. Since then there have been many terrifying 'quakes but Azua stood firm. Hence it is still to be found on this site of second choice.

To-day, Azua's fame is based on a hope. Its citizens are anxiously awaiting the tide of a "liquid gold" rush. Some seem to think that the vast oil deposits of Venezuela extend beneath the Caribbean Sea to the Island of Santo Domingo. Azua looks directly across the sea at the Venezuelan oil wells. Americans have been investigating the area for years. Some small wells have been drilled a short distance from the town but if rich deposits have been found the fact is not known publicly. However, you cannot stop the Azuanos from dreaming.

Perhaps the most striking feature about Azua is the intense dry heat which does not appeal to one who has been brought up in Canada's



Part of Procession held in Azua by Catholic Young People. One sign reads: "The Virgin calls you to Mass 52 Sundays of the year."

temperate climate. There, one can generally sing, without any exaggeration, "the skies are not cloudy all day." Actually, the sky seems much nearer the earth when viewed from this plain which is almost at sea level than from atop the mountain ranges which enclose it on three sides, making of it a veritable dust pan, open to the sweeping winds from the Caribbean Sea.

The land is so low in this section of the island and displays so many traces of marine life, that scientists believe it to have been part of the sea floor in the not too distant past (not more than a million years ago). The lake region is not far from Azua. These bodies of water, like the Dead Sea, are below sea level. For centuries they served as the unmolested haunts of the crocodile and flamingo but to-day, even their depths are being probed in search of oil.

In spite of Azua's heat and desert-like appearance, some foreigners have chosen to make it their home. Strange to say, one of the first inhabitants with whom I spoke on the subject of religion, in a personal way, was

a non-Dominican, who ranked high in the Masonic Order. However, he had been living in the country for many long years. During our friendly chat he informed me that a man needed no religion by which to live but that he should have a religion by which to die. He is well advanced in years and in failing health. Methinks a wee shove might push him into Peter's Bark. Perhaps some good soul, who happens to read this, will supply that shove by praying daily in his behalf.

The parish of Azua is just about as dry spiritually as is its parched earth, physically. In several of its mission stations, Holy Mass had never been offered, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, until the Scarboro Fathers took charge of it a little over two years ago. In one much-neglected, outlying mission the priest baptised a young boy, his father and grandfather at the same time.

Even in the town itself, which boasts of a beautiful, large church, which was recently renovated by order of President Trujillo, only a small percentage of the people con-



sider Sunday Mass a serious obligation. For this reason Father Joseph King and Father Walden Allen organized the youth of the town in order to put on a demonstration, urging the fulfilment of this obligation. The young men and women formed a grand procession and marched through the main streets carrying banners which bore such inscriptions as these in Spanish: "La Virgen te llama a la Misa 52 domingos al año," (the Virgin calls you to Mass 52 Sundays of the year); "Padres! Manden sus hijos a la Misa," (fathers! send your children to Mass), etc. Due to this and many other efforts, the numbers attending Sunday Mass have increased in a remarkable manner during the past two years.

Within the boundaries of the town there are several thousand baptised souls. Certainly more than enough to demand all the energy and time of the two Canadian priests working in the parish. Unfortunately, their jurisdiction and obligations extend

far beyond the confines of the city. They must care for some thirty mission stations, some of which lie in the parched, cactus covered, low-lying plain, while others are lost in the tall pines of the cool mountain ranges.

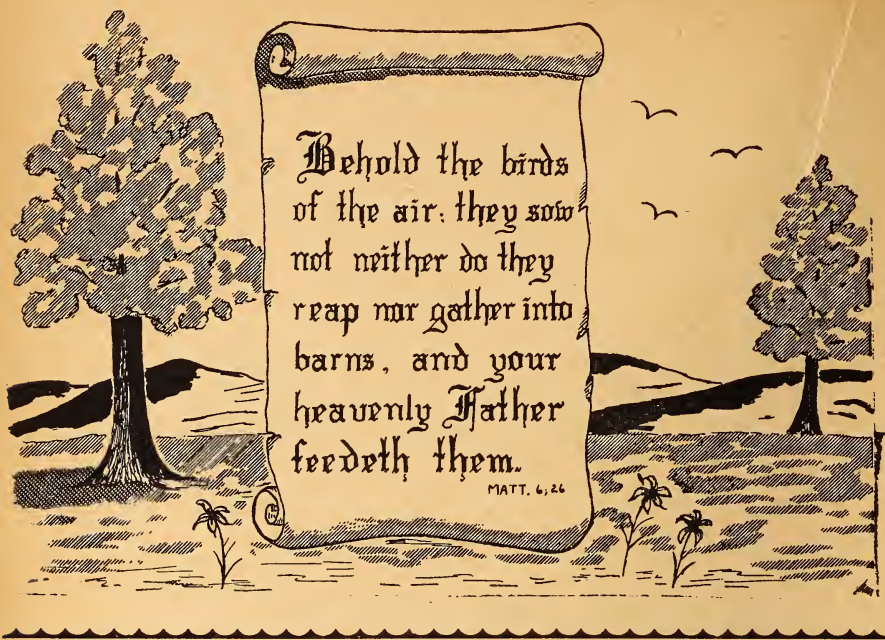
Two priests cannot properly care for over 35,000 Catholics who are so scattered. At least fifteen priests are needed in order to bring the mere minimum of spiritual assistance to so many starved souls. And Azua is certainly not the only place in Latin America which finds itself in this deplorable state. Do you know that at least 40,000 more priests are needed in the continent to the south of us?

The Dominican Government is spending thousands of dollars in order to divert the mountain streams so as to irrigate the arid valley of Azua. Once this is accomplished, what is now a desert will spring into life and bring material prosperity and

*(Continued on page 26).*



Padre Jose King, S.F.M., with standard bearers in Azua. These stirring reminders have helped a great deal to arouse the latent faith of these people.



Behold the birds  
of the air: they sow  
not neither do they  
reap nor gather into  
barns, and your  
heavenly Father  
feedeth them.

MATT. 6, 26

AS spring comes again and nature unfolds her wonderful designs we can catch a glimpse of the wisdom of God, ordering all things sweetly. What seemed like a speck of mud extends a tiny green shoot, and soon a beautiful flower turns its face to the sun. In the supernatural order also the Creator has lovely designs, though they are not as obvious to us as those of nature.

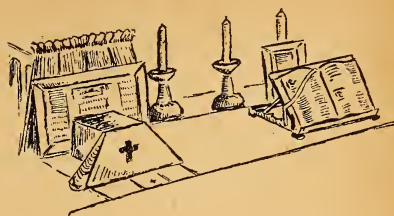
All God's children, we know, have a common vocation—to know, love and serve Him in this life, and to be happy with Him forever in the next. And just as He cares for the birds of the air and the lilies of the fields, He guides our lives and watches over us with the loving care of a kind and wise Father, lest our wonderful destiny be lost. In this world, where passing things so blind our eyes to eternal truths, this protection and unceasing guidance is usually hidden from our eyes, and only in heaven will we realize how often sufferings and calamities were really gifts of the all-wise God. By faith we grasp this fact now—if all is well between our souls and God we need have no slightest fear for the past, present or future. In complete abandonment to His will and with the protection of Our Lady all Christians can pass without fear through this vale of tears to their true home.

But all men do not yet know that

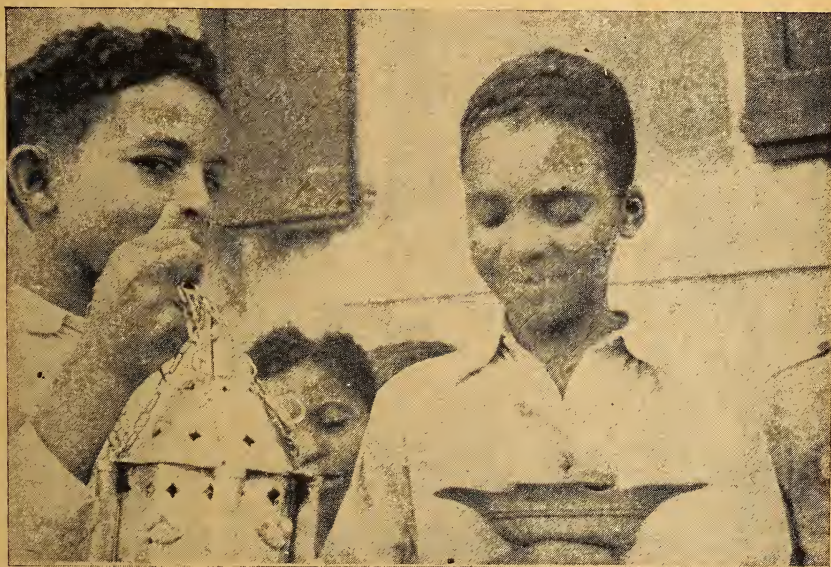




this life is our exile, and many have never heard of their heavenly Father and His plans for them. They are still half-living, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, trembling with fear of the unknown. Such was the state of the ancient Irish before St. Patrick came to conquer the Druid religion with the gospel of Christ; such is still the situation today in China, where placating the devil constitutes a full-time occupation for poor pagans. Some of the extremes they reach in their fears are almost unbelievable to us . . . for example, the skippers of junks often cut sharply across the bows of oncoming vessels, in the hope of cutting the devil off their tails; with the frequent result that the coastal steamer leaves a trail of splinters in its wake. God loves us all just as much—with an infinite love, and more than we will ever be able to understand. He works through His creatures, though, and His Provi-



dence uses weak instruments to attain its wonderful ends. Before all His children are rescued from ignorance, fear and superstition and brought to His knowledge and love and service, missionaries must bring them the light of Christ. Here's where Our Father asks us to cooperate with Him in His designs—are we going to? Our Lady, Queen of the Missions, help us to be heart and soul behind His desire!



Two clericos (altar boys) at Seibo, in the Dominican Republic.





These pictures show the triumphant progress of  
Kentucky, Texas, Mississippi and Alabama.







h statue known as the "Pilgrim Virgin" through  
c the whole story see the following pages.





- (1) Right Rev. Mons. McGrath preaching in the cathedral at Covington, Kentucky.
- (2) Most Rev. C. E. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Galveston (centre) crowns Pilgrim Virgin statue. Left: Monsignor Fulton Sheen, who preached on the message of Fatima. Right: Rev. R. E. Kavanagh, O.P.
- (3) Rev. P. Moore, S.F.M., preaching at Biloxi, Mississippi.
- (4) Sisters in procession honouring statue in Biloxi, Miss.
- (5) Maxwell Field, Alabama.
- (6) Catholic Girls High School band in parade, Biloxi, Miss.

## *International Tour of the "Pilgrim Virgin"*

AMERICA'S "Pilgrim Virgin" is one of two statues of Our Lady Fatima blessed for similar pilgrimages by the Bishop of Fatima in 1947 at the Portuguese shrine. Both are about 40 inches tall and are hand-carved from cedarwood by Thedim, the famous Portuguese sculptor. The first of the replicas was blessed in May 1947 and is now touring Europe, having already visited Portugal, Spain, France and Belgium.

### **Canadian Tour**

America's "Pilgrim Virgin" was blessed before 200,000 pilgrims October 13, 1947, the 30th anniversary of Our Lady's final appearance at Fatima, during which occurred the



great Miracle of the Sun which was witnessed by over 70,000 people. Last October this statue was flown to the United States and taken by automobile to Ottawa, Ontario. There



it was blessed by Most. Rev. A. Vachon, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa.

For 49 days the statue visited Eastern Canada, even going as far as the shrine at Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Churches in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Peterboro, Toronto, Hamilton and many other cities had the privilege of having a visit with the statue of Our Lady of Fatima. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin was stirred up by the public prayers recited on the occasion of the visit and by the sermons telling the story of Fatima. A Rosary Hour of Reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was the essence of the "visit" in each church but the faithful always venerated the statue as well. This pilgrimage was the occasion for many to return to the practices of their faith which they had neglected.

### Reparation and Penance

The essence of the devotion requested by Mary at Fatima was reparation and penance. These devotions, coupled with a true amendment of life, undertaken seriously will preserve peace in our time. Otherwise the irreligion so widespread today will bring about the destruction of the world, as everyone fears. As practical measures, the pilgrims are asked to:

(1) Consecrate themselves without reserve to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and promise to wear her scapular.

(2) Begin the daily recitation of the rosary, preferably in the home. Remember to say after each decade: "Oh, my Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fire of hell and lead all souls to heaven, especially those who have most need of your mercy."

(3) Be faithful to the devotion of the First Saturdays, as requested by Our Blessed Mother on the occasion of the Great Promise. "I promise to help at the hour of death with the graces needed for their salvation

whosoever on the first Saturday of five consecutive months shall:

- (a) Confess and receive Holy Communion.
- (b) Recite five decades of the Rosary.
- (c) Keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me."

### American Tour

The "Pilgrim Virgin" entered the United States at Niagara Falls, N.Y., December 8th, 1947. There it was welcomed by Most Rev. John O'Hara, Bishop of Buffalo. Since then it has visited many cities in the East, Midwest and South. More than 1,500,000 people have visited the statue and recited the Rosary Hour so far. The dioceses of Albany, Boston, N.Y., Brooklyn, Raleigh, Covington, Nashville, Mobile, Lafayette, Louisiana, Houston have already seen the statue and the pilgrimage continues.

In Brooklyn Diocese more than 100,000 persons braved almost continual snow and ice to visit Immaculate Conception Church, Jamaica, Long Island during the week the statue was there. In North Carolina—often called the "China of North America" because it is the least Catholic area in the United States—America's "Pilgrim Virgin" was welcomed and crowned January 29th, by Bishop Vincent S. Waters before a crowd that packed Sacred Heart Cathedral in Raleigh.

Icy mountain roads forced the pilgrimage to abandon its car at Winston-Salem, N.C., and to proceed by train to Covington, Kentucky for a five-day visit at historic St. Mary's Cathedral. During that time, more than 50,000 persons took part in some 40 special services conducted in honor of Our Lady of Fatima through the "Pilgrim Virgin". Highlight of these services was a special ceremony for the sick on February

7th, at which many were in attendance on stretchers and in wheel chairs. Mass was offered by Bishop William T. Mulloy, who also imparted the "blessing of the sick", a duplication of the ceremony given at Fatima, Portugal, on the 3th of each month from May to October. The "Pilgrim Virgin" was carried in procession by Catholic War Veterans, and Bishop Mulloy raised the Blessed Sacrament in blessing over the sick and infirm, while the congregation recited the Rosary, and the choir sang the "Pange Lingua". The Bishop stated that the five-day services were the most widely attended of any event in the history of the cathedral.

Nearly 15,000 persons viewed the famous statue in Lexington, Kentucky during its 2½ day visit at St. Paul's Church there, although there are but 8000 Catholics in the city. Many busloads of people came from distances as great as 75 miles to attend the services. At Nashville, Tennessee, more than 2,000 Catholics jammed the Cathedral of the Incarnation on Ash Wednesday for a Marian Hour of Reparation that evening, led by Bishop William L. Adrian.

Although the pilgrimage was delayed half an hour because of flooded roads, that saw waters reaching the floorboards of the car, an overflow gathering of more than 1000 (including the Benedictine Fathers from St. Bernard Abbey) waited patiently at Sacred Heart Church, Cullman, Ala-

bama for the arrival of the "Pilgrim Virgin". This was all the more remarkable considering that the Catholics comprise but 2% of the total population; they had but one day's notice the statue would stop there; and the Marian Hour was conducted at 1.30 on a weekday afternoon.

During the "Pilgrim Virgin's" three-day visit to St. Paul's Church in Birmingham, Alabama, 15,000 visitors took part in reciting the Rosary every half hour from the time of the Solemn High Mass each morning to the Marian Hour each evening. One man drove 85 miles through a driving rainstorm over flooded roads, with winds reaching 60 m.p.h. just to see the famed image while it was in Birmingham. He climaxed his visit by making his first confession in 25 years. When asked why he had made the trip, the man replied he had read about the statue in the paper the day before, and from that moment until he made his confession he had not had a moment's peace.

One of the highlights of the entire pilgrimage occurred at Biloxi, Mississippi, on February 28th. Nearly half of that city's total population turned out to welcome America's "Pilgrim Virgin" in a tremendously impressive, dignified, and well-ordered reception. The pilgrimage was met at the city limits by a police escort and a cavalcade of motor cars which preceded it to City Hall. At City Hall a great parade was formed to take the beautiful replica of Our Lady to the Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the parade were such groups as the boy scouts; war veterans; women and girl sodalists; high school students; Holy Name Society; altar boys carrying rosaries; flower girls who made a path of flowers in the streets for the statue; nuns from the various local convents; members of the clergy from Biloxi and surrounding cities; and





# SFM

Brothers of the Holy Cross, who carried the 'Pilgrim Virgin' on their shoulders.

The marchers proceeded for several blocks down the main street under huge banners; one which told of the statue's arrival; another which proclaimed "Our Lady of Fatima—Hope of the World!" Nearly 2,000 participated in the parade, with another 12,000 citizens watching in respect, reverence, and curiosity from the sidewalks. Local citizens and newspapers described the event as the greatest public demonstration of faith and devotion ever seen in the long history of the city. The man chiefly responsible for its success is the Very Rev. Msgr. Geoffrey O'Connell, M.A., Ph.D., who with his assistant, Fr. Peter Killen, organized the ceremony on one week's notice. Msgr. O'Connell, pastor of the Church of the Nativity of the B.V.M. recently was awarded a large gold trophy in honor of being voted Biloxi's outstanding citizen of 1947.

While at Biloxi, the 'Pilgrim Virgin' made its first visit to a Negro parish, stopping at Mother of Sorrows Church. The spirit of these people was remarkable in the love and devotion they showed to the Blessed Virgin Mary. This was doubly true at St. Augustine Seminary where the Negro priests and seminarians of the Society of the Divine Word paid homage to Our Lady of Fatima during a Marian Hour held there March 3rd.

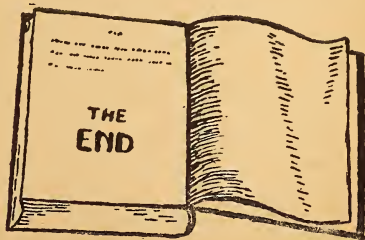
From Lafayette, the "Pilgrim Virgin" will go to the dioceses of New

Orleans, La.; Alexandria, La.; Galveston, Texas; Corpus Christi, Texas; Dallas, Texas; and Sante Fe, New Mexico, within the next three months. Many other dioceses in the North, West, Midwest, and East will be visited at later dates.

## Monsignor McGrath

Accompanying the statue is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath, P.A. of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Toronto, Canada, who has been with the pilgrimage from its beginning. To each church where the "Pilgrim Virgin" visits, Msgr. McGrath usually conducts the Marian Hour of Reparation, which consists of procession into the church; recitation of the Rosary; sermon on "The Message of Fatima"; Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; and veneration of the statue. The veneration consists of touching one's beads, prayer book, or other religious articles to the statue.

The principal theme of Monsignor McGrath's sermons is that "unless we follow the Peace Plan of Mary given by Our Lady at Fatima, we are heading straight into the jaws of an atomic war—a war that well may wipe out our civilization." His words are a grim echo of those spoken by the Mother of God in 1917. If millions do pray as Our Lady asked us, Russia will be converted and peace will be attained.





F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**P**ERCY W. BRIDGMAN once made this point: "There is no adequate defense, except stupidity, against the impact of a new idea." And concerning ideas it has long been noticed that the best *new* ideas are *old* ideas! And example of such is the idea of Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C. who thinks that: "The family that prays together . . . stays together". The particular prayer advocated is the family rosary. The response to his crusade is giving him the reputation of a modern St. Dominic. And surely the evils of today are as great if not greater than the heresy once known as the Albigensian. The worst feature now is the global extension of an even more insidious heresy.

### St. Dominic and the Rosary

Counting prayers on beads was in vogue before St. Dominic's time. When Mary, the Mother of God, appeared to Dominic in 1208 and gave the Rosary to him, the new thing added was meditation on the mysteries. No longer a mere method of keeping count, the rosary became an instrument whereby one could systematically recall the greatest events in the life of Jesus and Mary. As a popular method of mental prayer it has no equal among Catholic peoples.

Southern France had suffered the ravages of the Albigensian heresy. According to McSorley's Outline History of the Church, these people were Neo-Manichean revolutionaries. Borrowing from both paganism and Christianity, and manifesting tendencies similar to the Puritans and Communists of later ages, they propagated their theories by means of wandering craftsmen; and aided by the lack of learning among the clergy, they succeeded in infiltrating many of the guilds. They repudiated the sacraments, the use of meat, and marriage; apparently they condoned theft, sexual immorality and suicide; they also came into conflict with the civil authorities over the lawfulness of taxation.

Dominic had worked for years among these people, preaching to them by day and praying for them by night. He had little success until one night while kneeling in the chapel of Notre Dame at Prouille, our Blessed Lady appeared to him holding a rosary in her hand. According to tradition she taught him how to say it and bade him preach it to the world, promising that it would convert sinners and obtain graces for the just. Armed with this new weapon Dominic was able to convert many of the Albigensians.



## The Victory of Muret

There was a military crusade carried on against these same heretics and the campaign ended in September, 1213, with the incredible victory of Muret. According to Philip Hughes' *A History of the Church*, vol. 2, Simon de Montfort, with a force of some seven hundred cavalry, routed an army of 43,000! Instructed by St. Dominic the Christian army had recited the rosary before the crucial battle and De Montfort ascribed his victory, under God, to the prayers of the rosary, and built at Muret as a token of his gratitude, the first chapel of the rosary.

## The Victory of Lepanto

The Mohammedans, at the peak of their power in the Mediterranean, threatened all Christendom in 1569. The Pope, Saint Pius V, formed a league against them. The Christian fleet, furnished by Venice, Genoa and Spain was commanded by Don John of Austria. On orders from the pope, the Forty Hours Devotion was held with public processions and recitation of the rosary. After two years of prayerful preparation, the Christians were ready to do battle. Before moving to the attack the Christian sailors devoutly recited the rosary while the papal legate gave the apostolic Benediction to them. For three hours the 65,000 men, all of whom had received Holy Communion that morning, continued to recite the rosary. After general absolution the battle began. It raged until late afternoon October 7th, 1571, when the Turks began to give way. The victory gave the naval power of the enemy a blow from which they never recovered and ended their threat in the Mediterranean. From the very first, Don John ascribed the victory to the power of Our Lady of the Rosary.

## La Rochelle, 1627

Louis XIII of France moved against the rebellious Huguenots entrenched in the fortress of La Rochelle in May, 1627. The siege promised to be a very lengthy one. The king then ordered the public recitation of the rosary. During Mary's month the archbishop of Paris publicly recited the rosary in the presence of the clergy, the queen regent, the nobility and an immense congregation of people. This petition was renewed every Saturday, Mary's day, for victory. Meanwhile the rosary was preached zealously in the soldiers' camp. More than 15,000 rosaries were distributed. Finally the fortress was stormed and once again the rosary triumphed.

## Vienna, 1683

Although they had lost at Lepanto, the Turks still had a strong army. In 1682 they invaded Hungary and the following year laid siege to Vienna, capital of Austria. The Turkish army—200,000 strong—began attacks on July 13th. The loss of life among the defenders was heavy, hunger and misery spread and the hospitals filled with sick and wounded. The fall of the city was imminent when a rescuing army appeared, led by John Sobieski, king of Poland. Three magnificent charges from the heights of Kahlenberg completely routed the Turks. This was September 12th, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, and to her, credit for the victory was given. The prayers ordered by the besieged emperor Leopold in her honour had been answered.

## Lourdes and Fatima

In 1858, the Blessed Virgin, clad in white with blue girdle, a long rosary hanging from her arm, appeared to St. Bernadette. These apparitions took place in a grotto

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near Lourdes, a town in southwestern France, not far from where St. Dominic first preached the Rosary. During the eighteen apparitions at Lourdes, Our Lady always carried the rosary and she, together with her little friend, recited it, strongly recommending the practice to the world.

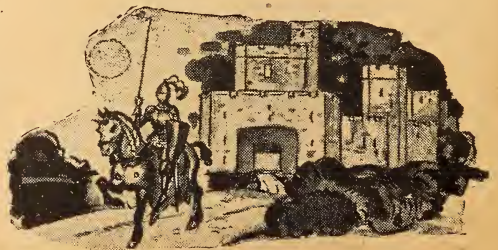
Later, in 1917, at Fatima in Portugal, Our Lady of the Rosary appeared to the three shepherd children, one of whom is still living, and instructed them: "You must say the rosary every day and say it properly. Pray, pray much, and make sacrifices for sinners. Many souls will go to hell because there are none to make sacrifices and to pray for them". It seems likely that today's battle will be lost or won depending on *our* recital of the rosary!

## London, Ontario

Crusade on a diocesan scale of hitherto unknown intensity has begun in London, Ontario. There are approximately 100,000 Catholics in this diocese and each one is being asked to make a pledge that he or she will say the rosary, in the family group when possible, every day. The signing of the pledge card adds no new obligation but it is a striking reminder of the efficacy of such a wonderful prayer. Making people more conscious of our general obligation towards prayer and more

faithful in its fulfilment, nobody need hesitate to sign his pledge card. It is concrete evidence that one has taken his place in a movement which proposes to make Mary truly the Queen of the world by reinstating her Son as its reigning King.

Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., Irish-born apostle of the family rosary, opened the crusade in London diocese. Known to millions through his amazing success with the Family Theatre radio program, this diocesan crusade is the first of its kind to be attempted and it is hoped that this success will lead others to follow. Anyone who heard the dramatization of the Joyful Mysteries of the rosary last Christmastide and again the Glorious Mysteries on Easter Sunday will readily understand the power which this enthusiastic priest can command. The Hollywood stars are anxious to help no matter what he asks for and this is merely an example of the effect he has everywhere. The clergy and faithful of London have shown the same anxiety to respond to his sincere appeal and Our Lady of the Rosary will guarantee their reward. This personal devotion to the rosary began with Father Peyton's own strange recovery from a deathly illness and since then it has been his lifework to spread this prayer. He does not claim that this is a new idea; merely that it is a good one. And the examples from history just referred to surely prove his point.





# BOOK REVIEW

**PLUS DE PRETRES POUR LE SALUT DU MONDE**, par Rev. Hermann Fischer, S.V.D., FIDES, 25 E. St. James Street, Montreal, 1. 357 pp. \$1.25; paper binding.

**MORE PRIESTS TO SAVE THE WORLD** was originally written in German and now translated into French by l'Abbe C. Poisson of Montreal, it supplies us with a global view of the Church's first need. As the Archbishop of Montreal, His Excellency the Most Rev. J. Charbonneau points out, with a ratio of 1 priest per 1,000 population, the world should have 2 million priests instead of the present 330,000.

The book has three parts: (1) What the Priesthood Means to the World; (2) The Lack of Priests; (3) Where Can We Find More Priests. The Appendix has all the statistics one would want in a survey of this nature. L'Abbe Poisson has added a considerable amount of information in the nature of footnotes which complete the text, apply the book to present world conditions (Father Fischer died in 1945) and finally make use of the latest available statistics.

Part 1, some 75 pp., is an excellent outline of the nature and functions of the priesthood. It is factual, yet written in a devotional way, a happy blend of persuasive writing. The second Part points out the lack of priests in dioceses long established as well as in mission fields. The last chapter of this section answers the old objection: Why send priests far

away when they are badly needed at home? Part 3 is a real eye-opener: it is a description of precisely how more vocations can be obtained, the types of individuals attracted to the priesthood and what has already been done to encourage such to 'go on for the Church'. The Appendix has well over 50 pp. of charts, tables, etc., all irrefutable arguments to prove the thesis of the book.

Archbishop Charbonneau remarks in the preface that when a really good book has been written and a translation can extend its value, it is silly to have someone write an inferior volume to prove the same point. Agreeing with this, it is our fervent hope that this excellent French translation of a German book will soon be available in English.



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## Book Review

(continued from previous page)

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**I SAW POLAND BETRAYED**, by Arthur Bliss Lane, Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto 1. 344 pp. \$4.00.

Mr. Lane, the former American Ambassador, resigned his post to write this book. It is a grim record of a helpless man, bound by the nature of his post to keep silence, yet knowing what is going to happen. His protests and notes to the U.S. State department were ignored and he was kept ignorant even of those commitments which his own government was making concerning Poland, the country to which Mr. Lane was the accredited ambassador! It is a fantastic story of futility and the worshippers of Churchill and Roosevelt will not like it.

Despair alternates with anger as one reads of the appeasement of Soviet Russia. This policy was immediately construed as implicit approval with the result that by now fifteen countries have fallen without a shot being fired. When Hitler invaded western Poland, Stalin quietly moved in on the eastern boundary; this "gain" was approved by Churchill and Roosevelt at Tehran. 1944 was a U.S. election year and F.D.R. insisted

that nothing be published. Later at Yalta, Russia was again allowed to change Polish boundaries on the understanding that she would enter the war against Japan. The Yalta conference took place in January-February 1945; Uncle Joe went to war against Japan *one week* before the end of the war in August; and *after* the atomic bomb had almost ended hostilities.

The authenticity of this book is unquestionable. State Department files were made available to complete Mr. Lane's personal diaries. Quotations from Mr. Byrnes' **SPEAKING FRANKLY** and Jan Ciechanowski's (Polish Ambassador to the U.S.) **DEFEAT IN VICTORY** corroborate his testimony. This book is the factual record written by an angry man. It is a solemn warning to the American people and indeed to all free peoples that the Soviet aim is world conquest and the technique used in Poland is our destiny unless we possess "the wisdom of fearlessness based on moral integrity".

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## Azua

(continued from p. 13)

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self-sufficiency to the natives. We Catholics, who possess the luxuries of the Faith, must do somewhat the same thing in the spiritual order. We must at least encourage and pray for vocations to the foreign missionary priesthood. We must support this

priesthood by our material aid. What will you do to direct the well-springs of Grace to quench the spiritual thirst of those good people in that tropical valley? Whatever you do, do it now and repeat the performance as often as possible in the future.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds—

During Lent you Buds certainly worked hard for the missions. Letters kept coming in from you giving reports of your efforts and I must say you are real missionaries working to spread the good news of the gospel. Without your help, your prayers and sacrifices what would be our situation? Why, the value of the priests in the actual foreign mission field would be far less. This is the way Our Lord wants it and that's why we depend on your assistance. Let me tell you what you did:

The schools of Canada and Newfoundland have been doing their very best these past months to help bring the faith to the pagan children of China and to the less fortunate people of the Dominican Republic. Besides saying many rosaries for them, some 300 schools used mite boxes and gifts of these pennies are still coming in! From Newfoundland to Calgary, from P.E.I. to Sarnia, from Ottawa, Montreal, Fort William and Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur, from

Sydney and North Bay and Hamilton and St. Alphonse in Manitoba, these wonderful helps for the missions keep coming in! There are so many names I can't remember them all but I never forget to pray for them just the same.

The other day I was reading about Our Lady of Fatima and what she said about the need for prayers to save the world. You know I got to thinking about all the Rose Buds across this great continent and the POWER they have through their prayers! On the last day I'm going to listen very carefully to learn just how many hundreds and thousands of souls which were saved through their intercession! That will be our true reward when we find out exactly the good which we did. It's hard to see now but our faith is our guarantee. God bless all of you for this help! In Our Lady's month I ask her to give you her own reward.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.

## QUICKIE QUIZZ

What is the devotion of the First Saturdays?

Prize given for lucky draw among correct answers sent in.





Dear Father Jim:

I am sorry that I haven't written more often. I would like you to send me a new mite box, for my old one is worn out. I would be very pleased if the Buds prayed for my grandfather.



Gladys Murphy,  
Sheet Harbour,  
Hal. Co., N.S.

My goodness Gladys, it was wonderful to hear from you. I'm sure all the Buds will pray for your grandfather. Write again soon.

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending a postal note for \$4.00. I have a little sister who is 7 months old, her name is Mary Jane. God bless the children in all the Missions.



Mickey Racy,  
93 Main St. W.,  
Grimsby, Ont.

The little children of China will profit greatly from your gift. Keep up the wonderful work. Many prayers are needed for these poor pagans.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed you will find a postal order for six dollars, which is the renewal subscriptions to "CHINA" for the people of St. Joseph's, Salmonier. I intended to send in these renewals sooner, but am very busy at school. Father please say a prayer for me to pass my examinations this year.



Nora Ryan,  
St. Joseph's, Salmonier,  
St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.

go there too, walk among them, Thank you very much for the subscription renewals. I will pray especially for you, and for your success in your examinations.



Meet the happy Buds of Grade 7 of St. Francis' School, Toronto. Father Murphy spoke to them and says they are among the most enthusiastic young missionaries he knows! Thanks for the picture, and especially thank you for your good work. God bless you all.



Dear Father Jim:

We are sending you the contents of our mite box, to help China's children. We would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

Helen and Marie McDonald,

Badger, Nfld.

I'm sure that the Little Flower and also all the other Buds will be very happy to have two such good girls in their Rose Garden. Helen is eight, Buds, and Marie six.



Fleurette is our Bud of the Month for May! That's her picture on the left; did you ever see such a big fish? That must be a small whale! Fleurette lives at Copper Cliff, Ontario, and besides being busy catching fish, she finds time to help Father Jim catch souls by helping the missions. Congratulations, Fleurette; keep up the prayers.

## *St. Isidore, Patron of Farmers* (continued from p. 6.)

sary for the man to receive the Sacraments at least once a year. The others who intend righting their lives but whose marriages are not in order could enter their names as *aspirants*.

The second Sunday of the month is San Isidro Sunday and the men are encouraged to receive Holy Communion. Their patron is continually held before their minds as a model worthy of their imitation; his fidelity to his obligations concerning his family and his work are stressed.

May 15th is the great Feast Day. The government is so interested in this good work that an Agricultural Day has been declared a public holiday on this date. Already much assistance has been offered by the government and as the thing gets organized completely such aid will be valuable. So far the spiritual fruits have made the thing worthwhile. It is hoped that this will soon be extended into the realm of temporal blessings.

# Items of Interest



This picture just arrived from Shanghai shows the Catholic Welfare Committee. Facing the camera at the end of the table: Rev. G. McKernan, S.F.M.; Rev. F. A. McGuire, S.V.D. (Executive Secretary); Rev. J. McGoey, S.F.M. This group handles food for the war stricken, Red Cross aid to China and has purchased large quantities of supplies from UNRRA. All the missions in China have benefited greatly from the work of this central relief committee.

## Thanksgiving

Thanks to St. Theresa for favour received, B.G., Toronto.

## Pray for Our Dead

Very Rev. Raymond V. MacKenzie D.P. rector of St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, who died on eve of Ordination silver jubilee.

Rev. Thos. J. Scott, Merrickville, Ont.

Mr. Oliver E. Johnson, father of Most Rev. M. M. Johnson, Bishop of Nelson, B.C.

Rev. John J. Bryden, Mabou, N.S.

Rev. A. H. Cormier, East Margaree, N.S.

Rev. P. J. Kelly, Cobourg, Ont.

Mrs. James J. Harpell, Gardenvale, Quebec.

## Bridge and Euchre

At Columbus Hall, Toronto, in April, the St. Francis Xavier Ladies Auxiliary held a very successful party to aid the missions. Under the capable direction of Mrs. J. Macnamara, the President of the Auxiliary, the venture enjoyed a most favourable issue. Special thanks are due to the members whose hard work made this possible, specially to the conveners of prizes, Mrs. A. J. Murphy and Mrs. T. Rolston. To all of the Auxiliary, a hearty 'Well done'.





# MR. WONG

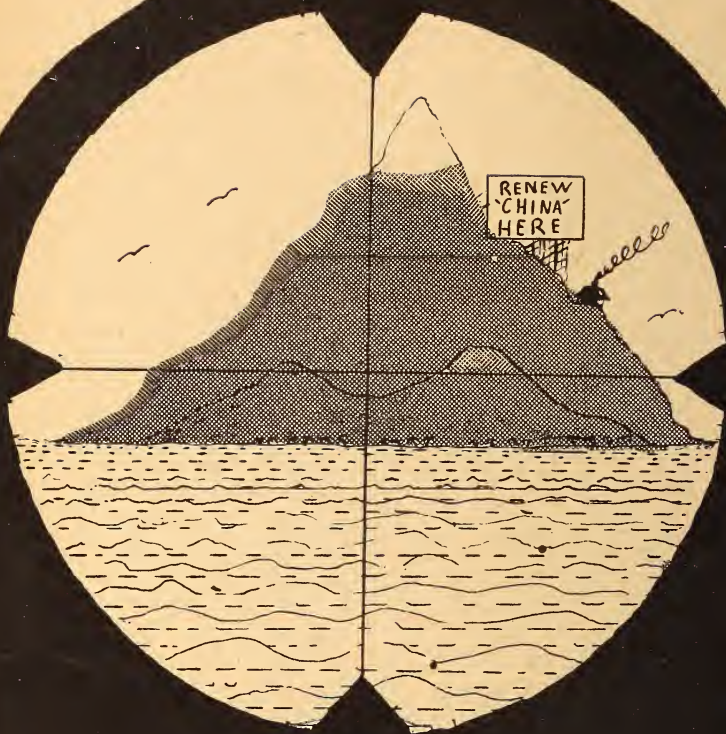
*says*

If one branch does  
not move, all the  
branches are still.

*(Used with reference to a leader; if he shows no  
initiative, everyone will remain idle)*



May we respectfully urge all readers of CHINA to begin  
(or continue) the very praiseworthy practice of reciting  
the Family Rosary daily, especially in the months  
dedicated to Our Lady: May and October.

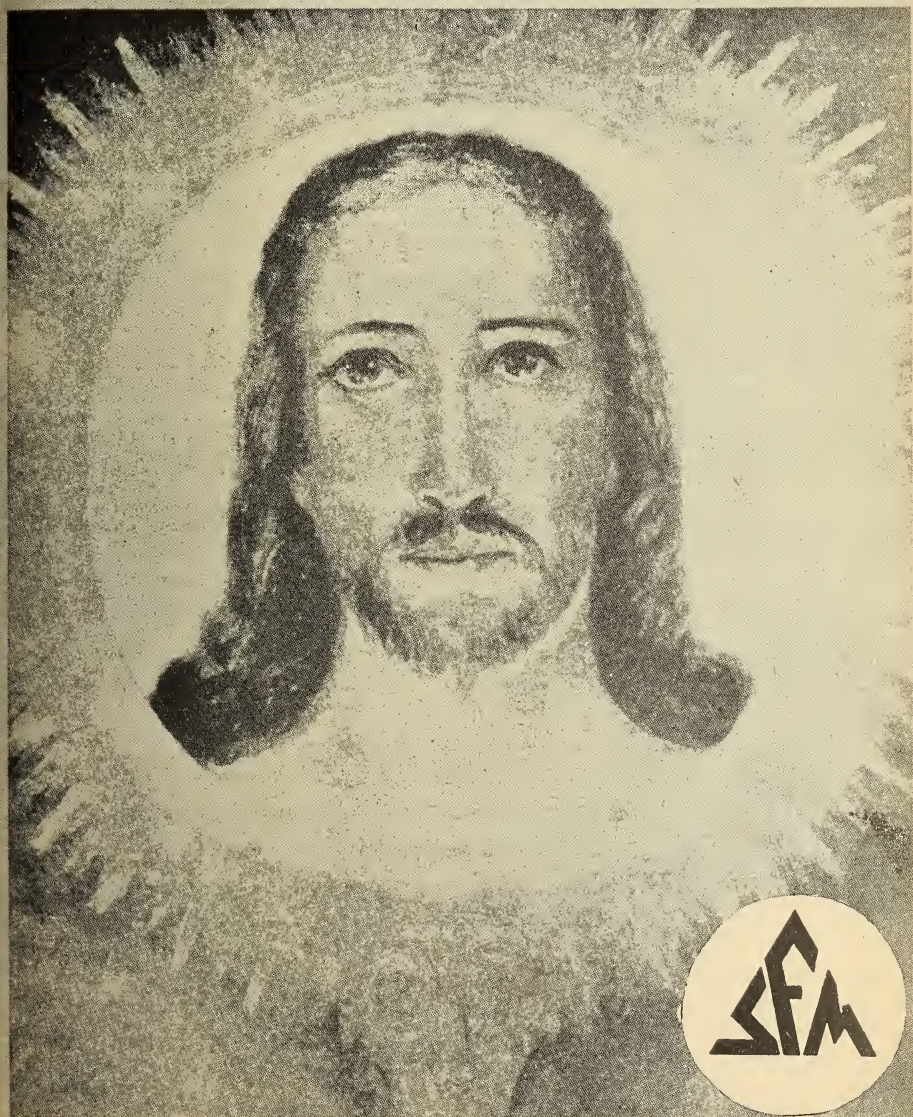




# C H I N A

Sarboro Bluffs, Ontario

JUNE 1948







This picture, taken last September at the close of the annual Retreat at Lishui, is the most recent one available of Bishop-Elect Turner. He is wearing a white cassock and sits in the first row.

Front: Hugh McGettigan, Thomas Morrissey, Ronald Reeves, John P. Conway (Retreat-Master, pastor of Hangchow), Arthur Venadam, Bishop-Elect Turner, Craig Strang, Paul Kam.

Rear: Armand Clement, John Kelly, B. Fu, Edward Moriarty, Leonard Hudswell, Harold Murphy, S. Mo, P. Huang.

With the 14 priests pictured here, we have the majority of the clergy in the newly erected diocese of Lishui. Not in the picture are: Monsignor Fraser, Rev. M. Carey, Rev. E. Lyons, Rev. A. MacIntosh, Rev. C. Murphy, Rev. A. McRae, Rev. J. McGoe, Rev. G. McKernan, Rev. D. Stringer, and the two newly-ordained priests, Rev. J. Kearns and Rev. James MacIntosh.

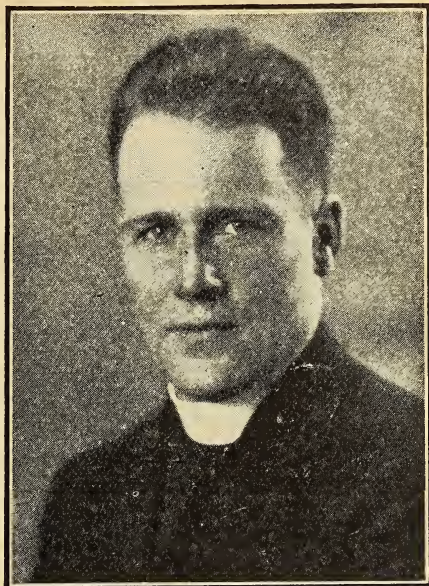




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# *Appointed Bishop-Elect of Lishui*

THE MOST REV.  
KENNETH TURNER  
S. F. M.



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**N**EWs has just been received from the Apostolic Delegate at Ottawa, Archbishop Ildebrando Antoniutti, of the elevation of Very Rev. Kenneth Turner, S.F.M., Regional Superior of the Scarboro Missions in China, to the rank of Bishop-Elect of Lishui. This former Prefecture has just been erected into a Diocese and the Most Rev. Bishop-Elect will be its first bishop.

Bishop-Elect Turner was born in 1905. He attended St. Patrick's parochial school in Montréal and later went to St. Jerome's College in Kitchener, Ontario. He studied philosophy and theology at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and in Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy, then returned to Toronto, to St. Francis Xavier Seminary where his priestly training was completed. He was Ordained in Montreal in 1936 by Archbishop Deschamps. In 1937 he was appointed bursar at the Chinese Mission in Vancouver. In 1939 he went to China when the Japanese war was raging. In 1944 the then Father Turner was appointed the Regional Superior. In 1945 he returned to Canada for a year's leave of absence. Returning to China in September 1946 he was in charge of Sungyang parish in addition to his responsible position as Regional Superior. He has just completed a tour of all the Scarboro missions in China.

The diocese of Lishui takes in 18 counties and according to Provincial Government figures they make up a total of 93,937 square kilometers (roughly 36,694 square miles.) The same source gives the population at 2,877,435 souls. Of these, 6,364 are Catholics. There are 21 Canadian and 6 Chinese priests in the diocese.

Our heartfelt congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Turner of Montreal, the parents of the new bishop, to the members of the family, his brothers and sisters.

# The House Father Tom Built

By  
C. B. MURPHY  
S. F. M.



MORNING dawned bright and clear and beautiful. It was Sunday, and one of those days which give the feeling that it is good to be alive! The fields of grain were serenely waving with their towering stocks of oats, wheat and rye, ready almost for harvest—for it was only a few days past Ch'ing Ming—the Chinese Spring Festival. In the distance the mountains of TungYang were beginning to assume that look of freshness and youth, the look that is the good earth's as a new season is being born, and the willows drooping to the waters edge gently swayed in the early morning breeze. It was the second Sunday after Easter, and the day chosen by the Pastor, Father Tom Morrissey S.F.M. for the official blessing of his new house.

He and Very Rev. A. Venedam, S.F.M. the Pro-Prefect had only returned from the latters' annual visi-

tation of all the out missions attached to Tungyang, some as far as sixty li distant, nestled in the hills of Chekiang; and Father Tom had "ch'inged" or invited all the folks

## CHINA

Established 1919

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No. 6



to his main mission for the Blessing. Both priests were tired physically, from the long trek which daily they had made on foot and by bicycle for the past week, with the many confirmations performed, and the marriage problems met with along the way. Spiritually, however, the two were very much alive and alert, looking forward to the morrow's opening.

The household had, during the previous evening, grown out of proportion from its usual five or six, to sixty-seventy-eighty and more, by the country folk who had walked into Tungyang for the affair. One old lady over eighty—a grand old soul, sprightly as a youngster, had hobbled on her small bound feet over forty-five li or fifteen miles to be present for Sunday's important event. Another, an old man almost blind walked many li, and small children had come over thirty li in order to celebrate with the oldsters. Father Tom has a way of getting his Christians out, not only for such celebrations, but for ordinary Sundays as well.

As the clocks chimed eight there were well over a hundred in the compound waiting for Mass to begin, but the half of them weren't here yet. The Chapel was utterly unable to accommodate such a throng so an altar was erected outside on the verandah and seats on the front garden were set up. By nine o'clock upwards of three hundred—not all Christians of course—but all anxious for a look-see, were gathered in the



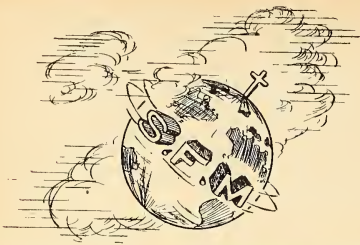
yard to watch the Sacred Mystery of the Holy Sacrifice enacted.

Father Venedam having risen hours before had long since finished his breviary as far as Vespers, before coming downstairs to greet the crowds and to vest for Solemn Mass. A friendly smile to the children; a chat with the old men and women; and an interested "Good Morning" to the students, then he began vesting. Father Mo the assistant priest at Tungyang was on one side, while Father Fu, the neighboring pastor of Yeung Kong was on the other assisting the Pro-Prefect. Father Fu was to preach the Sermon for the occasion.

A small organ had been borrowed so that we could have music for the festivities, the wheeziest and worst organ I have ever seen or played, and I was to do the honors for the day on that. Two Chinese parishioners and myself comprised the choir. After intoning the "Vidi Aquam" the Pro-prefect blessed the new house, proceeding first to the Chapel, then to the four corners of the edifice.

The blessing completed, Solemn High Mass followed, and at the Gospel Father Fu, before an enrapt audience, preached on the House of God—T'ien Chu T'ang—literally the Hall of the Master of Heaven . . . the name for all the Catholic Churches in China. He expatiated, in exquisite Chinese, on the beauty of the Lord's House, and as the colorful word picture was unfolded to the





listening congregation many could be seen nodding their heads in assent and approval of the Speaker's words. "God's Home, His House, a house of prayer; a haven of rest to the weary; a refuge for sinners; a banquet hall for the Spiritually starved" . . . thus did Father Fu point out to the listening Christians — neophytes and pagans, the truth and meaning of the Catholic Church not only in Tung-Yang, but in the whole of China, and the world over.

Mass being finished Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, but even after that the crowds lingered on. So it was that the photographer was called in to make a memory of the event. The rest of the day was "Open House" at the Mission of Our Lady of China, in TungYang.

It is not a large house. It is not something of which architects in the new world will in future acclaim as an architectural gift to humanity, but it is a house for God and for the two priests who are heroically working for Him in that area of His vineyard. It is two stories high, the downstairs consisting of a large room, which is being used now as a chapel, but which will be later converted into two rooms, when Father Tom builds a church, and another small room which serves as a dining room, a doctrine classroom, and a dispensary. Upstairs there are three rooms and a verandah running the whole length of the building. Father Mo has a room, Father Morrissey

has one, and the middle room is sort of a guest room and living room combined. Like Lishui Church, the house at Tungyang had been bombed and this new house arose on the foundation of the old one, but it has been a lot of work for Father Tom, and he is by no means finished. Daily he dispenses medicine and relief supplies to the poor and sick of his community and its out missions. While he administers medicine he and his catechist both instruct the people, so that they who come for treatment must know something of the doctrine of Christ and His Gospel. Father Morrissey says that the large numbers that are attending the mission now are not so much due to his mission methods but to the foundations laid by his predecessor, Father Lorne McFarland, S.F.M. who before the war labored in this district. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the numbers are increasing, and Father Tom keeps them coming in, and the future of Catholicism in TungYang seems assured, if we are to judge by statistics. In this case there is progress not only in numbers but also in quality, because Tungyang Christians are noted for their piety and strong faith wherever they go. Good luck to Father Tom, and may his mission grow increasingly in the faith he is striving so hard to instil into the hearts of his people.







## Our Lady and Columbus

ONE event to which a missionary in a strange land looks forward with great anticipation is the annual Retreat. Besides being of great spiritual benefit to him it also gives him an opportunity of enjoying the company of all his fellow-priests.

In the month of August, just a few years back, the Scarboro priests, stationed in the West Indies, gathered for just such an event. They chose as the scene of this reunion one of the Western Hemisphere's most historical spots, namely, the little town of Santo Cerro (Holy Hill).

This community is situated in the northern part of the Island of Santo Domingo, on the summit of a hill which overlooks one of the most fertile valleys in the world. When Christopher Columbus looked out upon this valley which stretches for over a hundred miles with a width of from ten to fifteen miles, covered with a rich surface loam averaging nine feet in depth, he bestowed upon it a very fitting name, "La Vega Real" or the Royal Plain.

One evening of the Retreat, during recreation, all the Scarboro priests, clad in their white soutanes, were seated beneath a large spreading tree on the very brow of the hill. While

they gazed upon the quiet, tropical scene below, an elderly Spanish Jesuit priest joined them. Before very many minutes had passed he was relating the story of this historical mount.

It seems that Columbus, upon his return to the Island of Santo Domingo, in the year 1493, had established a small fort, known as Santo Tomas, within sight of this very hill. He did this in order to protect his coastal colony against the attacks of the hostile Indian tribes of the interior. They had already snuffed out his first foundation of La Navidad.

On one occasion, while Columbus was absent from the colony, exploring Cuba, Jamaica and other islands, the outpost of Santo Tomas was threatened and several tribes formed a confederation with the avowed intention of wiping the white settlers off the Island.

Upon his return, the Great Explorer headed a small force on a military expedition to the outlying garrison. They were equipped with fire-arms, sixteen horses and about twenty blood-hounds. After examining the possibilities of defending the fort, he abandoned it in favour of the hill upon which we were then sitting. The higher terrain would,



naturally, be easier to defend against the Indian attacks, headed by Caonabo and Manicaotex, the two great caciques (Indian Chief) of the allied native forces.

Upon taking up their position on the hill, the Spaniards first planted a large wooden Cross, as was their custom. The very spot on which stood the tree which gave its wood to form the sacred emblem is, today, marked off by a concrete enclosure.

The Indian forces, successful in one of the first encounters, sought to destroy the Cross, but it resisted both fire and hatchet. During the very act of profanation, it is said that a Lady, dressed in white, carrying an infant in her arms, appeared above the right arm of the Cross.

The Spaniards recognized in this apparition Nuestra Senora de las Mercedes (Our Lady of Mercy). The following day, under Her patronage, they brought the battle to a successful conclusion.

Setting aside all miraculous explanations, it must be admitted that the victory was a most remarkable one. First of all, the Spanish force had to join battle against tremendous odds on terrain which was most familiar to their enemies. Secondly, the natives became so terrified that they returned to their homes and gave up all plans of driving the colonists from the region. Thence-

forward Columbus considered the military occupation of the Island sufficiently stable to serve as a base for further explorations and conquests.

If you were to visit the ancient church of Santo Cerro and enter the beautiful side-chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Mercy, you would see the hole in which the famous Cross had stood. This chapel is generally referred to as "La Capilla del Santo Hoyo" (the chapel of the Holy Hole). Each morning, during the Retreat, we were assigned altars for Mass. It was always amusing to learn who had been given the Holy Hole.

The Cross itself was long ago cut up into relics and distributed among the principal churches of the country. These pieces are jealously preserved in reliquaries of gold and silver.

Thus began the long, uninterrupted history of devotion to Mary on the Island of Santo Domingo. She is still hailed as the country's Patroness, under the invocation of Our Lady of Mercy. Although these people, like all others, have not always been too faithful to the practise of the Faith, yet even during the darkest periods devotion to Her was preserved and prevented the people from falling into complete paganism. To-day, the guidance of Her invisible hand can be felt in the marvellous spiritual resurrection which is taking place among Her beloved and devoted Dominican people. Que viva la Virgen de las Mercedes!





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# Monsignor

## Fraser

### Writes

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Catholic Mission  
Kinhwa, Che, China,  
March 29th, 1948,  
Easter Monday.

We had a big crowd at church yesterday and although extra seats were made, every one was taken and some had to stand at the back. Most of the people came long distances from the country—some carrying infants. I baptized two of these. Two men carried, 17 miles, a lame woman in a sedan chair—a big box with windows. When she was two years old, she got an infected foot which had to be amputated. She hops around on one foot without crutches, and goes as fast as an ordinary person.

The newspapers arrived and the beautiful string of beads. They were given to the girl who had the sore foot, and she promised to pray for your intention. She and her newly married sister of sixteen came to the feast. She wore the beads around her neck when she came to Communion. Everyone admires this rosary; they never saw anything so beautiful.

Tomorrow workmen start repairing the roof of the church. It is a big job as one of the principal beams has to be changed. The other day reconstruction work began on the Convent. We expect a visit soon from the Lishui Sisters to look over the premises and let us know exactly what they want before proceeding further with the work.

Father Carey now has a motorcycle and can travel in short order from one place in the district to another in a minimum of time. Lishui now has a truck and transports supplies to the different missions with much less trouble and expense. Several other missionaries also have invested in motorcycles. As for me, trains and buses are all I intend to use.

I baptized an infant girl lately. The mother a good Catholic fears that she may turn out to be deaf and dumb. The reason is she gave birth to four girls and 2 boys. The three older girls are all deaf and dumb, the boys are not. One of the girls has died. Two, thirteen years and five years old, survive, and now the baby girl too young to know if she

can hear. See what some poor women have to bear.

A youth from the country who came for Easter is also deaf and dumb. Though baptized he knows no doctrine and therefore cannot receive the sacraments. It is very sad. I am wondering how I can instruct these cases.

Father Charles Murphy has started housekeeping in Niwu, 40 miles north of here on the railroad. He only has a rented house but intends as soon as possible to buy property and build a church.

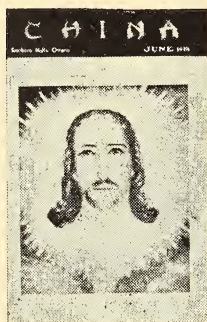
Recently I sent a girl to the Convent in Kashing—the first postulant from here, a first fruit of our prayer school. Other girls are manifesting vocations for the religious life. There are upwards of fifty in the prayer school, nearly all neophytes. Last Saturday eight of them were baptized. They all took Mary or Joseph as their Christian names. Fr. Carey performed the ceremony. Afterwards

they made their First Communion. Today we began instructions for Confirmation which will take place in a couple of weeks.

Father McRae is still in Shanghai seeing the baggage through the Customs; so, the things sent cannot come to hand yet awhile. When they arrive I shall let you know. I have the list of donors and their gifts. A lady in Atlantic City sent me (received today) \$10.00 for the poor and several sheets of Holy Rosary stamps (stickers). She says "For sometime I have been wanting to write you and send you a little donation for your dear poor. I did send you about twenty yards of lace for your vestments as soon as I read the article in 'CHINA' that you needed lace. The Chinese people have always held a close place in my heart and I wish I were younger so that I could go over and help with your work. What great strength of character they have and how sincere in their faith. If you ever feel inclined to write me, I'd love to hear more about your daily cares and worries and I hope to be able to send you a lot more to help. Tell me if I can help you, in any way, by sending you some necessities and how to send them."

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## OUR COVER



## THE SACRED HEART

Our Cover is an artist's drawing following the ancient manuscript ascribed to Publius Lentulus, President of Judea and sent to the Roman Senate. A character sketch in the MS says: "No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world has seen him weep frequently".

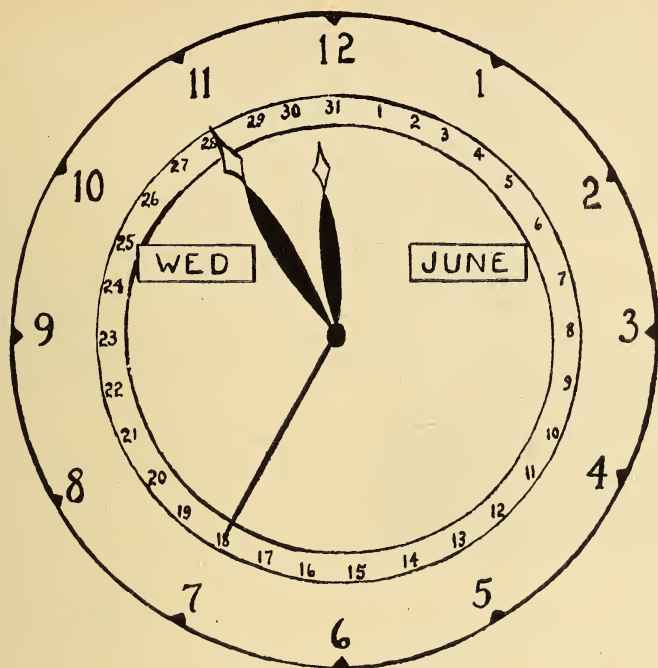
April 1st, 1948

Father Sharkey will come to Kinhwa April 20th. Fr. Venadam will also soon be here to administer Confirmation.





# Now is the Hour!!



**I**F YOU are a Catholic boy finishing your High School course this month or next, **NOW IS THE HOUR** for you to come to a decision about your future. Up until this year there was no problem—you knew September would find you back at school trying out for the football team. Not so this year. Your whole life as a man lies before you and you must make up your mind as to what you are going to do with your talent.

For most Canadian Catholic boys leaving school will mean getting a job, learning a trade or going on to college to prepare oneself for some profession. Circumstances may pretty well decide one's future work—financial help needed at home to support one's family, a special aptitude for medicine, engineering, etc. with the means to pursue those bents, etc. But one must still come to a decision.

Some high school grads will be considering whether they have a vocation to the foreign missionary priesthood. It is not an easy decision to make and advice should be sought. Even if you have good health and matriculation there may be other problems bothering you. In that case, go and talk with some priest who knows you well. Or, if you prefer, write to us for further information about the qualifications expected in one applying for admission and ask any questions you wish about a vocation to the foreign mission priesthood in our Society.

As the popular song has it, "Now is the hour for me to say good-bye". Now may be the hour for you to say hello to us. Who knows—perhaps soon you will be sailing far across the sea—as a Canadian foreign missionary.



Rev. James C. MacIntosh, S.F.M.,  
Ordained June 5th, 1948, and appointed  
to the diocese of Lishui.

The addition of these two priests raises the number of Canadian priests in the Lishui diocese to 21 under Bishop-Elect Turner. Our congratulations to these newly Ordained! May they enjoy many fruitful years of service in the ranks of Christ the King.



Our Lady of the Missions  
Pray for Us



Rev. Joseph J. Kearns, S.F.M.  
Ordained June 5th, 1948, and appointed  
to the diocese of Lishui.





# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

PEGUY said: "When an idea takes to itself a body, the result is a revolution". When we transfer this thought to the sublime order, the thesis might well be: "When the Word of God took to Himself His Mystical Body, the Church, the result was the revolution now bearing the rather unattractive title: Catholic Action.

The common view of the expression is that Catholic Action means the same as Action by Catholics. Thus one hears that dropping a dime in the blind man's cup is "Catholic Action" when the donor is a member of the Church. Actually this is more often mere philanthropy in its original meaning, a sympathetic love for one's fellow man and if lacking the proper motive is not even meritorious. This is far from being what is meant by Catholic Action.

## Essence of Catholic Action

The celebrated definition given by Pope Pius XI reads: "Catholic Action means the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the Church's hierarchy." It behoves us therefore to recall what the apostolate of the hierarchy might be before discussing the share the laity has in it. The

same pope, in an address to the Directors of Catholic Action of Rome, 1931, told them: "The hierarchic apostolate of the Church and Catholic Action which cooperates therewith, aim at the entire programme of the Heart of God: the foundation, expansion and consolidation of the Kingdom of God in souls, in families and in society—in all the depths that human activity can sound *when the Grace of God is helping it*". Here we have a more elaborate explanation of the three functions of Christ as Prophet, Priest and King, or another way is to speak of the Church as Teacher, Sanctifier and Ruler or Shepherd.

## Organization or Organism

Although these two words are used interchangeably, this is an unfortunate situation because 'organism' originally meant much more. Borrowed from biology, the term implies *life*. The mysterious movement from within which we all experience and cannot adequately define, is called 'life' and we experience it because we are *organisms*. It implies a coordination of parts which have within themselves some principle whereby each works for the benefit of the whole. Walking in the dark,



my arm instinctively is raised before my face to protect my eyes. There is no thought here but because I am an organism, the arm seeks to promote the welfare of the eye which cannot protect itself.

The word organization is more mechanical in its implications than biological. An automobile is an organization; an elephant is an organism. A flat tire impedes the progress of an auto; a sore hoof impedes the progress of an elephant BUT you never yet saw an automobile *leaning over* so as to have the three good tires carry the load and ease the strain for the flat! That is because an auto is not an organism. Similarly with Catholic Action, which is the activity of the Mystical Body, the word organism has a rightful place in our explanations because the Mystical Body of Christ is *alive*, it is not something mechanical.

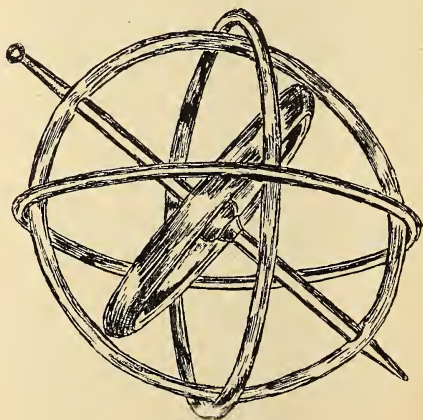
### Supernatural Life

The type of life within the Church, the Mystical Body, is not vegetative, animal or merely human. When history records that in a country, for a certain period of time, the Church "vegetated", the reader readily understands that all was not well. In modern terms there was no Catholic Action. It was not a thriving organism but a sickly Church. The essence of its life is so vibrant that the expansion and consolidation of

Christ's Kingdom are *normal*. If this is not taking place things are abnormal, there is a cancer in the body weakening and attempting to destroy it. This life within the Church is supernatural, it is Sanctifying Grace, but it works through human beings. Working in this medium, it will not do violence to it, consequently the cooperation of our free will is necessary. Without this, nothing happens. With this, everything happens. Our work then must be to teach mankind the nature of this life, the nature of its role, the necessity for cooperation with it. More briefly, the aim of Catholic Action is the formation of consciences.

### Schopenhauer and Nietzsche

During the first half of the 19th century there arose a spirit of fear, pessimism and despair. There had been glorious hopes at the time of the French Revolution, then again at the time of the American Revolution. The spirit of Liberty was in the air and the whole world breathed the fumes. Then when the hopes went unfulfilled this spirit died. The Romantic poets did their best but their dreams became an escape from current realities. Pessimists took over







and in poetry, there was Byron in England, DeMusset in France, Heine in Germany, Leopardi in Italy and Pushkin in Russia; in music pessimism claimed Schubert, Schumann, Chopin and even the later Beethoven; in philosophy Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.

How did this come about? Thanks largely to Napoleon, Europe lay prostrate. Millions of men had died to establish his empire; millions of acres were untilled and conditions were analogous to those of our own times after a World War. There was unrest and misery everywhere, and the world saw the coming of Socialism, with its doctrine of struggle.

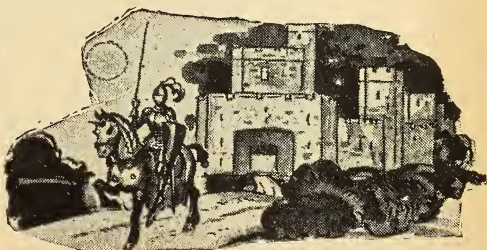
### Sartre and Existentialism

Following the recent war, much of the same spirit prevails. Millions more have died; millions of acres are left untilled; misery stalks through Europe and indeed throughout most of the world. The same hopes of a bright future are dimming and the same pessimism and despair are increasing. Nietzsche had advocated suicide and today we have a philosopher who is equally preoccupied with such morbid acts. He is a Frenchman, Jean Paul Sartre. His doctrines form an unwholesome view of life which he calls Existentialism (from the word Existence). The cardinal principle seems to be: live for today because yesterday and tomorrow are not real. Only the present moment of existence is real. Therefore do whatever you like and do it now! There is no such a thing as the future; it is merely an idea; it has no exist-

tence and hence there need be no fear of retribution. Heaven and hell are only ideas; they are not real. There is no hope since this concept implies the future. An analysis of reality leads to despair. There is no God.

### The Pope of Catholic Action

Pius XI came into this same world spirit caused by World War 1 and his successor Pius XII faces the same problems now. The threat of extinction for mankind, a modern sword of Damocles: the atom bomb, adds a new dimension. There is greater urgency by far. BUT there is no cause for pessimism or despair. The life which can survive is supernatural. The body which contains this life is the Mystical Body and the energy it possesses is Catholic Action. Today the laity are stepping to the fore to assume their rightful role and the extent of this was recently shown in Italy when the Pope declared that to abstain from voting without cause was a mortal sin. This statement astonished the world but it brought home the serious situation which confronts us. The political world had considered itself almost immune from such a practical move but when such is necessary for the extension and consolidation of the Kingdom of God, then the voice of Peter cannot remain silent. The solution is at hand; it behoves mankind to Act. Nietzsche said: In the beginning was the act. The Scriptures say: In the beginning was the Word. Now following the word of the Popes and with the Grace of God comes Catholic Action.



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# The Saviour Died for All Men



(an M. E. B. article)

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ON scanning through old sport pages one invariably comes across athletic feats which, to use common parlance, required "a lot of guts": Greg Rice, Notre Dame's great middle runner, although bothered by a triple hernia, shattering many records with his piston-like legs; Barney Ross breaking his hand in the early rounds of one of his fights, but staying in to take the fight by a decision; The great Ernie Nevers playing almost a whole game with a broken ankle; Babe Ruth calling his shot and hitting the ball into the centrefield bleachers.

Those were marvellous displays of courage but when compared to the passion of Our Lord they are dwarfed into insignificance. The first stage of His redemptive ordeal would have broken the spirit of any mortal without exception, as mankind heaped upon Him the enormous weight of its sin. Then He was scourged until He was "a worm and

no man", and sank at last in the pool of His own blood. He shouldered His blood-stained cross and dragged it through the crowded streets, falling again and yet again, in His frightful weakness. Calvary was reached at last. He was nailed to the cross, and then it was dropped into its place with a sickening thud, and the last phase of His great struggle was underway.

One of the most horrible features of the passion was the loneliness of Our Lord. We might have experienced what it is like to have had that feeling of loneliness in the midst of a crowd. It is beyond the ken of poetic eloquence to express the loneliness of Christ, hanging on the cross, as the violent cursing, maniacal crowd stood around Him, displaying diabolical animosity in their every movement.

What a lesson to proud, contemptible mankind—God the Son hanging on the cross, His flesh torn



to shreds, His almost unrecognizable features distorted by agonizing pain, His once-fair countenance, the object of a tender motherly love, a bleeding and twisted caricature, yet he resolved to continue to be the butt of this criminal brutality in order to accomplish the plan of the Redemption. Even a sigh, a tear, or a word would have been sufficient to have redeemed the world, because it was the sight, the tear, or the word of God. Christ would not have it that way. He chose to endure the gamut of human misery in order to merit eternal salvation for us.

Christ not only died for the elder

son but also for the prodigal son; He not only died for Canadians but also Chinese, Dominicans and all the other peoples of the world. Now He has entrusted to us the responsibility of making those people aware of their great legacy. This is done in three ways: first, by becoming a missionary; secondly, by praying for the conversion of pagan peoples; and thirdly, by giving material aid to mission organizations. It is our duty to choose at least one of these ways and in fulfilling it to remember Our Lord's ultra-heroic example—giving even the last drop of His blood for infinitely inferior creatures.



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# St. Anthony of Padua

A JUNE SAINT

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**S**T. ANTHONY of Padua should perhaps be called St. Ferdinand of Lisbon. His real name was Ferdinand and he was born in the Portuguese capital during the year 1195.

While he was a boy of fifteen he was received into the company of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. Several years later he was given the opportunity of venerating the bodies of certain Franciscan missionary-martyrs who, a short time previous, had been put to death while working among the Saracens. This so fired the zeal of the Saint that he soon sought permission to enter the Franciscan Order, hoping in this way to gain the same glorious crown.

Such was not to be. Almost immediately after his arrival in Morocco sickness overcame him and he was sent back to Portugal. A great storm drove the ship off its course and it eventually arrived in Sicily.

There he regained his health and began the career which placed him in the public eye to such an extent that to this day he remains one of the most popular Saints on the long list of canonized persons.

His name is associated with Padua because he founded the Franciscan Convent of that city, did much of

his preaching there and was finally laid to rest within the walls of the church which the town's people had raised in his honour.

He died at the early age of thirty-six. Within a year his name was inscribed by Pope Gregory IX in the list of Saints.

Although he accomplished much as a professor of Theology, his richest harvest was reaped as an orator who possessed the spirit of prophecy and the gift of miracles. Thirty years after his death the body was found in dust except for the tongue which remained intact. God saw fit to preserve that which had been the instrument of so much good, as a further proof of St. Anthony's influence with Him.

One of the targets most frequently hit by the Saint's pointed sermons was the vice of avarice, the inordinate love of earthly goods. In his day, as in our own, many misused their God-given temporal goods. It may be legitimately concluded that the poor of Padua and of other centres in which he preached (sometimes to a congregation of 30,000) profited immensely in a temporal way as did their St. Anthony-guided benefactors in a spiritual way, as a result of these spiritual archery contests.



The spirit of this holy Franciscan and the influence of his sermons on this subject, still lives in the world today. The great Argentine writer, Hugo Wast, in one of his many books, describes St. Anthony's manner of treating with his clients as "practical, simple and abundant". A very striking example of this was brought to my attention not long ago.

When the Scarboro Fathers took over the abandoned parish of San Jose de Ocoa, in the Dominican Republic, they discovered some external religious practices still in vogue but entirely devoid of a true Christian spirit. Among these practices there was a type of devotion to St. Anthony.

Fr. Hymus, S.F.M., saw in this a starting point for his plan to spiritually rejuvenate the parish. The people had been accustomed to dedicate Tuesday to St. Anthony. Henceforth, this third day of the week was set aside, in Ocoa, for the spiritual and temporal benefit of the poor. On this day, the poor were invited to attend Holy Mass in honor of St. Anthony. Following the Mass they were given instructions in Christian Doctrine by word and example. Besides learning about God and His

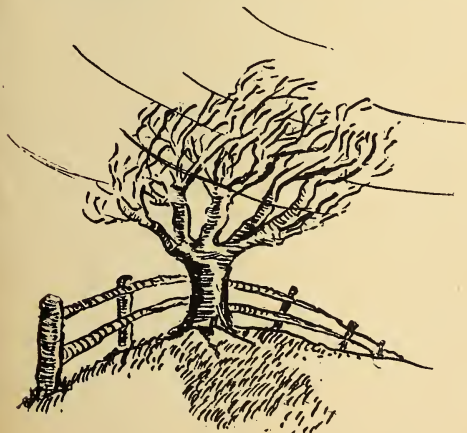


Church they also received alms which helped them in their desperate struggle to keep body and soul together.

It was really amusing to attend these classes in Catechism. They were looked for events in the drab lives of these neglected souls. They enjoyed themselves as much as an audience at a Breakfast Club programme. The quizzes on the Trinity, the Incarnation, etc. proved to be just as hilarious. Among the older folk there were a few who had received religious instructions in the good old days. They vied with each other in demonstrating their great theological knowledge.

After much time, patience and almsgiving, several of the regular attendants learned sufficient to make their first Confession and Communion. The effort also led to the Baptism of several children who, due to the ignorance and poverty of their parents, had not been brought to the holy Font.

Fr. Hymus also re-organized the "Pious Union of St. Anthony" among the better-to-do people of the parish.



This Society made special effort to give relief to poor families. On the first Tuesday of each month they gave gifts of food to the poor who attended the Tuesday Mass in honour of their Patron.

This type of practical devotion to St. Anthony which complemented and gave meaning to the long prayers and hymns by which the people had previously given honour, in parrot fashion, to the Apostle of almsgiving, reached its climax on the feast of St. Anthony (June 13th.).

On that day, the large church in Ocoa was crowded to the doors with poor and rich alike, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Following this all the poor people in attendance were served breakfast by the members of the Pious Union. Besides this, each unfortunate was presented with a large package of food. At least forty were given dresses and suits which had been made by some of the charitable ladies of the town.

Everyone came to look on and a gala day was enjoyed by all. The event was brought to a close with races and other sports. Only the poor children were permitted to participate and the winners were presented with small gifts of money. The mayor, the policemen, and other civil officials enjoyed this as much as the youngsters.

When all was over, the poor were wishing that St. Anthony's feast could

be celebrated 365 days of the year. They were already discussing plans for another such festivity on June 13th of the following year.

Thus we can see how our devotion to St. Anthony or any other devotion should not be confined to the petitioning of the Saint to shower us with his "practical, simple and abundant" favours. Rather, our devotion should manifest itself in a fuller and more sincere practice of the Christian virtues. In other words, do not confine yourself to asking St. Anthony to find some lost article. Do something to restore true Christianity and thus your example will help others to find their lost faith. Listen to the Saint: overcome avarice and practise almsgiving. Make the down-trodden realize that their last hope is not to be found in Communism but in the practice of Catholic teaching.



O JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act and think with her, Thy glorious Spouse. Teach them generosity and detachment from miserable things of this world; but above all teach them to know and to love Thee, the only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

(With Ecclesiastical Approbation.)





*A  
Letter  
from  
Sr.  
St.  
Angela*

Shen Mu Yuan,  
Lishui, Apr. 6th, 1948

Dear Father McQuaid:

It is the Ching Ming Festival, and in the lull that has come with it, I hope to get a letter off.

Life is just one wild rush over here. It is the way we want it, and the way we like it and so we tear along happily. The clinic registers nearly and sometimes over, 400 daily. The hospital is so overcrowded that we are considering pitching a tent in the garden for the over-flow. Your former parish is well represented in the wards. Every other patient has the tell-tale Pihu twist of the tongue.

Sick calls are numerous. I am beginning to think that we were cut out for the highways and bye-ways, the laneways and alley-ways of Lishui. There are souls to be saved and bodies to be healed in all of them, and it is lots of fun helping both. We have been in Pihu quite often in the past few months. Fathers Strang and Clement are running a splendid

clinic there and have a goodly flow of clients. Miss Nona Wong, the pride of Lishui has finally decided to try her wings in another sphere and Pihu won the honours. I am always happy to hear the good reports about her that flow down the river to us.

Father H. Murphy came in on his new cycle the other day. He preached quite a sermon in Church on Sunday. Not a whit of Lishui dialect has he forgotten. Father Stringer came up last evening to escort Father Sharkey to Tsingtien. The Rev. Vicar General is now in Sung Yang. Father Moriarty just jeeped off to bring him back to Lishui. Poor Father, he has a bad cold and with all the travelling he must do, he cannot take time to doctor himself. He is going to Tsingtien and Dolu next and then will start on the Kihwa front. I think he finds China quite a bit behind the backward era.

Father Venadam continues to get younger every day. He went to Lungchuan on Easter Monday with Father Sharkey. They returned on Thursday and Father Venadam left

for Tang Yang on Saturday. Father McGettigan left on the same day for Shanghai by truck. Apparently Father McRae is finally finished with the Customs and anxious to settle down in "Canada in China".

Your former cook seems to be having difficulties over wedding belles and wedding rings. The girl he wanted in Lishui would take him on a double ring ceremony only. He could not afford to be tied by two bands so lost his chance for the hand of the pretty match girl. He says that he has a very serious problem on his hands now as the longer he waits to get married, the more expensive pork becomes.

The luck of the Irish encircled Fr. Venadam's cook (Tsai Ong) on St. Patrick's Day. The Top O' the Mornin brought him a baby son and the lilt of Chinese laughter has been shining in his eyes ever since.

April 8th: I went to jail to-day. It has become a habit now. There are 180 inmates and Pihu has quite a delegation there. We visit the prison twice a week. Kuei Ling holds catechism class after each clinic session and the troupe of law-breakers are very much interested in religion. Hong Kong Catholic Truth is printing some fine books and we have these circulating among the prisoners. A few weeks ago, we had our first conversion, a Tsingtien bandit who was serving a life sentence.

We got a rush call to Pihu to-day. Mr. Ching's sister-in-law took sick suddenly last night. There seems to be little hope for her recovery but the Sisters went up to see what could be done.

Now Father, I am wearying you with a not very interesting letter. When are you coming back? Everybody seems to be asking that question.

All here are well and send their best regards. How is Father Morris?  
Sr. St. Angela.

## THE CRAB AND HIS TAMEL

One nold eight as a crab tat in his sent, his tamel booked in.

"I thray pee paster" he said, "let me but put my wead hithin the tent for it is wold oithout".

"By ball beans" said the crab; and the tamel cretched his tead into the hent.

"If I bight mut narm my weck also" he said presently.

"Nut your peck inside also" said the crab. Coon the tamel said again:

"It till wake but mittle lore room if I mace ply for-legs within; it is withicult standing dithout".

"You tan do chat also" said the crab, raking moon.

"May I not whand stolly within?" asked the tamel;" I teep the kent open by thanding stus".

"Certainly" said the crab. "I hill wave pity on you as mell as on myself".

So the Tamel trowded into the cent; but it was too bittle for loth.

"I stink" thressed the Tamel, "that there is rot noom bor foth of us. It will yest for bou to otand outside, as I reed more room".

And tith what he cooted the brab who had maste to teave the lent.

The foral of this mable kiddies is to lever net anyone nut their pose into bour yusiness.

### BOOKS WANTED

The Devil's Share, by Denis de Rougemont.

Mary, Mother of Divine Grace, by Le Rohellec.

Wrestlers with Christ, by K. Pflieger.

What Becomes of the Dead? by Arendzen.



# BOOK REVIEW

L'ACTION CATHOLIQUE, by Canon Pierre Tiberghien, Fides, 25 East St. James St., Montreal. 259 pp. \$1.40.

Students of Catholic Action will be delighted with this brilliant manual by Canon Tiberghien. Unlike so many books on the subject, this one is most distinctive in its treatment of the "milieu" and the role of the Liturgy in Catholic Action.

From a rich store of experience acquired by his work with the A.C.J.F. (Action Catholique Jeunesse Francaise), in the diocese of Lille, France, the author has put his finger on the real problems of a complex subject. The practical solutions suggested and based on successful results are valuable to Canadian and American readers.

Individual transformation is the big aim of C.A. Organization is a means to that end. Hitherto, a majority of organizers have failed to appreciate that fact. Once the individual has been spiritually readjusted, the question of radiating what he has acquired presents itself. To succeed in transforming one's "milieu", some prudent training is essential. A large portion of this work of education is entrusted to the lay leader. His job will then be to interest his group in the great mission the Church has given to the laity.

In order to combat 'impossible' situations, the Liturgy comes to the aid of Catholic Action. Since the Mass is the centre of worship, it must needs be the source of any success

attending the efforts of C.A. Groups. Once the Mass is restored to its lost dignity as a factor in our daily lives, men will take pleasure and real happiness in living the life of Christ.

Peace within the individual and then its extension to the world are ideas brought out clearly by the author. Without laboring his thesis Canon Tiberghien shows that C.A. must be our most effective weapon in the work of social rehabilitation.

The one regret in reading this 'must book' for students of Catholic Action is that it has not yet been translated into English which would add to the circulation it richly deserves.

K.D.



## COMMUNISM AND THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WEST, by Fulton J. Sheen, Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott St., Toronto 1. 247 pp. \$3.00.

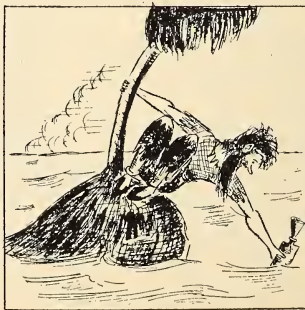
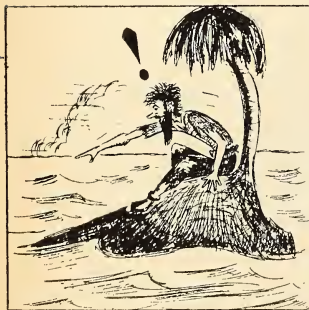
The disturbing truth which this book stresses is that the greatly feared phenomenon of Communism is not to be explained as Russian nationalism but is really the result of our Western materialistic civilization. From the time of the Reformation, Europe began to lose its Christian soul and when sufficiently debased it was bound to produce the present state of things.

A common impression is that the only difference between Fascism, Nazism and Communism is the colour of their shirts: black, brown and red. Monsignor Sheen explains that the differences can be illustrated from the fact that the encyclical against Fascism was written in Italian because it was a question of a national phenomenon; the encyclical against Nazism written in German because it was a racial phenomenon *but* the encyclical against Communism was in Latin, since it was an international phenomenon. We are all tainted with its effects; it is the logical extreme of materialism.

Copious quotations acquaint the reader with a large number of excellent books dealing with our present world condition, and how it came about. The authors listed are not

all Catholics; in fact the very first name is Reinhold Niebuhr, the Protestant theologian. Others are: Jewish, Orthodox Catholic and what one might simply list as "good pagans". All however are thinkers and all are seriously upset by current events. They give us excellent analyses of things as they are and so reinforce Fulton Sheen's argument.

The ten chapters of the book give us the story of the rise of Communism, its causes, its philosophy, its defects and how to meet it. The final chapter: Our Lady of Fatima and Russia, gives us once again the real cure and quite likely the only hope of averting another world war.







# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

The month of June is the month of the Sacred Heart. It is also the last month of classes before the long summer holidays! The bad part of it is that June is the month of the examinations! Some of the Buds are pretty frightened of this but if you have worked hard all year I'm sure you will pass with very good marks, so don't worry about it.

The holidays are always fun. It's a time for games and sports such as baseball, swimming, maybe fishing. The hot weather certainly makes everybody want to spend some time in or at least near the water. Sometimes there is a sign which reads: DANGER! And then your parents warn you to pay attention to this and be very careful. Good Buds always listen to this and then there is never any accident. Some boys and girls are not so careful about it and then there is trouble . . . maybe a serious threat to life and even a real drowning! Then it's a sad summer for the members of the family who are left. I sincerely hope this won't happen to any of you and you know how to avoid it: just obey your parents and everything will be alright.

There is another question which I would like to discuss with you and that is the even more important one of your spiritual welfare. You know,

Buds, your souls might be compared to balloons! Sounds funny doesn't it? Here's what I mean—how do you inflate—or blow up a balloon? Why everybody knows that eh? Use either air that you breathe into it, or if you can get it, use gas, hydrogen gas I think they use at the circus and exhibition. Which is better? Why the gas will make the balloon go straight up into the air out of sight unless you hold it securely by the string. Well now here's the explanation of my examples—

.....The balloon represents your soul; the hydrogen gas represents Sacramental Grace; the air you breathe into the balloon represents your own morning and evening prayers. And finally here's what Father Jim wants you to do: (1) get some gas in the balloon once a week. This means Confession and Communion every Sunday. (2) get some air in the balloon every day. This means never forget to say morning and evening prayers. Now suppose an accident happens during the summer and your soul, I mean the balloon, gets cut off! With gas and air in it, it will be free to go straight up to heaven! Of course I'm not hoping anything like this will happen to any of you but I do want every Bud to be ready and always ready for everything.

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim:

I am writing to ask you to send the CHINA I have been receiving to my pen pal in Alberta. My brother Allan gets "CHINA" every month and we only need the one subscription. I hope this will also help spread news of the "CHINA".

Donna Roberts,  
Ballantyne's Cove,  
Ant. Co., N.S.



I will see to it that your pen pal is forwarded the "CHINA". It's grand news to hear that so great an interest is being taken in the "CHINA". The more subscribers to the "CHINA" means more aid to the missions. Say hello to Allan for me.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you the money that I have saved in my mite box. It isn't much, but it might help a little bit the little mission children. I am writing exams. so please say a little prayer for me.



Ruby St. Peters,  
Joggins, N.S.

Many thanks, Ruby. It isn't the amount that counts, it's the grand missionary spirit you have. I won't forget you and your classmates in my prayers.

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you this bit of money which I made by doing errands. I was glad to see, in the last "CHINA", so many Rose Buds, and I would like to join them. I am ten years old.



John Willie MacMillan,  
Port Hood, N.S.

Thank you very much for your donation, John, and also for your picture. By your offering and your letter we know that your soul is nice looking and this shows in your face. Keep up the good work and God bless you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am twelve years old would like to join the Rose Garden. I would like some pen pals. Please send me a mite box.



Eileen Dillon,  
167 Birch St.,  
Timmins, Ont.

We publish a list of pen pals, Eileen, so that you may pick out the ones that you like best. Please don't forget us in your prayers and together we'll do a lot for our Blessed Mother and God and so thank them for their goodness to us.



Dear Father Jim:

I hope you received my last letter safely. A friend gave me this money today, and I am sending it to you for the pagan children in your missions. Will you please pray for some intentions of mine.



Ann FitzPatrick,  
Tracadie Cross,  
P.E.I.

Hello again, Ann. I received your last letter and was so very pleased to hear from you again so soon. God will certainly bless you and answer your petitions, for His Sacred Heart is overflowing with love for those who are helping to spread His Word through their sacrifices.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending a dollar which my friends and I have saved for the Chinese Missions. Last week I sent used stamps to Nazareth House.



Suzanne Janisse,  
853 Rossini Blvd.  
Windsor, Ont.

Suzanne has been with us around a year and helps us in many ways. Once again, thank you very much, Suzanne. God will surely bless you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Rose Garden. We read "CHINA" every month. Please send me a mite box.



Pat Jarrett,  
1225 Island St.,  
Montreal 22, Que.

Pat is short for Patricia, Buds. The mite boxes help us in two ways, the money that you send and also the prayer or little sacrifice you make by your donations. Have you any friends that would also like to join—please tell them about us.

Dear Father Jim:

I am six and a half years old. May I be a Rose Bud in your garden? I say the Rosary for your Missions.

Barbara Ann Lawrence,  
231 Warden Ave.,  
Toronto 13, Ont.

Yes, you certainly may be a Rose Bud and we are very happy to have you join our ranks, especially since you say the Rosary for us. Please continue to remember our Missions in your prayers.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am twelve years of age and would like very much to become a Bud. I am going to save stamps for the Missions. I pray daily for the Missions.



Gail Tracey,  
2426 Yonge St.  
Toronto, Ont.

Welcome to our Rose Garden, Gail, and thanks especially for the prayers. With our Buds praying for us, we are certain that our work will be successful.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing a gift and also some stamps. I know they will be most welcome. Would you please remember my youngest sister, Kathleen. She is 14 and is at present in the sanatorium. Please God, she will be soon on the road to good health. She would be very happy if she had some pen pals.



Sheila Freeman,  
Hr. Grace, Nfld.

Look, buds, Kathleen wants pen pals. Very happy to hear from you, Sheila. I will pray often for your sister Kathleen that she will be home with you again soon.



## QUICKIE QUIZZ

Which one of the Fatima children is still living?

Prize given for lucky number draw among correct answers sent in.





This is a picture of Polish children who are celebrating their First Communion. This was not possible during the Nazi occupation during the war but now in a Displaced Persons' Camp, they are free to have a religious feast and celebration. Some of them are pretty big and older than you were for your First Communion. Remember to thank God for the blessings of peace in Canada and ask His protection for these less fortunate children.

## New Members and Pen Pals

### BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Abrams, George, 9, 132 George St.; Abramy, Stanley, 12, 132 George St.; Adams, Barbara, 11, 73 Brock St.; Amyotte, Bernard, 12, 97 Abbott St.; Andress Billie, 11, 74 Brock St.; Barr, James, 13, 12 Abbott St.; Barr, Tommy, 10, 12 Abbott St.; Beauvais, Leo, 11, 40 Daniel St.; Billins, Donald, 12, 47 Centre St.; Billins, Gladys, 10, 47 Centre St.; Bissonnette, Gloria, 10, 237 King West; Bissonnette, Lillian, 13, 12 Delhi St.; Bissonnette, Margaret, 12, 237 King St. W.; Boisvert, 11, 57 Cedar St.; Boisvert, John Paul, 11, 330 Church St.; Bouchard, Andre, 10, 102 Cedar St.; Brady, John, 11, 51 Bennett St.; Brassor, Bernard, 10, 170 Pearl St.; Buell, Richard, 9, 68 Water St. West; Cauley, Lawrence, 12, 74 George St.; Cavanaugh, Stephen, 12, 46 Church St.; Charbonneau, Elsie, 9, 75 Wall St.; Charbonneau, Raymond, 12, 75 Wall St.; Charron, Roland, 12, 269 Brock St.; Chevrier, Roger, 12, 178 Pearl St. W.; Cody, Maurice, 10, 92 Cedar St.; Curry, Marion, 11, 7 Centre St.; Curtis, Murray, 11, 8 Ann St.; Davies, Joan, 12, 190 Church St.; Durant, Marjorie, 12, 19 Sophia St.; Ferguson, Edward, 11, 222 Church St.; Firth, Eddie, 10, 55 Water St. W.; Firth, Yvonne, 12, 55 Water St.; Fodey, Joan, 11, 175 Church St.; Ford, Barbara Ann, 10, 42½ St. Andrew St.; Ford, Patrick, 11, 22 Ann St.; Ford, Shirley, 13, 42½ St. Andrew St.; Forten, Billy, 11, 24 Wellington St.; Gallagher, Buddy, 9, 10 Apple St.; Gallagher, Gary, 11, 10 Apple St.; Garand, Paul, 11, 48 Amy St.; Genkins, Barbara, 11, 227 Park St.; Gladu, Clement, 10, 80 Lewis St.; Graham, Sam, 11, 83 Pearl St. N.; Guild, Vincent, 14, 18 Victoria Ave.; Hickling, Patsy, 11, 40 Hartley St.; Hueston, Gail, 10, 153 Brock St.; Jenkins, Patsy, 9, 227 Park St.; Johnson, Ernest, 12, 167 Church St.; Johnston, Garry, 13, 14 King St. W.; Kelly, Patricia, 12, 40 St. Andrew

St.; Kenney, Billie, 11, 13 Daniel St.; Lanctol, Jeannine, 13, 100 Brock St.; Langlais, Armand, 12, 342 Brock St.; Larocque, Roger, 10, 396A King St. W.; Lavoie, J. Roger, 13, 127 Cedar St.; Lawless, Helen, 12, 73 John St.; Lawless, Jimmie, 10, 73 John St.; Leahey, Terrence, 9, R.R. No. 1, Prescet Rd.; Leeder, Billie, 10, 9 Apple St.; Leeder, Faye, 10, 29 Stewart St.; Leeder, Joan, 11, 29 Stewart St.; Leras, Joan, 9, 79 King St. W.; Lindridge, Billy, 11, 85 Cedar St.; Logan, Ann, 10, 45 Brock St.; Moore, Joan, 13, 67 Perth St.; MacMaster, Nona, 11, 58 Havelock St.; McAvooy, Pater, 11, 35 Buell St.; McDonald, George, 11, 90 Buell St.; McDonald, Mary, 11, 247 Park St.; McInns, Mary Ann, 9, 14 Daniel St.; McInrue, Carole, 12, 40 Delhi St.; McMahon, Catherine, 11, 3 Franklin St.; McMahon, Khalman, 12, 225 Church St.; Noonan, Betty, 9, 96 Brock St.; Power, John, 9, 7 Victoria Ave.; Power, Beth, 10, 7 Victoria Ave.; Power, Mildred, 11, 7 Victoria Ave.; Rehberg, Marcella, 14, 18 Perth St.; Rehberg, Mildred, 10, 12 Apple St.; Reid, Peter, 10, 88 Church St.; Reid, Anne, 10, 179 Pearl St. N.; Rooney, Jack, 12, 133 Pearl St. W.; Roussele, Norma, 12, 199 Church St.; Shanks, Ronald, 10, 57 George St.; Sheridan, Joe, 10, 83 James St. W.; Simones, Nicolas, 13, 151 Perth St.; Smith, Beverly, 12, 211 James St. E.; Stanistreet, Billy, 12, R.R. No. 1; Tobin, Maureen, 13, 21 Wall St.; Wilkins, Dick, 10, c/o E. Wilkins, Ont. Hospital; Wilson, Mary E., 10, 341 King St. W.; Wilson, Tommy, 9, 419 King St. W.

### BRONTE, ONT.

Black, Barbara, 13, Bronte P.O., Box 118.

### ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

(Continued).

Fitzgerald, Eileen, 14, Blackead Rd.; Hall, Louise, 13, 15 Howley Ave. Ext.; Kenny,



Elizabeth, P.O. Box E5392; Mooloy, Gertrude, 11, 33 Temperance St.; McCormack, Bernadette, 12, 487 South Side Rd.; Heffernan, Genevieve, 9, Goulds, St. John's West; McCormick, Margie, 12, Blackhead Rd., c/o West End; McGrath, Marion, 16, Blackhead Rd.; Margaret, 14; O'Mara, Marie, 13, 40 Freshwater Rd.; O'Neill, Terese, 14, 9 Burke's Sq.; Sears, Nellie, 9, 23 Aldershot St.; Tizzard, Sheila, 16, 26 Signal Hill; Whelan, George, 16, 169 Pleasant St.

#### WOLFE ISLAND, ONT.

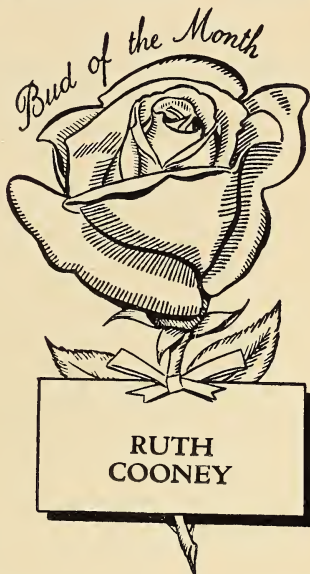
Alarie, Zeta, 16; Brawn, Mary, 13; Doyle, Margaret, 16; Lacey, Joan, 16; La Rush, Jenanette, 15; Mossier, Nan, 18; McKenna, Mary F., 15; Sexsmith, Jean, 16; Taggart, Ann, 15.

#### WATERDOWN, ONTARIO

Burjaw, Paul, 13; Coates, Gerald, 13; Coates, Myles, 12; Cressman, Jean, 14; Mrs. E. L. Helm, Dietrick, Theresa, 16, Notre Dame Academy, Hale; Haley, Mary, 14, Notre Dame Academy; Langford, Joan, 15 Dundas

St.; O'Hara, Francis, 14, Mill St.; Ray, Paul, 14; Simpson, Brian, 11; Simpson, Marguerite, 15; Taylor, Ann, 9; Taylor, Grant, 10; Wehrle, Donald, 15, Box 413; Willmes, Neil, 12.

Regier, Rosalie, 11, Fred Regier, Box 201, Zurich, Ont.

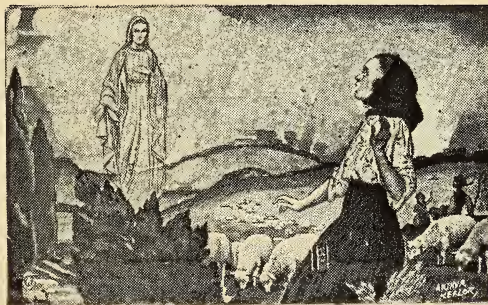


Ruth Cooney of 19 Somer's Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, is our Bud of the Month for June. Ruth has been saving for the missions and her mite-box has helped our Chinese Buds. Mass and Communion daily is her greatest gift to the Foreign Missions. Thanks Ruth, and best wishes for success with your exams.



Meet Pauline, Muriel and Betty Fallu, of Blind River, three Buds we are proud of.

*Remember  
the  
First  
Saturdays!*



# Items of Interest

## Father Sharkey, S.F.M.

The Vicar General of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Father Sharkey, is now in Japan. He has completed a visit of our missions in China and is now in Japan to arrange for a new mission for this Society in that country. The opportunities given to Christianity in that country during the American occupation have been wonderful indeed. Now the establishment of another mission of this society in that country can be realized. For this reason and in answer to an appeal from the hierarchy of that Land of the Rising Sun, our Vicar-General is visiting that mission field seeking to arrange for the establishment of our first mission house. Preliminary reports have been very hopeful and complete details are expected from Father Sharkey when he returns to Canada in July.

## Appointment of Halifax Auxiliary

We are happy to offer felicitations to the Most Rev. A. B. Leverman, pastor of St. Lawrence Church in Fairview, N.S., who has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop to the Most Rev. J. T. McNally, Archbishop of Halifax.

## Pray for Our Dead

The Honourable Peter Heenan, Toronto.

Mrs. P. Boyle, Toronto.

Mrs. Joseph MacIntyre, Glace Bay, N.S.

Mr. Edward Scott, St. John, N.B.

Mrs. Catherine Keelan, Riverside, Ont.

Mrs. Harriet Cashen, Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. Clare Fisher, Glace Bay, N.S.  
Mr. Thomas McCarthy, Sydney, N.S.

Mrs. D. Arseneau, River Hebert, N.S.

Mr. J. Lawlor, Enterprise, Ont.

Mrs. F. McInnis, Glace Bay, N.S.

Mr. Oscar Roche, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Thos. Lane, Peterboro.

Mrs. Charles S. Martin, Springhill, N.S.

Mrs. M. T. Stafford, Renfrew, Ont.

Mrs. E. Feeney, Marmoro, Ont.

Mr. Edmund Roche, Pictou, N.S.

## Apology

CHINA wishes to apologize to Monsignor R. V. MacKenzie, rector of St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, for inadvertently listing his name among our deceased friends. We are sincerely sorry for the embarrassment caused.

## Ordination Jubilees

The Most Rev. B. I. Webster, Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto, and the Most Rev. John C. Cody, Coadjutor Bishop of London, celebrated the 25th anniversary of their Ordination to the priesthood on May 26th. To each of these noted prelates CHINA extends heartiest congratulations and wishes them length of years in the service of God.

Others celebrating their 25th anniversary are:—

Rev. Gregory Kelly of Toronto, pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows parish; Rev. M. J. Brady, pastor of the Church of the Good Thief, Portsmouth, in the Kingston diocese;

Rev. J. G. Clancy, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Carleton Place, Kingston diocese. Most sincere congratulations to all.





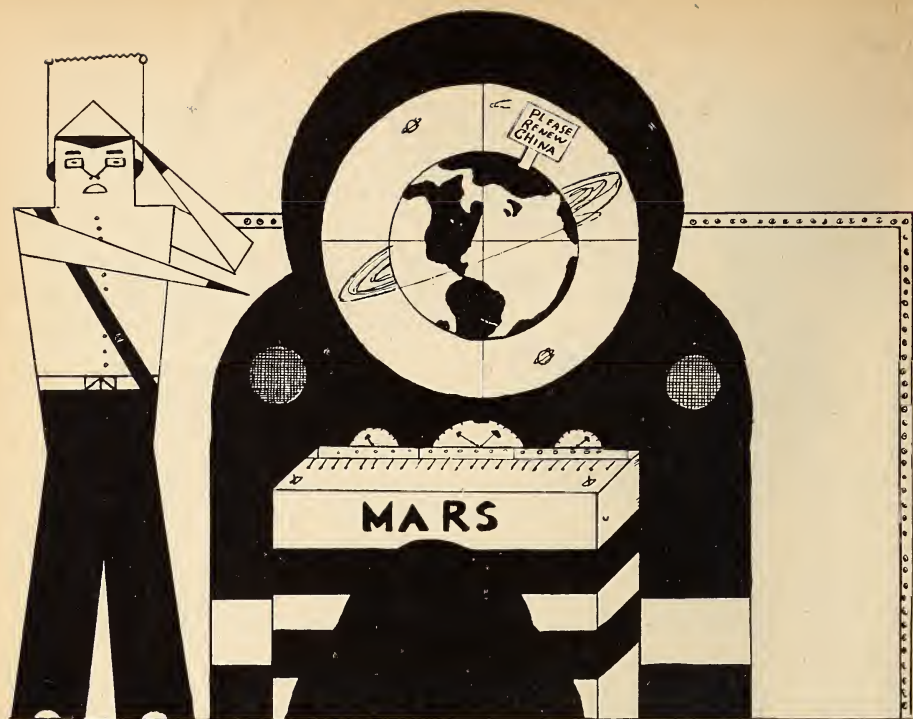
**MR. WONG**

*says*

A goose quill sent a thousand  
li, though small the gift, the  
motive prompting it was great.



This is the Chinese equivalent of our proverb: it's not the gift so much as the spirit behind the gift which determines its value. Thus does God reward our feeble efforts, but there is another angle to consider: a sufficient number of small gifts are the ordinary means of support for the mission work of this Society. In your charity, never forget your share in the spreading of the Faith.



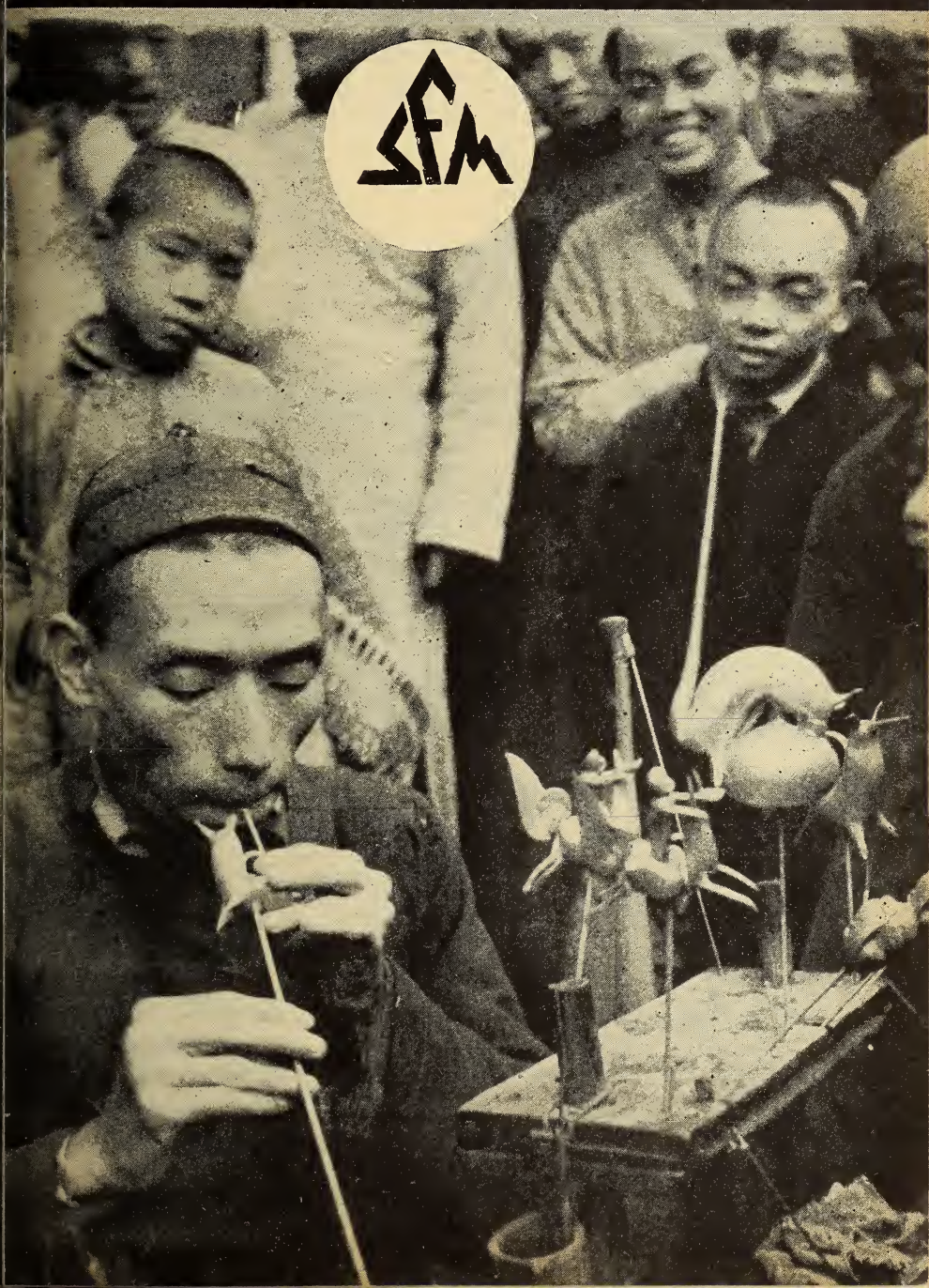
HAVE CONTACTED A STRANGE PLANET, SIR!



# C H I N A

boro Bluffs, Ontario

JULY AUGUST 1948





# MR. WONG

*says*

## Where carts have passed, tracks are left.

This ancient maxim is an admonition to follow a precedent. When difficulties threaten our missions, faint hearts counsel retreat. But this has never brought success; one must always press on. Although to some the outlook in China is bleak, strong faith never hesitates. Inflation and the threat of Communism are indeed spectres to be feared; they can also be overcome. With the help of God, the new diocese of Lishui will prosper and take its rightful place in the vineyard; precedent tells us the Church will win out.



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# Introducing the parish of Los Alcarrizos, R. D.

By  
LAWRENCE HART,  
S. F. M.



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**H**ERE is a little about our own parish here of Los Alcarrizos. The meaning of the name I have never been able to find out, any more than just that it is a proper name. The parish extends roughly fifty miles in length and about twenty-five in width and begins at the city limits. Fr. Chafe is the pastor and I the honorable assistant. In this territory there are now about fifteen chapels, in the many other campos that haven't chapels we say Mass in a house or in the open. The population of the parish is about 30,000, as far as we can find out. Parts of it are very mountainous and there are sections up in the hills where they have never had a visit from a priest. Thanks to the good Ladies of the Auxiliary we have a Chevrolet that makes it possible to visit most of these Missions.

In one of the campos we have the First Friday devotion going pretty well, last week there were 230 Communions on the First Friday. That may not sound like a very large number but for here it is. There are only about two churches right here in the

city that would have any more. All those Confessions have to be heard before Mass, because we always have a Mass to say here in our church of San Michel in the city before we go out to the Campo. This month I started the first Saturdays of Reparation and there was a good turnout, 135 Communions. Our Communions in the parish doubled last year over the previous year, and so far in 1948 I think there will be a big improvement also. The marriages have picked up considerably also but they are still the bug-bear to family life and without that it is pretty tough to hope for much. But it is improving at least. We have been getting the Children of Mary organized in as many of the Campos as possible, and hoping to use them as catechists and means of getting them praying the rosary and other devotions in the campos when the priest is not around. So far it is very encouraging. In many of the chapels they came every night during Lent to recite the rosary and night prayers, and that really means something. In one of our campos

Father Chafe has a credit union started and it is coming along very well. Tuesday nights he goes out for the meeting and I go to another campo the same night where I have a little night school started for the young fellows and the attendance is very good. I have a fellow there trying to teach them a bit of writing and arithmetic and of course also doctrine.

It would do your heart good to see the reception we get in some of our Campo visits. They really turn out and meet us on the road with flowers and singing hymns and walk back in procession to the Church. They appreciate the visit of the priests. Of course there are some places where the reception is a little cooler but little by little we see improvement in even the worst ones. In our worst one the Adventists are trying to get a church started and do manage to get a few to come around to listen to their singing and tambourine playing but I really don't think they will ever make much headway, and principally because they will have nothing to do with Our Blessed Lady, and every Dominican has an almost fanatical devotion to the Mother of God. In fact as I am sure you have often heard it said, I think it is their devotion to the Blessed Virgin that has kept the faith in this country.

Every day you are running into something that makes you sit back and think. It is remarkable how they know enough to get the priest if it is at all possible when some one is dying and they sure seem to be able to pick it right, because I only know of one that I have anointed that didn't die after receiving the Last Sacraments. Last Friday I had an interesting sick-call. There was a woman in for Mass and she told me that her daughter had T.B. very badly and would like to go to Confession and Communion before dying. I went out to see her and found her in a little thatched hut all

by herself. She was a young woman who had taken care of her husband who had died of the same thing just a few months ago. After she had received the Sacraments I never saw anyone more conformed to the will of God. She was ready for anything. I gave her a little rosary and a holy picture and tears of joy came to the poor soul's eyes. She said that she was very happy and you could tell that she was completely resigned to the will of God whatever it might be for her.

In another campo not so very long ago, I was out saying Mass and after I had finished, the catechist came to me saying that there were a few sick people who would like to see me. They found me a horse and off we started; after two hours of up and down hill and through rivers we arrived at a lonely little shack a good distance away from the nearest neighbor. I entered and found two old people in beds made of palm-leaves. They were very happy to see me and said that they hadn't seen a priest for over twenty years. The woman had been in bed there for ten years unable to get up. Her husband had abandoned her years ago and had just come back a few months ago when he was very sick, and here were

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## C H I N A

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**Vol. XXIX**

**No. 7**





Religious gathering for procession on feast of patron Saint.

the two of them just ready to die. They lived alone in the house but a neighbor woman used to come down every day to give them something to eat. I mention here that the charity you often find amongst these poor people is remarkable. They are kind and patient with the sick and no matter how poor they are they will always help. Anyway I heard the Confession of these two old people and anointed them, and they were very happy and grateful, that I had come so far to see them, they said that they would ask God to bless me and I am sure they have because I heard later that they had both died within a week after my visit.

Last Sunday I was in a campo for Mass, and they told me that there was a woman very sick also with T.B. and that she didn't want to see the priest and that the Adventists had visited her. After Mass was over I thought I would try my luck and see if she would let me in. I went over very nonchalantly and pretended that I knew nothing about her not wanting to see the priest. I shouted a greeting as I came along and walked right into a shack where

she was. She didn't answer at first nor did she turn her head towards me, so I leaned over the bed and told her who I was and asked how she was; she didn't answer a word but I could see two big tears coming down her cheeks. When I saw this I knew the going would be easy, so after talking to her for a few moments she said she would like to make her peace with God. She had never been to Confession in her life, which is not uncommon here, but she had been baptised and was a Catholic. I later discovered that the poor soul couldn't turn over off her side with the terrible pain she had, and that she had been lying that way for two months. I took off my crucifix and hung it on the wall by her bed where she could see it and she made a good confession and was anointed. She also was happy and grateful that I had come. Her old mother was looking on all the time but hadn't said anything. When I was finished I spoke to her and I noticed that she had been crying. She was in the same condition as her daughter spiritually and was ready to get fixed up too.

Last Sunday we were to a campo fifty miles from the city, that was of course after we had said a Mass here in the city. The Archbishop came along for Confirmation and confirmed *over six hundred*, not a bad number for a campo, eh, but that is nothing for him, last year in one campo he Confirmed 3648 people in one day. I imagine that is a record. Well anyway in this campo where we went there is no chapel, so I managed to get hold of a big table and set it up under a tree. Well the people started to come and I thought they would never stop, there were at least a thousand of them. We heard Confessions till 11.30 and then I stopped to say Mass. During Mass Father Chafe explained the ceremony to the people, and as there was no place for him to get where all could see him, he climbed up on the end of this large table where I was saying Mass. It was rather distracting to say the least but that wasn't the worst; over

my head in the tree there was a big black fellow who had a bird's-eye view of everything, and every time I would raise up my eyes to heaven this big black face was staring down at me. But I think the poor fellow learned something about the Mass and I am sure the good Lord would be patient with such distractions. After Mass I had forty-two Baptisms while Father Chafe was helping with the 600 Confirmations. So we got back to the city that night at six o'clock ready for a good hearty breakfast. There had been too much to do that day to think about trying to get something to eat, because the poor people had walked for miles in order to hear Mass and most of them were fasting too, and had long ways to go to get back to their homes before dark. So you see sometimes it is handy to be a little on the fat side and have a surplus to work on; of course we did have the odd cup of coffee.

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## Lanchi Gold Star Mother

By HAROLD MURPHY, S. F. M.

It is seven o'clock in the morning and the priest is leaving the sacristy on the way to his breakfast. A little old lady hobbles up to him on her tiny bound feet and says,

"Oh, Spiritual Father, I saw my son again this morning. He was in the Church at Mass, saying the rosary. I saw him as clearly as I am now seeing you! Really and truly!"

"Now, isn't that just wonderful!", says the priest. "He must have been saying those prayers for his good old mother!"

"Yes," the old lady mutters, her eyes blinking with tears. "He is a wonderful son. The best son in the world. The best son in the world".

And she hobbles away.

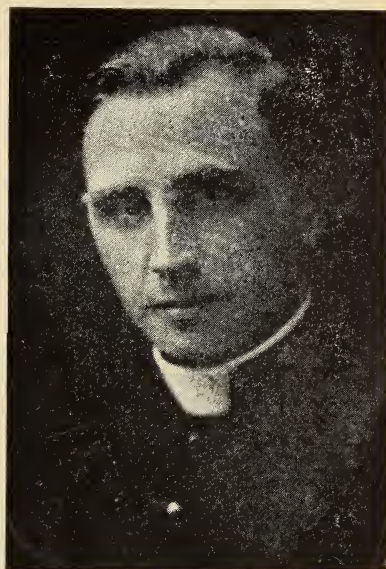
"Oh, well," says the priest to himself as he hurries on to his room. "I suppose I really shouldn't keep on humoring her like this. But I hate to disillusion her. She will be happy all day now and the Good Lord knows she hasn't very much to be happy about. It doesn't seem to matter to her that her only son was killed in the war six years ago last summer!"



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# Jade Lake News

By  
CRAIG STRANG  
S. F. M.



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## When Favourable Circumstances Conspire

A nation which always held education in the highest regard and reverence, but has been highly illiterate through the centuries, and which thinks as much of "face" as India does of caste, is easily satisfied by covering ugliness and dirt with pretty names, and then believe the place or thing as pretty as the name. How else could this little market town get such a complimentary and poetic name as PIHU. The character "pi" means jade, and in its formation denotes that beautiful translucent green of the precious stone found in the north of nation; "Hu" is the poetical name for lake, with all the poetical connotation of skies and trees reflected in calm waters.

This market town is copiously spotted with stagnant pools whose only outlets are supplied when they

overflow their boundaries into streets and drains in high water time. The people wash everything in these pools, furniture, clothes, farming and cooking utensils, vegetables and rice, besides using them for dumping garbage. Any respectable slum elsewhere would be ashamed of them. Yet once or twice a year, favourable circumstances, such as after certain showers, or during certain sunsets, conspire to infuse into these filthy pools a lucid pale green that defies description and immediately recalls to mind that beautiful stone, and it apparently inspired one of the ancient educated ancestors to call the place "Pi Hu", or "Jade lake (s)". And lakes of jade they are to the inhabitants, no matter what the season or current appearance. By any other name, it would not be so nice.

## Coolies With Oxford Accents

"How has the war changed Jade Lake? It is a question asked by all



who saw the changes wrought in it during the war. In fact, if the war was to have any good effect upon China, many claimed that the most far reaching ones would be unification of language (mandarin), standardization of government, better transportation and communications, elevation of the standard of living and of education in the hundreds of inland cities, towns and villages.

They had some reason for this hope. During the six years of war, high government and military officers established headquarters in dozens of towns and villages that before saw no visitors from outside, save missionaries. And with them came war workers erecting factories and light plants in places that never used a bit of steel before, and where oil lamps were still a luxury. In their train came millions of evacuees from the great seaports and capitals of occupied provinces, and not all of them were poor, uneducated or destitute. Students in high schools and universities trekked in from big centres of learning and their teachers came with them, starting classes again in temples and ancestor halls, and any other buildings not given over to war work.

### No Bed at Sunset

And so in winding streets of thousands of villages hitherto unknown to anyone save themselves, there sprang up "little Shanghais and Nan-

kins and Hankows and Cantons". Up went officers' quarters, often wired for electricity, factories sprang up in valleys or on river banks, houses were renovated, and cleaned—a big change indeed. There were even theatres for plays, concerts and even movies—all equally new and strange to the local inhabitants.

Pihu was no exception. Its population was swollen a hundred times over, its streets congested, its houses crowded. Pigs, hens and other live stock were no longer allowed on the streets and so had to remain cooped up in the houses and bed rooms of the already crowded houses. People no longer went to bed at sunset, and even the new custom of "just taking a stroll" was becoming popular. Because the visitors did not attempt to speak or understand the local dialect (only the Catholic missionaries would do that), the local people tried to speak the outside and quasi-educated dialect—picture a coolie trying to speak with a pronounced Oxford accent or ineptly using Shakespearean quotations, and you have an idea of the incongruity. And streets are widened, especially those sections destroyed by bombs. Glass panes were put in store windows (in spite of the danger of getting them shattered by bombs), and foreign commodities appeared behind many of them.







Pihu needs kindergartens and many more schools. It should also have creches to care for little orphans.

### Subsiding Ripples

But after V.J. Day, the Generals and the Officials, and the big city dwellers and the students and many (though not all) of the refugees returned to their outside homes. Did the war time changes go with them? Amongst the teeming millions of the interior was there many permanent changes in their lives to show for the forced visits of the few million from outside? The answer would seem to be: Not so much as you would notice.

You would not notice, for example, any new buildings, nor smart stores, nor yet any of the streets and lanes

clear of the domestic animals. You could not hear the least betrayal of an acquired accent in the speech of the people, strain your ears as you may, but rather only the old jargon of days before the war—the unwritable gibberish which was a stumbling block to outside Chinese but at which most of the missionaries are more proficient. Forgotten too, are nearly all the innovations acquired during those hectic days—the theatres and schools are once more the apparently neglected ancestral halls and temples—even temporary chapels erected for the converted refugees lie vacant and desolate.



The ripples caused in Jade Lake by World War II were no bigger than those of a storm, so too, both on the surface and at bottom, Jade Lake shows no signs of those tempestuous years.

## RELIGION

### Supper and Heaven Too

Are catechumens who eat mission rice "Rice Christians" in the making? The obvious answer is: If they come to the instruction class for their rice, then they certainly are; and if the catch is: How do we know whether they are coming for the sake of rice or for the sake of instruction? Or is there a compromising answer: that they are coming for rice *AND* for instruction. Probably that answer is nearest the truth. Certainly they are not yet advanced enough in Catholic Doctrine to have really pure motives, i.e. exclusively for God's glory, for they are just beginning to know about Him; or even to save their own souls, for they are only learning how to do that.

### Is This Step Necessary?

There is certainly no doubt that it was the baser motive of bodily assistance that attracted them in the first place. In the mission they may have been cured of a sickness or, when in dire need, received an alms in the form of money, clothing or food. It seems that reason by itself (just merely hearing that there is a God Who cares for them) does not make much impression on most; it is like saying that there is some very good fellow up in the Arctic regions who would like to do something for you, so you must love him very much. Practically all who give any thought to the Church see that it is a good thing; to convince them of the necessity of entering it is very hard to do without some inducement. But when they see that the Priests and Sisters really care for them body *AND* soul

(rice *AND* instruction) many are willing to renounce their familiar idols, stop adoring their ancestors and learn the (hitherto) strange way of adoring God.

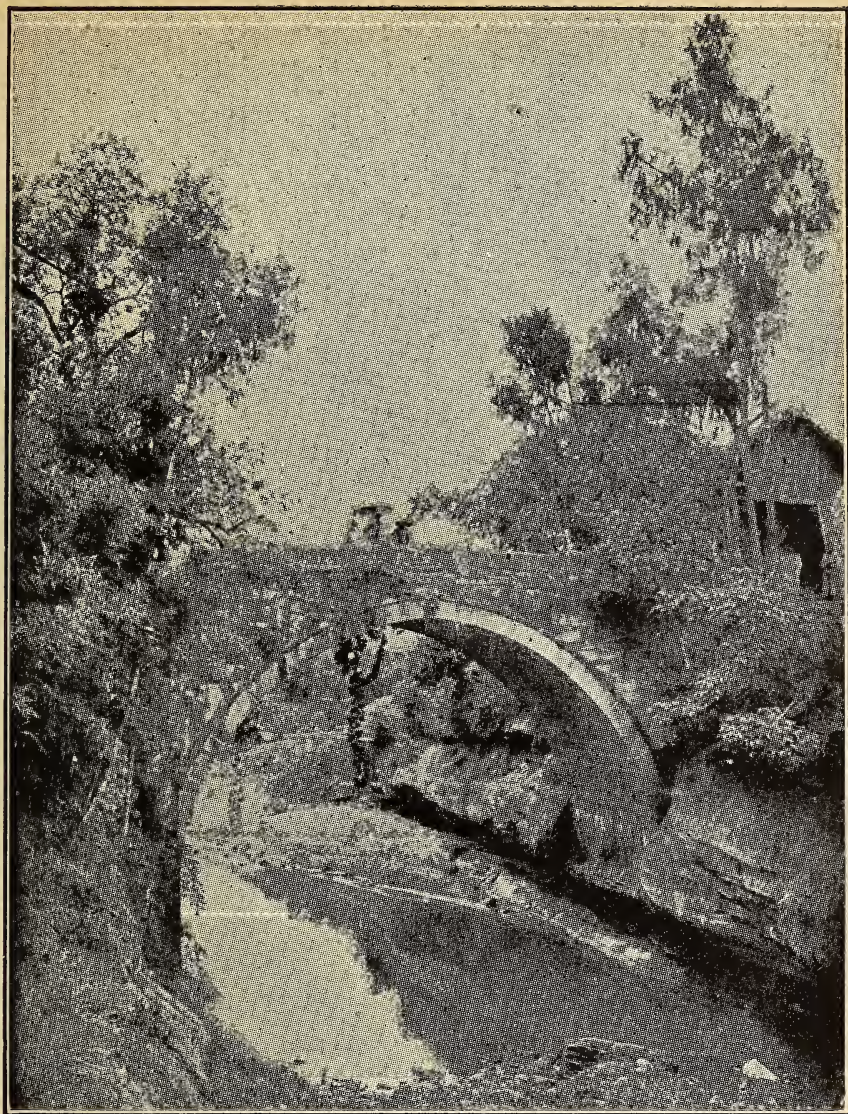
### Doctrine Is So Formidable

One of the first notions that missionaries have to dispel is that adoring God is not the same as the loose system they have of adoring Buddha or any other of the idols. It is something more than coming to kneel, stand and sit with other adorers. Then they hear the really formidable word: "doctrine" and the mystic word "prayer". A stumbling block indeed to those who cannot read, or even remember coherently. Then, having convinced them that they must study doctrine and recite prayers, the missionary's next job is to see that they do it. Ordinarily they get about an hour and a half's instruction before Mass every Sunday; but Sundays are so far away, and there are so many other things to think about during the week, that progress in this manner is tedious and discouraging. Is it wrong therefore, to entice them to attend daily series of instructions by giving them a meal a day while they are learning?

### Our Experiment

In some places missionaries house and feed the catechumens all day for the forty days of the formal catechumenate. Here in Jade Lakes, those who became catechumens last year were asked to come to the mission every afternoon in Lent for two and a half hours instruction and recitation of the Rosary, and after rosary, they could have supper and go home. About forty attended and there are well over forty more for a subsequent series. It is the first time in Jade Lakes that the catechumenate has been conducted in this manner, and so it was somewhat in the nature of an experiment. For that reason it was decided not to use mission funds, and Father





### DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Clement, also of Jade Lakes, donated the cost—about fifty dollars, probably a little more, for crockery and cooking utensils had to be bought. And so, every evening some forty to whom the gate of heaven is being opened gobbled up their rice, and, we hope, absorbed doctrine with equal avidity. During Holy Week they were examined, thirty-two of

them were ready for baptism on Easter Saturday morning and received Communion at the Mass. From now on they must come without any more enticement other than medicine for them when they are sick and maybe some alms now and then when they are destitute, and that, we believe is not enough to give them the stigma of "rice Christian".





## Rose of Lima

A SOUTH  
AMERICAN  
SAINT

“TO the average North American it would prove to be a revelation, for in our continent few have any notion of the intellectual activity that was pulsating in South America at a time when our part of the Western Hemisphere was producing practically nothing.”

This very true statement was made by Edwin Ryan, D.D., in his book on the South American Republics, where he treats of education in colonial days.

A similar statement could just as truthfully be made in regard to sanctity in the Land of the Southern Cross during the early period of its long history. To read about the deplorable lack of priests, the ignorance of the Faithful, the indifference of the educated classes and the consequent sad state of the Church in modern Latin America, one would never suspect that it once served as fertile soil for flowering sanctity.

St. Rose of Lima was the first

American to be raised to the honors of the Altar but she is not an isolated example of outstanding holiness which found birth in the dying years of the 16th. century and maturity in the youthful years of the 17th.

Within the very confines of the Peruvian Capital we find others. There was St. Toribio de Mogrovejo, the second Archbishop of Lima who died in 1606. Another was St. Francis Solano who, after many years of missionary work among the Indians, retired to Lima where he passed away in the year 1610.

Blessed Martin de Porres, a Negro who is to-day honored as the Patron of Social Justice, was born and brought up in the ancient city. He and St. Rose were baptised in the same church of San Sebastian within seven years. His friend and fellow-champion against social evils, John Masias, is also named among the Blessed.

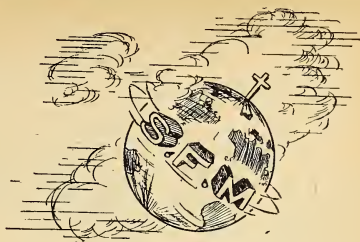


Two other great Saints of this period worked on the vast Southern continent. They were Peter Claver, "the Slave of the Slaves", and Luis Beltran who converted thousands of Indians in Panama and along the northern coast of Colombia.

It is evident that we cannot treat all these Heroes of Christ in one short article. Since St. Rose is the first-born of the Western World's canonized saints and also the Patroness of all Latin America, we will confine our remarks, for the present, to her.

The complete name given to her at Baptism was Isabel Flores y Oliva. Her popular name, Rose of Lima, is due to the fact that as an infant her face had been seen transformed by a mystical rose and also to the fact that she had been born on the banks of a river called Rimac, a corruption of which word gave the name Lima to the oldest city on the west coast of South America. This latter name, of course, was given by the inhabitants of the city who were proud of their saintly fellow-citizen. Her own choice was to be called Rose of St. Mary.

As her model of spirituality, she chose one of the world's most remarkable figures, Catherine of Siena, who in turn had sought to imitate the early saints as depicted in the chronicles of their lives. About the only difference between the accounts of their early spiritual experiences is the incident of place. Otherwise, it can be said that both Rose and Catherine gave themselves up to retirement from the world, severe penances and long hours of intense

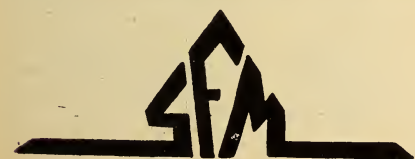


prayer. Both made heroic efforts to imitate our Divine Saviour and like Him both died in their early thirties.

Most accounts of St. Rose concentrate upon her awe-inspiring penances and life of prayer. In order to avoid a purely plaster of Paris article let us mention a few points which depict her as a real human being.

Believe it or not, as a child, she actually played with her little brother, Ferdinand. One of their favorite games was to see who could throw flower petals the highest. What a wonderful thing it would be if modern children were so easily amused! Like their elders they are always seeking some out-of-the-ordinary amusement. On one occasion, Rose's game did take on this aspect. Upon throwing her petals into the air they remained there forming a sort of cross above her. Let us be content with throwing our every effort towards heaven. They will eventually form a crown of eternal glory.

Like most girls of to-day, Rose received an excellent education. She was also very beautiful but did not let this fact interfere with her studies as do so many in this THE age of educational opportunities. She definitely did not belong to the "beautiful-but-dumb" type. Many a young man, attracted by her beauty, sought her as his bride. However, having made a vow of virginity, she was determined to live for Christ and for Him alone. During ten long years she was tormented with violent temp-





tations against her purity, faith and constancy without yielding. To curb her vanity, she cut off her long, flowing hair, wore coarse clothing, roughened her hands, etc. Our teen-agers cannot be expected to imitate Rose to such an extent but they certainly should go part way by at least avoiding the opposite extreme.

One of her favorite pastimes was to write poetry and in the solitude of her garden she would sing the verses to the accompaniment of her guitar.

It is true that her penances were extreme. For instance, she constantly wore a metal spiked crown, hidden beneath roses, and an iron chain encircled her waist. However, what perhaps served more than these to advance her in the love of God was her exact obedience to her parents, her faithful application to studies and finally her devotion to domestic duties, especially to that of needlework. On these points she is no impossible, plaster saint. On these points she can and should be imitated.

In the year 1610, at the age of twenty, Rose received the habit of the Dominican Third Order. On this point also many young women should take their lead from her. Thousands of Sisters are needed in every part of the world. Perhaps no place has greater need than the very continent which hails our Saint as its Patroness.

Another "first-citizen" Saint did more than her share to satisfy this need. It was Mother Cabrini, the

first citizen-saint of the United States and Foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Mother Cabrini had made a vow to receive Holy Communion in Lima's church of Santo Domingo which is associated with St. Rose in a very special way. The good Mother was not very edified with what she saw for, as Theodore Maynard writes: "St. Rose was somewhat gruesomely distributed in bits over that church and another. In one of the chapels was the crucifix the Saint had used, and on each side of its altar was one of her arms."

The United States' Saint was not very favorably impressed with Latin American piety nor its revolutionaries of whom she said: "their customs and manners are those of the aboriginal Indians." However, unlike most of us, Mother Cabrini, upon seeing the sad plight of the Church in that part of the world, did something about it. She sent Sisters to work among these people.

You may be sure that both Saints, Rose and Francesca, are praying for the revival of the Church in South America. But without VOCATIONS to the Priesthood, Sisterhood and Brotherhood little can be done. A vocation depends upon your cooperation. If sufficient number heed the call to personal love of God and to missionary work in foreign lands then South America will once again become fertile soil for flowering sanctity as it was in the days of St. Rose of Lima.







Down in a rural Georgia court a jury was being selected. One man, a rather surly farmer, was claiming exemption, but seemed very reluctant to state the grounds for his claim. At last, when pressed, he blurted out:

"Well, your honor, the truth is I have the itch."

"Clerk," was the judge's instant demand, "scratch him off, scratch him off!"



The express pulled up with such suddenness that the passengers were hurled in a heap on the floor. Quickly the guard came along to reassure them. "Somebody pulled the communication cord and the brakes acted too quickly. The last coach has left the rails. There will be a delay of three hours."

"Three hours!" cried a young man. "I'm to be married this afternoon."

"Are you the fellow who pulled the cord?" asked the guard, suspiciously.



"Grace," said her father from the head of the stairs, "is that sweetheart of yours an auctioneer?"

"No, father, why?"

"Because he keeps on saying he's going—going, but he hasn't gone yet."



One Negro was worrying about the chance of his being drafted for the army. The other consoled him.

"There's two things that can happen boy. You is either drafted or you ain't drafted. If you ain't you can forget it; if you is, you still got two chances. You may be sent to the front and you may not. If you go to the front you still got two chances, you may get shot and you may not. If you get shot, you still have two chances, you may die and you may not! And if you die, you still has two chances."



Two navvies were having a meal at an eating house. One of them had been hacking away at a steak for quite a time, but without much success. Turning to his mate he said in a loud voice: "'Tain't the food wot does yer good 'ere, Alf; it's the blinkin' exercise!"



"Allow me to present my husband to you."

"No thanks, I have one of my own."



# Unity,

*as a Mark  
of the true  
Church*

(An M. E. B. article)

(The Mission Education Bureau, run by our students at Scarboro, contributes this essay illustrating the co-ordination of effort within the Church.)

**B**ACK in the days when Knute Rockne was coaching Notre Dame, a newsman once sought from him the key to the great success which the "Fighting Irish" were enjoying on the gridiron. The answer was to this effect "It's not the plays we make; it's the way we make the plays". With this terse reply, Rockne summed up one of the essential elements required for any successful football team, namely the co-operation in every play, of each player on the team. For whenever a brilliant play is "pulled off", the eye of the football expert discerns not only the tricky running of the ball carrier, but also the clever thinking of the quarter-back, the split-second precision and deadly blocking of the linemen which made the play pos-

sible. It all adds up to the one word:—co-ordination. No team can be great without it.

In some aspects, the Church resembles a football team. Though comprised of many individuals of varying personal qualities, she works towards one goal, the spreading of God's teaching, and the sanctification of her members. To achieve this common purpose, a multitude of tasks, widely different in nature from one another must be performed. In the Church, this co-ordination is called Unity—one of the four marks or characteristics of the Church.

From the Scripture we learn that Christ desired and intended that His Church should be One in government, faith and worship. His reference not to the "the churches" or



"the sheepfolds", but to "a church" and "a sheepfold" make it clear that Christ intended unity of government. Evidence for the unity of faith can be gathered from the words of St. Paul, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism", (Eph IV 5) "With one mind and one mouth", are the Romans urged to glorify God by the great Apostle. (Rom XV, 6) Unity of worship naturally follows from unity of faith and government.

So, let us agree that the Church possesses this unity. We mentioned a "variety of tasks" in the Church; let's concentrate on one very important aspect of the Church's efforts,

namely the Missions. (Pope Pius XI declared that the Church had "no other reason" for existence, than missionary activity.) Just what part does the missionary play?

Well, the missionary can be compared to some of those football "blockers" of which we spoke. It is his job to go out and, with God's grace, clear away the false ideas and prejudices from the hearts of pagans, so that God's light and truth can enter in. It's a noble task, but not an easy one. Will you give him a hand? The best thing you can give, after yourself, are your prayers. How about it?





## VOCATION

V is for the Viaticum you will carry to the sick;  
O is for the Offering you make each morning at the altar;  
C is for the Converts you will win for Christ;  
A is for the Absolution you give to sinners;  
T is for the Tabernacle wherein dwells your God;  
I is for the Ignorance you will destroy;  
O is for the Oils you use in Extreme Unction;  
N is for the Name of Christ your King.

Put them all together, they spell VOCATION, and they tell of the work that you can do as a missionary priest. Have you ever thought you might have a Vocation? Think it over now. The Novitiate opens in September, and if you have the qualifications of health, education and intention to devote yourself to work for Christ, write to us for further information.



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*Our Lady of  
Fatima, the  
Pilgrim Virgin,  
continues her  
American Tour.*

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AMERICA'S "Pilgrim Virgin" continues its truly spectacular tour of the United States, and in city after city, town after town, the story is always the same—thousands upon thousands of people filling church after church in remarkable demonstrations of love for the Mother of God.

### **Texas City Remembers**

April 16, 1948, dawned clear, sunny, and cool in Texas City, Texas. It was such a day on which one might rejoice at being alive. Yet, the two thousand men, women and children who filled St. Mary's Church that morning, as well as thousands of other residents throughout the city, dreaded this day above all others. To them it was a day filled with sadness and horrible memories—a day that could not end soon enough for them.

Exactly a year ago, on just such a day, it had happened. All too well the people remembered; the ship burning in the harbor; the thousands of curious who had gathered at the waterfront; the explosion at approximately 9.12 a.m. when the ship disintegrated with a roar that could be heard and felt more than 200 miles away; the hundreds of bodies,

mingled with the debris of ships and buildings, all hurtling through the air; the factories and homes blown completely away, or leveled to the ground; the firemen, curiosity-seekers, equipment, automobiles, and homes washed into the harbor by the resultant tidal wave; the stunned people by the thousands, covered with oil and grime so that it was impossible to tell white from black, wandering about aimlessly, with dazed and blank expressions on their faces, and no control whatsoever of their faculties; the heart-rending wail of little children, many with their eardrums ruptured; the frightened dogs, running in packs as fast as they could to the North to get away from the danger; the deathly stillness that fell over the city as rescue operations began and continued into the night, only to be interrupted at 1.00 a.m. by another blast that claimed more lives and injured more people; and the sickening despair and panic that followed.

They remembered too, the pastor of their church, Rev. William Roach, who had a premonition of his death, and had spoken five times from the pulpit of it and the impending disaster for Texas City; the beautiful young Mexican girl who had just

finished talking by phone with her sweetheart about final wedding plans—and was buried in her new wedding dress; the many priests and sisters, as well as other organizations, including the Army and Navy and Red Cross and Salvation Army, who had come to offer their assistance; and more than anything they remembered the countless prayers upon prayers to God—to the Mother of God—asking Her to mend their bleeding and broken hearts.

Yes, though Texas City had practically “risen from the dead” and was now mostly rebuilt, the people in the church remembered, and were gathered to commemorate the more than 500 dead. Now, as then, they wondered and asked, “Why did it happen to Texas City?” Was Texas City such a wicked city that God in His just anger had almost wiped it off the face of the earth? Or had He merely chosen Texas City as a warning to the rest of the world, and to the people of this country particularly, that they should mend their lives and give up sin, just as He has sent a Second World War, but to no avail?

Four days earlier the people of Texas City had welcomed a beautiful image of the Queen of Heaven, called the “Pilgrim Virgin”. The papers had reported nearly 5000 participated in the opening procession and cere-

mony. In the following days the total swelled to nearly 12,000 of those who had come to St. Mary’s Church to honor Our Lady of Fatima and pray for the conversion of Russia and world peace.

Now it was April 16, 1948, and the hour was approaching 9.00 a.m. In the church the new pastor, Rev. John Lane, gave the signal to begin the ceremonies honoring the dead. Bishop Christopher E. Byrne of Galveston presided, as newly consecrated Bishop Louis J. Reicher (of the recently formed diocese of Austin, Texas) officiated at his first Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass. More than 35 priests from neighboring cities and towns had come to participate in the services. Joined with them were the 2000 people who prayed fervently for personal peace before this beautiful image of Our Lady of Fatima which had come from half-way around the world.

Among the people present were many many mothers bearing infants on their arms, because the little tots would never know a father. There were the poor Mexican peasant women who had lived close to where the blast and fires had caused the greatest damage, and as a result, they had lost both husband and children—one woman her husband and 11 children. There were the wives who could never be sure of their husband’s death since no trace had ever been found of their bodies. There were the relatives of the 63 persons buried in a special plot, because to this day they remain unidentified.

As these mothers, and wives, and relatives gazed into the face of the “Pilgrim Virgin” with its sad and wistful smile, they seemed to understand why Our Lady’s famous statue was with them on this most important day. They remembered how this merciful Mother had also suffered a broken heart when Her Divine Son was crucified without cause, and there was no one to console Her.





Now She had come to console them, and the very expression of Her eyes seemed to say: "I understand." So 9.12 came and passed—and with it went their fears. As these people prayed their thanks to the loving Mother of God for Her visit to their city on this day, the spirit of peace seemed to come over them—a wonderful, consoling peace from Heaven that alone can mend a broken heart.

### "Mary's Day" A Great Triumph

Undoubtedly, the greatest single demonstration honoring the "Pilgrim Virgin" took place at Houston, Texas, on May 1st—"Mary's Day". As early as 4.00 a.m. all roads led to St. Thomas High School Stadium, where at 6.00 a.m. Bishop Wendelin J. Nold, Coadjutor of Galveston, together with 52 priests, were to offer Mass simultaneously in honor of Our Lady of Fatima—for the conversion of Russia, and world peace. Headlights breaking the darkness showed a steady stream of humanity—traveling by bus, car and on foot—converging on the stadium. Long before the sun was in the sky all available seats were occupied, and the overflow crowd gathered in roped-off areas of the field.

Mr. Sigman Byrd, a convert to the Catholic Faith, and a reporter for one of the Houston's newspapers, describes best of all the remarkable events that took place that morning. His account follows.

"May, the month of the Blessed Virgin, dawned most solemnly in Houston, today. Sunrise found some 15,000 Catholics kneeling at the foot of the 'Pilgrim Virgin' of Fatima in the St. Thomas High School Stadium, where the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered simultaneously at 53 altars—one for each Hail Mary of the Rosary. The historic field Mass, unique in the annals of the Church in America, was made significant from a secular standpoint by its celebration on Monday. For May 1st is observed by Communists as the



anniversary of their revolution in Russia. So, today, when tanks rumbled through Moscow's Red Square, and Communists demonstrated elsewhere throughout the world, Houston Catholics offered pub-



lic reparation for the sacrileges of Soviet soldiers in Europe and Asia, and petitioned Heaven for the conversion of Russia and peace.

And thus on the first Saturday of May were recalled the promises of Our Lady of Fatima to three shepherd children who were instructed to promote the devotion of the Five First Saturdays.

At 5.45 just before the sun climbed through the tall trees of the field, Rev. J. D. Connolly began leading the Rosary. From pockets and purses came strings of beads as the crowd took up the chorus of prayer. A procession of Alhambra members, Knights of Columbus, and Holy Name men marched into the field, the white golden-crowned statue of the Blessed Virgin borne high in their ranks. The image was placed on the central altar, and the Mass began.

It was fitting indeed that on this day, when the Church is being persecuted by the Reds in so many parts of the world, and thousands of new martyrs are being crowned under the

red sickle each day, that the vestments for the Mass were brilliant red—commemorating the feast of Sts. Philip and James, Martyrs.

Trumpets were sounded briefly at the moments Bishop Nold raised the Host and Chalice, as thousands knelt in the grass of the gridiron and in the stands. Led by some 500 nuns from various communities, 7000 came to the altars, careless of nylons and creases, to receive Holy Communion—accepting the peace for which they had prayed. With clasped hands they came in seemingly endless files toward the altars which spread from the shadows of the goal-posts into a great arc around one end of the field.

All of the priests celebrating the Mass were from the Galveston Diocese. Each brought his own vestments and altar supplies. Many who were from distant towns had started traveling at 3.00 in the morning to arrive in time for the services.

After the Mass, Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath, P.A., of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Toronto, Canada, who has been traveling with the "Pilgrim Virgin" from the beginning of its tours last October, addressed the great crowd. He likened the demonstration to "a miniature Fatima" (where at the special Anniversary Masses 90 priests have had to spend 10 hours and more distributing Holy Communion). Referring to the promises made by Our Lady of Fatima that if Her requests were heard, Russia would be converted and there would be world

**SFM**



peace, Monsignor McGrath told those assembled: 'You have made a great sacrifice in coming here early this morning to dedicate this day to Mary, and to pray for the conversion of Russia and peace. You have come here because you have hope—and you have hope because you are willing to accept the Mother of God at Her word.'

That there have been lasting spiritual results from the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" can be seen from the reports of great crowds attending First Saturday devotions which have been started in many churches where the statue has been. As one priest in a Southern Louisiana city expressed it: We are going to have to hear Confessions on Friday afternoons before First Saturdays to take care of all those wanting to receive Holy Communion." At another place the church has been so jammed for these devotions that it has been impossible to provide sufficient room for all those wanting to attend. In both places more than two months have elapsed since the visit of the statue.

Probably one of the greatest fruits of the pilgrimage is the interest and respect of non-Catholics. At Lake Charles, Louisiana, one priest has 10 converts taking instructions—all directly attributed to the visit of the "Pilgrim Virgin" there, last March.

Although there have been some ministers who have attacked the pilgrimage, accusing the Catholics of adoring statues and worshiping idols, the vast majority of Protestants everywhere have shown nothing but the greatest respect and curiosity for the pilgrimage and the message of Fatima. Everywhere they have joined with Catholics in venerating the statue. At Houston, many asked the pastor if it were permissible for them to touch the beautiful image. Though they failed to genuflect as they passed the Blessed Sacrament, in great numbers they came to hear the sermons, and afterwards to touch



their religious articles, or their hand to the feet, as they offered a prayer in front of this little wooden statue which is causing such great excitement throughout the United States.

At one hospital, a Jewish doctor, who was everything but what he should be, stood in silent prayer and respect for several minutes in front of the statue. As he later explained to the sisters, "It just does something to you." A Mason who had also paused for the same purpose, voluntarily expressed himself, "I felt chills up my spine, and goose pimples all over."

In another hospital, one of the nurses had a souvenir leaflet, given away wherever the "Pilgrim Virgin" visits. Crowded around her were eight non-Catholic patients, all asking her to explain the story of Fatima. In other hospitals and places where leaflets have been left for the public to take—such as the postoffice at Port Arthur—they have been "grabbed up" in no time at all. People who have stood by to watch, report that most of those taking the leaflets have been non-Catholics.

Probably the most priceless example is the incident that occurred at Port Arthur, Texas. When the announcement of the statue's arrival appeared in the local newspapers, a Baptist minister told his congregation: "The Catholics are bringing in



a statue. They do not adore idols or statues. They really have something worthwhile, and I would suggest that as many of you as possible attend the procession and services to learn what this is all about—this story of Fatima." Many did attend, and as the pilgrimage left a few days later, one of the Baptists had already applied for instructions in the Catholic Faith. From these incidents it is evident there is a very genuine desire on the part of many non-Catholics to learn about the message of Fatima, and how it affects their lives. As your contribution to world peace you might obtain a good book on Fatima, or some of the many excellent leaflets available to distribute to your non-Catholic friends—or to have on hand that you might be able to answer their questions.

Yes, Our Lady through the "Pilgrim Virgin" is literally searching for people who will cooperate with Her in bringing peace to the world. It was exactly 31 years ago this month, on July 13, 1917, that the Mother of God appeared in Her third apparition at Fatima, Portugal, and gave to the world through three little shepherd children this message:

"If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace.

"If not, then precisely in the next pontificate, a new and more terrible war will begin; whole nations will be destroyed; the faithful will become martyrs; the Holy Father will

have much to suffer; and atheist Russia will spread its errors *throughout the world*, promoting wars and persecutions of the Church."

From this it can be seen that the Mother of God has left the peace of the world, not in the hands of the statesmen, politicians, generals, etc., but up to you and me. Our Lady does not ask much of us—only those things we ought to do. She requests:

- 1—Sacrifice (Fulfillment of daily duty) in reparation for our sins and the sins of the world.
- 2—Five decades of the Rosary said daily — especially the family Rosary.
- 3—Consecration to Her Immaculate Heart. Dedicating your life to Mary that through you She may save the souls of sinners who might not otherwise be saved.
- 4—Devotion of the Five First Saturdays. This consists of Confession, Holy Communion, five decades of the Rosary, and meditating for a quarter of an hour on the mysteries of the Rosary on the first Saturday of five consecutive months.

In return for the little She asks, the Queen of Heaven promises that cherished but elusive peace which all the world seeks—plus eternal salvation for ourselves.

Are you interested enough to do something about it?







# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Have you heard the story about Echo? She was a beautiful nymph. A nymph is something like a fairy. Echo had a beautiful voice and was very proud of it. This was all very well until one day she got into trouble with the Queen!

Juno was the Queen of fairyland. She was very powerful and by her magic could do almost anything. Well Juno became very angry with Echo and decided to make her suffer.

—“You may keep your sweet voice, she said, but everything else I shall take away from you. And besides, you shall never speak first but only after hearing others speak to you.”

Oh my! What a punishment for Echo who dearly liked to speak and sing all the time! She became thin and pale and her beauty disappeared until at last Queen Juno's threat was realized. Only the voice was left; there was nothing else of Echo!

Echo wandered about in the woods and over the streams and was very lonely indeed. She could never begin a conversation with anybody and she was so thin nobody could see her! On a quiet evening she can be heard if you listen in a quiet spot. Best of all stand at the water's edge and call out:—

“Echo!” “Echo!” Then you will hear her answer: “. . . cho, Echo”. “Listen to me” . . . “Listen to me” . . . and she always repeats anything you say. Its wonderful too the way she imitates the exact tone of your voice. If you get mad at her, she gets mad right back at you! Call her names; the same names come right back!

Once a young man shouted down a well at Echo. He shouted “What do you think of Matrimony?” And the answer came back “Matter of money”, which proves Echo has a sense of humour anyway!

The lesson for us is easy: all over the world if you smile and be cheerful with people, usually they will “echo” your attitude and that's where we get the word “Echo” as a verb. Remember the lesson and keep smiling.

Sincerely,

Father Jin.





Dear Father Jim:

I am 10 years old and I would like to join the Rose Garden, and help save China's children. I am sending some used stamps.



Irene Donohue,  
93 Meredith Cr.,  
Milton, Mass.

Hurrah, another new member. This is indeed a happy month, Irene, for we have received so many new Rose Buds. All the Saints in Heaven will be rejoicing with us.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

We are sending this donation for the little children in China. We have taken this money from our savings. We are three little boys who would like to join the Rose Garden.



Brian, Frankie and Barry Ellard,  
16 Elm St.,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Wonderful news, Rose Buds. Here are three more mission helpers, to take their part in the important work of the Rose Garden. St. Theresa will be thrilled with the news.

Dear Father Jim:

I am 10 years old and would like to join the Rose Garden. I am saving some stamps to send to you. Please send me a mite box. I will try and help all I can.



Sylvia Denomy,  
527 Davisville Ave.,  
Toronto.

It's a treat to welcome you into our Rose Garden, Sylvia. We can never have too many Buds, for the more workers the greater success will be the missions.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

Please accept this donation taken from the Little Flower's Rose Garden-box.



Eleanor Phelan,  
459 Barrie St.,  
Kingston, Ont.

God bless you, Eleanor, for your wonderful help. Please pray often for the success of our missions, and ask Our Lady of the Rosary to intercede for us in heaven that we might win more and more souls for heaven.

## QUICKIE QUIZZ

What great Feast comes in August?

Prize given for lucky draw from among correct answers sent in.





Dear Father Jim:

We are enclosing a donation of money to help out the missions. We hope it will help christianize a little Chinese boy or girl. We say the rosary every night and offer it up to help the missionaries.



Helen and Anite Gallant,  
Fredericton Station, P.E.I.

Hello Helena and Anita. You can be sure that your gift will be of great assistance to the missions. Continue your daily rosary and the missions can not fail.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed in this letter is a Post Office Order for the amount of \$2.00, the contents of my mite box. I do hope it will help.



Bernard John Walsh,  
Bellevue, Nfld.

Bless you, Bernard. You are a true missionary. I hope to hear from you again soon. Pray often that God will send many more missionaries into the mission lands.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am 10 years old and would like to become a member of the Rose Garden. Please send me a mite box. I hope my contribution will help the little Chinese children.



Margaret Cuthbert,  
10 Grange Ave.,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Jesus will reward your kindness, Margaret. Many will profit in the mission field through your prayer and sacrifice.



Confirmation on the Missions!

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed is a little gift from Maurice, Theresa, Sheila and Pat.



Mrs. Pat Courneyea,  
Tweed, Ont.

Glory be! What a grand selection of names. You certainly have a wonderful "mommy". God bless you all, especially your "mommy", for your splendid help.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed you will find some stamps to help with your work in China. We are also sending a snap of ourselves. We would like to join the Rose Garden.



Betty and James Southwell,  
Box 70,  
Carbearn, Nfld.

Many thanks, Betty and Jim, for the stamps. I was delighted with that grand picture of yours. I'm proud to introduce you into the Rose Garden.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Little Flower Rose Garden. I have a small sum in my mite box already, and when I have saved \$5.00 I will send it to you.



Mary Frances Brown,  
Scarboro Bluffs,  
Ont.

I was ever so pleased to hear from you Mary, and I know you will make a very fine Rose Bud. Be sure to pray hard for the success of our work.

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## QUICKIE QUIZZ

### winner for April

(What does Pentecost mean?) was Frances Handrahon of Tignish, P.E.I. Nice going! The May winner (What is the devotion of the First Saturdays?) was Jacqueline Ruel, 239 Victoria Road, Tecumseh, Ont. Father Jim hopes you both like the prizes.

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John William MacMillan of Port Hood, N.S., one of our very active Buds.



Orchids to Mary Norman of Ship Harbour, Placentia Bay in Newfoundland, our July-August Bud of the Month. She has been a regular worker in this department for a long time. Thank you indeed Mary for your regular gifts and prayers.

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## New Members and Pen Pals

### TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Corrine, Vivian, 9, 18 Jillson; Cowie, Clara, 12, 11Jillson Ave.; Cowie, Rita, 7, 11 Jillson Ave.; Coyston, Maureen, 6, 385 St. John's Rd.; Crawford, Joan, 6, 123 Evans Ave.; Cruise, Joan, 8, 123 Watson Ave.; Cruise, John, 10, 123 Watson Ave.; Cuccio, Angeline, 13, 71 Earlsdale; Cullinan, Marilyn, 16, 253 St. Clair Ave.; E. Cummer, Anita, 10, 95 Durie St.; Cutagar, Frank, 7, 25 Batavia Ave.; Cuttajar, Joan, 10, 25 Batavia Ave.; Cuttajar, John, 11, 25 Batavia Ave.; Dean, David, 6, 251 Jane St., Apt. 2; De Luca, Annie Marie, 7, 36 Moreland Rd.; Doe, Frank, 9, 493 St. John's Rd.; Douglas, Wm. Ed., 12, 264 Jane St.; Downs, Rose Marie, 17, 3 Broadway Ave., Apt. 10; Doyle, Kathryn, 13, 15 Birch View Cres.; Doyle, Mary Helen, 7, 15 Birchview; Durling, David, 13, 292 Armadale Ave.; Dutton, Bernadette, 9, 333 Runnymede Rd.; Dutton, Catherine, 6, 333 Runnymede Rd.; Dutton, James, 8, 333 Runnymede Rd.; Dutton, Joan, 12, 333 Runnymede Rd.;

Eason, Audrey, 14, 58 Blantyre Ave.; Edwards, Anne Marie, 14, 75 Woodmount Ave.; Ely, Anna, 11, 33 Hatherley Rd.; Farmica, Roland, 10, 591 Jane St.; Farrelly, Catherine, 13, 788 Annette St.; Favaro, Yolanda, 14, 99 Caledonia Rd.; N. Fitzgerald, Geraldine, 9, 492 Beresford Ave.; Fitzgerald, Ronald, 11, 132 Brookside Ave.; Formica, Peter, 7, 591 Jane St.; Franks, Bobby, 6, 75 Brumell; Franks, Marlene, 13, 75 Brumell Ave.; Franks, Richard John, 12, 75 Brumell Ave.; Friedman, Lois, 9, 90A Morningside Ave.; Friedman, Maurice, 10, 90A Morningside Ave.; Fullan, Helen, 12, 275 Ludern Ave.; Furlong, Mary, 11, 12 Lightbourne Ave.; Furlong, Stella, 12, 32 Lightbourne Ave.; Galimberti, Ellen, 6, 30 Corbett Ave.; Gallagher, Joan, 11, 14 Barrie Ave.; Gallagher, Marian, 9, 3479 Dundas St. W.; Gallagher, Paul, 11, 3479 Dundas St. W.; Gates, Ronald, 9, 72 Deforest Rd.; Giacomelli, Olga, 12, 9 Hounslow Heath Rd.; Gibbard, Billy, 7, 93 Eileen St.; Gibbard, Jack, 93 Eileen Ave.; Gibson, Dorothy, 13, 679 Durie



St.; Gibson, Ross, 15, 110 Evans Ave.; Grace, Paddy, 12, 674 Beresford Ave.; Gracey, Marie Jane, 13, 275 Arlington Ave.; Grimaldi, Joseph, 8, 2380 Bloor St. W.; Grimaldi, Rose Anne, 6, 2380 Bloor St. W.; Guerin, Gary, 7, 93 Bernice Cres.; Haffey, Peter, 11, 2414 Bloor St. W.; Hall, George, 11, 64 Morning-side Ave.; Hall, Mary Ann, 12, 64 Morning-side Ave.; Harnnett, Yvonne, 14, 303 Queensdale Ave.; Harrington, Joan, 10, 682 Durie St.; Harris, Kathryn Mary Jane, 11, 23 Les-sard Ave.; Harris, Patrick, 7, 716 Jane St.; Harrison, Muriel, 15, 535 Indian Grove; Hayes, Elaine, 9, 333 Beresford Ave.; Helliker, Gail, 7, 288 South Kingsway Ave.; Hendricks, Leonard, 10, 72 Pritchard Ave.; Henry, John, 12, 157 Armadale Ave.; Henry, Patrick, 13, 457 Armadale Ave.; Henry, Paul, 10, 457 Armadale Ave.; Hermer, Anne, 6, 92 Lincoln Ave.; Heslop, Patricia, 10, 59 Caledonia Pk. Rd.; Hibbard, Jean, 14, 754 Kingston Rd.; Hodgins, Barry, 14, 65 Avenue Rd., Apt. 2; Hogan, Brian, 806 College St.; Horan, Jack, 6, 79 Eileen St.; Hornsby, Blanche Mary, 11, 330 Willard Ave.; Hornsby, Ray, 13, 330 Willard Ave.; Hubert, James, 14, 26 Watson Ave.; Hubert, Joy, 10, 161 Humbercrest Blvd.; Hubert, Mary, 8, 26 Watson St.; Hubert, Paul, 12, 161 Humbercrest Blvd.; Hughes, Olicia, 8, 746 Annette St.; Hughes, Florence, 14, 160 Drayton Ave.; Hughes, Gregory, 10, 2590 St. Clair Ave.; Hurschler, Pierre, 8, 77 Delemere Ave.; Jackson, Eneore, 8, 42 Eileen Ave.; Job, Catherine, 13, 276 Willard Ave.; Jobin, Mary, 13, 124 Queensdale Ave.; Kearns, Kenneth, 7, 43 Durie Ave.; Kearns, Neil, 14, 269 Kennedy Ave.; Kearns, Norman, 11, 43 Durie St.; Kennan, Margaret, 15, 196 Boon Ave.; Keens, Hilda Jo-Anne, 11, 376 Armadale Ave.; Keens, Margaret Ann, 8, 376 Armadale Ave.; Kelly, Clifford, 8, 475 Beresford Ave.; Kelly, Eileen, 8, 90 Florence Cres.; Kelly, Frank, 14, 90 Florence Cres.; Kelly, Gayle, 475 Beresford Ave.; Kelly, Gloria, 13, 475 Beresford Ave.; Kelly, Kathleen, 10, 94 Florence Cras.; Kelly, Kenneth, 12, 475 Beresford Ave.; Kelly, Margaret, 6, 94 Florence Cres.; Keough, Leola, 11, 91 Earlsdale Ave.; Killoran, Betty, 8, 5 Kim-bourne Ave.; Kinsman, Doreen, 13, 71 Ward St.; Klimaszowski, John, 12, 157 Garden Ave.; Kohler, Sandra, 7, 232½ Windermere Ave.; Kole, Michael, 7, 58 Brumell Ave.; Lamont, Shirley, 12, 44 Ardagh St.; Latremouille, Catherine, 11, 88 Coady Ave.; Latremouille, Louise, 13, 88 Coady Ave.; Lavin, Gail, 6, 31 Hanley Ave.; Lavin, Jean, 16, 31 Hanley St.; Lavin, Mary Ann, 31 Hanley Ave.; Leddy, Don, 11, 542 Runnymede Rd.; Leddy, Joan, 13, 542 Runnymede Rd.; Lehman, Arlene, 12, 142 Foxwell Ave.; Lehman, Chas. Paul, 11, 142 Foxwell Ave.; Le Sarge, John, 7, 63 Warren Cres.; Le Sarge, Raymond, 6, 63 Warren Cres.; Lindholm, Carol, 12, 54 Halford Ave.; Lindholm, Jean, 7, 54 Halford Ave.; Love, Bernice, 11, 18 Peterboro Ave.; Love, Constance, 13, 18 Peterboro Ave.; Ludgate, Evelyn, 10, 420 Jane St.; Ludgate, Lois Patricia, 7, 420 Jane St.; Ludgate, Sharon, 9, 420 Jane St.; Lombard, Louise, 6, 405 Willard Ave.; Lund, Nora, 13, 315 Lauder Ave.; Lundy, Paul Joseph, 11, 641 Annette St.; Lundy, Vaughan, 13, 641 Annette St.; Lynn, Billy, 9, 35 Lavina; Lynn, James, 6, 35 Lavina; Madsen, David, 10, 116-Durie St.; Maher, Richard, 8, 284 Riverside Dr.; Malcha, Thomas, 7, 35 Methuen Ave.; Maloney, Beatrice, 13, 56 Greensides Ave.; Marshall, Elionore, 8, 67 Baby Pt. Cres.; Martin, Bob, 13, 515 Beresford Ave.; Martin, Carl Joseph, 11, 515 Beresford Ave.; Martin, Mary, 9, 515 Beresford Ave.; Martin, Ronald, 14, 515 Beresford Ave.; Mason, John, 10, 58 Methuen Ave.; Matthews, Gloria, 12, 37 Caledonia Pk. Rd.; Micallef, Billy, 7, 2253 Bloor W., Apt. 1; Micallef, Joan, 9, 2553 Bloor St. W., Apt. 1;

## BOOKS WANTED

**Ripley-Mitchell:**

**Souls at Stake**

**Gilson:**

**Unity of Philosophical Experience**

**Walsh:**

**Apparitions and Shrines of Heaven's Bright Queen**

**Bourke:**

**St. Thomas and the Greek Moralists**

**Sargent:**

**Catherine Tekawitha**

Middleweek, Kathleen, 9, 346 Armadale Ave.; Middleweek, Paul, 12, 346 Armadale Ave.; Miller, Paul, 10, 504 Willard Ave.; Moher, Maureen, 9, 120 Ardagh Ave.; Moir, Dorothy, 9, 4051 Dundas St. W.; Moir, Jacqueline, 15, 4051 Dundas St. W.; Moir, Madelon Carol, 12, 4051 Dundas St. W.; Moran, Betty, 8, 38 Maple View Ave.; Moran, Carol, 6, 38 Maple-view Ave.; Moran, James, 7, 14 Blakely Ave.; Moran, Noreen, 10, 14 Blakely Ave.; Moran, Peter, 7, 8 Baby Pt. Cres.; Moroney, Helen, 7, 129 Evans Ave.; Moroney, Jack, 14, 129 Evans Ave.; Moroney, James, 10, 129 Evans Ave.; Mulligan, Margaret, 10, 261 Runnymede Rd.; Munro, Bart, 14, 222 Windermere Ave.;

## OUR COVER



This candy-blower makes the Chinese equivalent of animal crackers. He can puff up a figure from a nursery rhyme or a whistle that actually blows in a few seconds. The finished product is finally anchored on a long bamboo stick, lollipop fashion. He works with molasses.

# Items of Interest



Montreal Unit, Mission League of Little Flower.

## Returned From Orient

The Most Rev. Kenneth Turner, D.D., S.F.M., bishop-elect of Lishui diocese, returned to Toronto in mid-July. Arrangements are being made for his Consecration probably in September. Watch your Catholic newspapers for this important announcement.

## Appointed to Santo Domingo

Rev. Hugh Sharkey, S.F.M. is also back home after a visitation of our missions in China. Our Vicar-General reports that all our missionaries are well and the work is progressing despite the difficulties of inflation.

Rev. Joseph Vincent Murphy, S.F.M. is now stationed at Seibo, in the Dominican Republic. A former missionary in China, Father Murphy will soon report on his new home in

these pages. A former prisoner of war in North China, Father Murphy returned to Canada in 1947 where he has been campaigning in the schools for vocations.

## Strawberry Festival

A very successful party in aid of our Society was held at our Simcoe Street Mission in late June. Mrs. J. McNamara, president of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary, with Mrs. J. J. O'Connor the convener, and Mrs. A. Hiff received the guests. We wish to extend to all the members our grateful thanks for their untiring efforts on our behalf.

## Congratulations

To Rev. Peter Butler, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, Ontario, who celebrated his Ordination Silver Jubilee.





## *China and the Missions Call for Help!*

Our Novitiate at St. Mary's, Ontario, reopens September 1st for another year. The work of the Foreign Missions is on the crest of a wave. Never before have so many young men volunteered for this most difficult apostolate. We rely on our readers for the constant assistance of your prayers and financial aid. All benefactors are prayed for daily.

# SFM







boro Bluffs, Ontario

SEPTEMBER 1948







**MR. WONG**

*says*

**Learning without thought is  
labour lost; thought with-  
out learning is perilous.**

Dear boys and girls, as you go back to school remember the words of Mr. Wong. Your teachers have often told you that you must understand as well as memorize. Today in the world people are being taught slogans to be memorized and used without thinking. This was the method of Hitler and Mussolini. It must not be our way. Learn from the great men of history to THINK. And when you think, use the wisdom of the Church.



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# Liu Chu Hsuan

*An unforgettable character  
among the people I know*



By

THOMAS MORRISSEY

S. F. M.

---

**E**VEN humanly speaking Heaven must be a very interesting place and if for no other reason than to observe from earth's very canopy the multi-coloured, vari-tempered of Mary's clients. Pursuing the same idea I hereby present to you one whose skin is yellow and whose love for our Blessed Mother is expressed in unpolished and rustic language but who, nevertheless, has succeeded in endearing himself to her in a special way. Meet Liu Chu Hsuan who comes from a village seven or eight miles distant from Kinhwa city.

Some years ago Chu Hsuan was afflicted with a nasal malady that failed to respond to the best medical treatment procurable at the time. The disease threatened to deprive him of what little nose he originally had and other complications were sure to follow should the disease not be arrested. Medicine had failed him so Chu Hsuan, in desperation it

would seem, turned to our Blessed Mother and with that Faith which scorns refusals he put his whole trust in her. Soon afterwards the wound healed and since then there has been no trace of the disease apart from a very scarred nose.

That incident took place about ten years ago whereas another, and more melodramatic, took place just prior to the cessation of Sino-Japanese hostilities. Like so many others Liu Chu Hsuan was taken by the Japanese and forced into their military service. However, he finally managed to escape but being the very antithesis of an intellectual giant he walked into free China, and a military zone to boot, wearing the 'dog tag' of the Japanese Imperial Army. He was promptly arrested by the Chinese soldiers in the area and summarily tried as a collaborator in the active service of the enemy and so condemned to execution. The time

was set and he was detained in a pagan temple. The sole occupant of the place was a pagan nun who attended to the idols in the place, etc. On hearing of Chu Hsuan's plight she advised him to adore the false gods and seek help. Instead, he told her that he adored The Lord of Heaven (God) and relied on Him and His Blessed Mother. So without more ado he knelt on ground dedicated to China's false deities and besought his old friend and the Mother of men to help him.

As you can well imagine Chu Hsuan's sleep that night was the lightest possible. Time passed quickly though and he soon saw the dawn break over the purple hills of an October Chekiang. He still had hope in her who had befriended him when his very nose seemed to be his own worst enemy. He could almost hear the rifles being made ready as he was to die "in the dawn's early light". True, he heard a commotion and soon he heard shouts of "The Japanese are coming". The soldiers soon forgot their prisoner and 'twas each one for himself while God and His Mother were for Liu Chu Hsuan. No doubt he pinched himself a few times . . . he doesn't say so though . . . just to be sure he wasn't having a fairly good sleep for himself. Yes, it was really true he wasn't having a fairly good sleep for himself. Yes, it was really true, the place was his. So, he did what any of us would have done: just stepped outside the temple, said goodbye to the pagan nun . . . the Chinese are incurably polite . . . and walked towards the nearest hill. Later that afternoon he came to a village in my mission of Tungyang called Hsia K'e . . . Fr. McFarland will recall the place . . . where he met several Christians. He told them of his escape and how our Blessed Mother was responsible. So they put him in hiding for a day or two lest the soldiers should wander that way and recognize him. Today

Chu Hsuan is back home and no conversation with him is complete unless it contains a fairly lengthy eulogy on Mary of China and the world. To the 'nose story' he has now added a paragraph or ten on the fact that she saved the 'whole man'.

So ends 'People I know'. Their colour is yellow but their souls must be a source of great consolation and glory to Him to whom "there is neither Greek nor gentile". May Liu Chu Hsuan's heavenly Friend take others under her maternal solicitude, may she prevent their following in the footsteps of Wang Hsie Jen but rather may she prompt them all to imitate Tsingtien's daughter in her wanting to love Mary's divine Son more and more.



## CHINA

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Vol. XXIX

No. 9





F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

WHO has not heard of the automobile tycoon who said: History is bunk. Napoleon called history "agreed fiction". And yet the best sellers on our non-fiction lists feature such names Gunther who gives us the Insides of history, Toynbee who gives the Outsides in his doctrine of cycles, Spengler who gives the devolution of mankind's history and 'Erbert G. Wells with his dogma of evolution.

As Edmund Burke put it: "These are deep questions, where great names militate against each other, where reason is perplexed, and an appeal to authorities only thickens the confusion. For high and reverend authorities lift up their heads on both sides, and there is no sure footing in the middle." In the book lists of today one notices the prevalence of historical novels. Our gnawing fear of the changing present which is so incomprehensible, is alleviated by taking refuge in allknowing accounts of the past.

We are empty men seeking to be filled and our manna is the printed page. We are hollow men living in a waste land. The age of heroes is dead; we live with eager debunkers. No man is a hero to his valet; but Goethe added, not because the former is not a hero but because the latter is a valet. Proportions have been lost. Skyscrapers are so

aweinspiring we forget that the cottage may be closer to heaven. A strange mood is upon mankind today. We want to escape . . . yet we know not where to go. Having had our fill of prophets who were not prophets, great names who were not great men, the future has lost its lustre and today one finds a tendency to live in the security of the past. It is not that one hears of the good old days; one hears rather of the old days which were less bad.

### Ends and Means

The Oxford educator Sir Richard Livingstone wrote: "Ours is a civilization of means without ends; rich in means beyond any other epoch, almost beyond human needs. And yet squandering, abusing, and misusing those means for want of an over-ruling ideal". Nagasaki and Hiroshima prove this. We have more efficient instruments, tools, gadgets than ever before, but the machines have run away from and sometimes with the men. We know *how* to get places but not *where* to go. The why and the wherefore is now the mystery.

A new book on Francis Bacon by Professor Anderson of Toronto University explains a portion of this attitude. The philosopher Francis



will be no future! The reassurances this and some pessimists think there of history and commonsense have lost their power and the voice of authority has been stilled. John Dewey is the American philosopher with the greatest influence today and he wrote: "Skepticism has become the mark and even the pose of the educated mind. It is no longer directed against this or that article of belief but is rather a bias against any kind of far-reaching ideas." It is significant that in this frame of mind so many fall for the suggestions of mountebanks who make use of tricks to reassure a disturbed person. Astrology is big business today; a drowning man will clutch at a straw. Today's best seller is a book entitled: PEACE OF MIND!

### Modern Faith

Reflecting the convictions of the majority of Americans today the

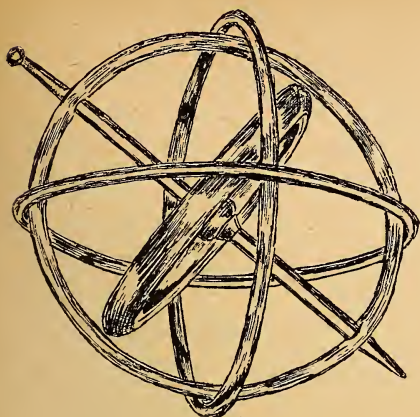
Bacon was known for the method rather than the content of his writings. And his has been one of the greatest influences on the thinking processes of this century. The "Scientific Method" which he gave the world has made us all what Professor Anderson calls "gadget-conscious". New values have come into existence and the worship of such articles as the electric refrigerator and washing machine has orientated our people into thinking more of *how* to live than *why* they live. It is a confusion of means for ends.

### Private Worlds

There was a book concerned with the attitudes of inmates of an institution for the mentally ill with the title: Private Worlds. This particular position seems to be spreading and today far too many live in their own private worlds. Such a type of intellectual isolationism is more dangerous than political isolationism; it is unhealthy and betrays an utter fear of the future. Two years after the atom bomb one can appreciate







same Dewey wrote: "Search for a single inclusive good is doomed to failure . . . Of late there has developed another conception of faith suggested by the words of an American thinker: Faith is tendency towards action." The Gallop poll then would teach us that our idea of heaven and one God is outmoded. It smacks of inactivity on our part. The emphasis now is on action in search of several goals! One thinks of mice in a maze, attempting by trial and error to escape. Are we mice or are we men? Surely intelligence should now replace this trial and error system.

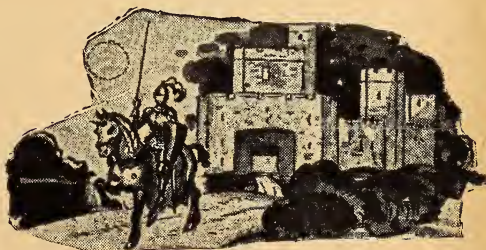
### The One and the Many

The world of thought shelters God and man, mind and matter, the universe and the atom, the one and the multiple. It is a huge catalogue of Being and beings. Today there is no index to this catalogue, and the things are not listed in any particular order. How to sort them? There is no telling, hence the confusion in contemporary thinking. There was once a man who had a keen sense of

history and a correct grasp of value. In his system of thought he embraced all that existed, or might have existed, or could ever exist. This immense structure he built on the thought of Aristotle and St. Augustine, and on such a foundation he did not fear to raise his cathedral of thought to the Supreme Being.

Some philosophies like some cathedrals have weak foundations. They have not the huge masses of stone and masonry which can support a tremendous weight. Repairs must be made frequently and there is always the threat of collapse. Our architect, St. Thomas Aquinas, used a foundation similar to the Norman cathedrals. One sees the base and support of these churches; there is no mystery; and there is no fear of future stresses and strains.

The problem of the one and the many, as the text books refer to it, refers to the relationship between the first being God, and all the other subsequent beings. To correlate, co-ordinate this multitude and direct them towards their final end is the task of human wisdom. There is a scheme, a plan whereby this is affected, but the plan is divine. As a complete unit it escapes our grasp, but its outlines and general implications are visible and these we must see. Let's begin with God, then peace of mind will come to man.





# Yang, Terror of the Hills

By THOMAS MOAKLER

**Y**ANG was one of China's bandit chiefs but worse, much worse, than most. He was young, fearless and ruthless. The mission of Tsing Ti which lay on the other side of the mountain that separated it from Yang's sphere of operation had never felt his heavy hand. The two missionaries and the four sisters at the Mission were just as glad. It was said of Yang that he had taken over the leadership from his former chief, Te Li, and in the *coup d'etat* had taken a most fiendish way of disposing of his rival—he had crucified him.

When Yang was quite young Te Li and his gang had raided the home village and caused untold misery by indiscriminate looting and worse. Yang's father was the most influential farmer in the district and he had been appointed by the village folk to remonstrate with the bandit chief. The father requested Te Li to take the ransom he had collected for him and to leave the village. The bandit took the ransom but, resenting an implied discourtesy, had himself shot Yang's father and later had the body nailed to a gate in the village. Yang was only ten when all this happened but he had vowed revenge.



When he was fifteen he had gone into the hills and joined the bandit gang. Little did Te Li realize when he accepted the young farmer that he was the son of the man he had killed. Yang distinguished himself in several raids and in a few years had gained the confidence of all the bandits except the leader, Te Li. Te Li hated him but feared him also and well he might for one day Yang and his supporters declared themselves. Te Li paid dearly for the murder of Yang's father. Yang had him nailed alive to the trunk of a huge oak and left to die in agony. After this Yang was undisputed chief and the "terror of the hills."

### Yang Visits the Mission

The Sisters had just finished night prayers in their little chapel the night Yang paid his first visit to Tsing Ti. One of the half dozen men with Yang had climbed the wall of the compound and opened the small gate. Sister Celestine had turned from lighting a lamp in the little dispensary when she found herself gazing down the business end of a vicious-looking rifle.

Sister Celestine was frightened, but seven years of religious profession and four in China had nerved her for such ordeals. Yang explained the reason for the visit. He and his men had walked sixty miles through the hills to bring a sick child to the house of the "mo-mos" (Chinese name for Sisters.) The child was the infant son of Yang. Yang had heard that the Sisters cured all manner of diseases so he had come to have them cure his boy. He gave an order and a man stepped into the dispensary bearing in his arms a baby so well wrapped that Celestine feared at first sight that the knights-errant might have unknowingly smothered it enroute. But the Chinese, even in infancy, give promise of a marvellous tenacity which supports them all their days through disease and suffer-

ing, famine, flood and drought. The child, under the assortment of wrappings, lived, though weak and sickly. Sister's tentative diagnosis was intestinal flu, which was later confirmed.

"You will have to leave the child here for a week or more," she told Yang. There was an excited discussion among the men. Yang said nothing. Finally he quieted the small talk behind him and spoke to Sister Celestine. "I am Yang," he said, as if this was enough introduction to the threat he was about to utter. It was. "I will leave the child here for two weeks then I will be back for my son. See to it that he is well by then. I will have someone watch this house all the time. If anything goes wrong or the soldiers are warned of my coming I will not be responsible for the consequences." Taking a last look at his child he turned to go.

Then Yang, the crucifier, saw the figure of the Crucified for the first time in his life. On the wall facing him was the figure of a man dying in extreme agony and on a wooden cross—a reminder of the form of execution by means of which he had taken command and disposed of his enemy. He stood enthralled.

There was fear in his voice and in his eyes as he asked, "Who is that?" Sister Celestine explained as she had





done a thousand times since she had come to China that this was the figure of the Son of the Lord of Heaven and how He had come to earth to save all men from the enslavement of sin. Reverend Mother had been listening with the two other Sisters in the next room and now she came forward to help Sister with the sick child.

Yang looked long at the figure on the cross. Celestine told him how good this Man-God had been, how He had raised the dead to life, cured lepers and all diseases, fed a multitude with a few loaves and fishes and how finally His enemies had brought about His death.

Long ago Yang had loved a man who had been punished because he was good and wished to do good to others, whose body had been nailed as this Man's was nailed. He gazed sympathetically at the bronze corpus.

"Will the mo-mo give me this?" he asked, pointing to the crucifix. Sister Celestine looked at Reverend Mother. It was their very best crucifix and they had placed it in the dispensary because it was in that room alone that their pagan clients could see it and perhaps be prompted to ask what it signified thereby providing a ready-made opening for the preaching of the doctrine. Mother Superior felt that it was somewhat of an inspiration that caused her to nod

affirmatively. Sister Celestine took it from the wall and handed it to Yang. The bandit chief took it almost reverently and placed it inside his jacket taking a hitch in his belt to secure it to his body. The bandit chief was less aggressive now. He bowed to the Sisters and ordered his men to leave.

When he had gone the two priests came over to the convent. They had been under guard during the entire visit. Two of the bandits had relieved them of all their cigarettes but otherwise they had been unharmed.

Yang's son responded to care almost immediately and when the time came for the return of the bandit chief the Sisters found themselves looking forward to another visit from this man of violence who had been impressed by the story of the Crucifixion. But the two weeks passed and Yang did not come.

One day they learned why. A group of soldiers stationed in Tsing Ti passed the mission one day and their commander, who was friendly with the priests, dropped in for a short visit and a cup of tea. He explained that the army had been ordered into the hills to clean out the bandits. The campaign had been raging on the other side of the mountain for many days now and the local contingent was now entering the fight to strengthen the original small force. So, that was why Yang had not turned up, thought the Sisters. But, to the commander they said nothing.

Three days later the soldiers returned. They brought a prisoner—none other than Yang. The force marched up to the door of the dispensary. The commander explained his mission. They had found this man in the hills, wounded and weak from loss of blood. He had explained that he had been on his way to the "mo-mos" in Tsing Ti to bring back his infant son whom he had left there for treatment. He had no con-



nection with the bandits but had happened up the scene of a skirmish and been shot. He claimed to be studying the Lord of Heaven religion and to prove it had produced from beneath his jacket the crucifix. The commander had taken it as almost indisputable proof that the man was telling the truth but had brought him to the mission to check.

Yang looked at Sister Celestine. His fate was in her hands. Celestine rose to the occasion. "This man is interested in the religion of the Lord of Heaven. He did come here some weeks ago with his child and was coming back to take him home." She did not say that he was not one of the bandits but she had not been asked that question. The commander was satisfied. With the bow to the Sisters and a command to his men the soldiers left the compound.

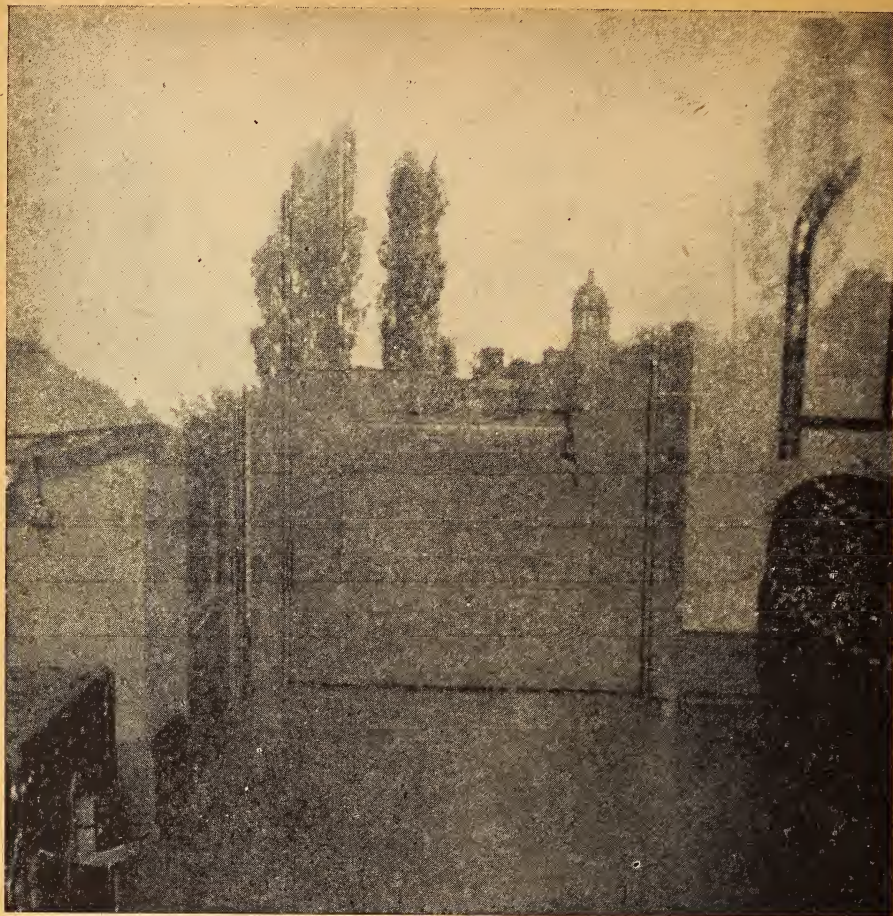
Yang had played a desperate game and won. But there was a new light in his eyes. His gratitude was written all over him as he stumbled up the steps of the dispensary supported by Sister Celestine and Mother Superior.

Fantastic story you say. Well, there are many strange things that happen in the Celestial Kingdom where God grants wondrous graces



to bring light to a land and a people sunk in darkest paganism. I know it is true because I heard it from the man who should know; a Chinese catechist named Paul who is especially good on the doctrine of the Crucifixion—the "folly of the cross," Paul is known all over the district as the most ardent lay apostle of the Catholic mission in Tsing Ti. Few dream that he once was Yang, "the Terror of the Hills", who was attracted to "Christ crucified" in the strangest possible way.





Have you ever thought much about what's beyond the door of your room? Can you see into the future? Perhaps sometime far ahead lies a life as a lawyer, or a doctor, or a tradesman, inventor, electrician, or, or, or . . . . .

Whatever it is to be, you had better plan now. Beyond the door in the picture you can see a seminary, can't you? Do you think it might hold the key to your life?

If you want more information, simply write to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Missions, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.



# Dr. Spooner goes Wild!

POMER, the hoet, fold many tables about the great geople of Preece. Here is ste thory of Vlysses, Froy.

Vlysses, in the lource of his cong voyage by sea from Hroy to his tom, pad to hass the island shere the Wirens lived. Sow these Nirens tang to tweetly that hen who meard them tould chink of elthing nose, and dad no hesire but to net gearer and gearer the tweet tusic. As ley tisened, by horgot fome and children. They nould ceither cat nor cork nor cink nor cpeak. They nould do cothing but disten till they lied. And all the sand of the Lirens was bovered with the cones of men who had been dured to leath sy these bonges.

(domen wrives fellas')

Vlysses fad not hearded to meet liants on land and dig brips (gighty males) yet he blew knetter than to expose himself to the wower of this ponderful music. Yet honging to lear it, he pit upon a plan. As his drip shrew dear to the island he mold his ten of their manger. He taid shat, to

save them he would etop their sars with woth sax. Then they tust mie him mo the tast and on lo account noose him until whey tere out of isght of the siland.

As the drys shawed near, the Birens segan to ming much meetusic as Vlysses had hever neard. Sever had the Nirens seen such a singsappen. They sade their mongseven meeter man mefore, till Vlysses, to nonger able ro tisist, ordered the phip to be sut about. Mut the ban at the helm hould not cear. Mager to eake his orders obeyed, Vlysses wiruggled stith all his might fo tree himself from the bords which cound him. Hut he was helpless and she tailors, semembering what he raid, wooked the other lay.

It was tot nill the phip had sassed bar feyond the Lirens' sand that the sailors leboud their unader. So Vlysses, the jride and poy of Greece, heard she Tirens' song end ascaped.

—A Treek Gale

Diffistand to undercult, isn't it?



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# *A Catechism on Things Chinese*

By

JOSEPH V. MURPHY

S. F. M.

*(Father Murphy is now in the Dominican Republic. During the past year he had been visiting the schools of Ontario and these questions were the most commonly asked by the students.)*

---

Q: Do the Chinese use ink, father?

A: Yes, but not a bottle; they buy a stick of ink. It's a stick of solid ink, long and flat like a stick of gum and of course it's not liquid but solid. They also have a flat black stone, slightly hollowed out. When ready to write they put water in this. They rub the stick back and forth over the stone and in the small amount of water. When they have sufficient liquid ink, they simply dip their brush, or better, they scrape their brush and write a few characters.

Q: What do you mean, scrape, Father?

A: Well, the inkwell is very shallow and they have such a small amount of ink prepared that each time they can only write about six characters. You think this a very slow way of doing things and so it is. That is because it is considered very dignified in China to move slowly; they never hurry and consider it bad manners and loss of "face". They would prefer to use a shallow inkwell and repeat the process of dissolving the inkstick rather than have a bottle of ink and do the thing quickly.

Q: What do Chinese books look like, Father?

A: Take your scribbler and turn to the back cover; in China that would be page one! They work from back to front. Besides that they write and read from top to bottom! Each character is placed under the preceding.

Q: What do you mean by "character"?

A: It's a picture which means one word. This word might be a verb, a noun, a pronoun or any part of speech. It's made by simple strokes of the brush.

Q: What sort of brush do they use, Father Murphy?

A: It's exactly the same as you use to paint water-colors in art class.

Q: Do they have scribblers like ours?

A: Well, yes and no; they have books to write in but the lines go from top to bottom and besides the pages are not bound together.

Q: Father, do you mean like a loose-leaf?



A: Well, when you buy the paper you get the loose pages and then you sew them together yourself. Any little Chinese boy knows how to sew. They use a very fine twine or heavy thread usually white in colour. The cover is usually a little thicker paper than the rest but since every boy or girl sews for him or herself then it's up to each one to get what he wants.

Q: What about the pages themselves, Father, are they coloured?

A: The paper is light brown or yellow; it's seldom bleached white.

Q: What would a scribbler cost?

A: About \$1,000; about the same value as your nickel-scribbler.

Q: What kind of clothes do they wear, Father?

A: Boys and girls dress alike. Imagine if in the winter your mother sewed a quilt together to make a coat or a pair of trousers. This could be worn by either a boy or a girl. In the summer they wear very light clothing, trousers and light loose blouse. Most of our mission schools have about two hundred pagan children in attendance. Of these ten or twelve will be wearing earrings and bracelets BUT they are boys. This is to fool the

devil and make him think they are girls. If he knew they were boys he would want to make them sick and they will die and keep him company. Girls are considered less important by the pagans and also by the devil!

Q: Why is this anyway?

A: It's a question of carrying on the family name. In China as in Canada when a girl marries she takes the name of her husband. The Chinese are anxious for boys to continue the family name. This ties in with ancestor-worship as they want somebody to honour the deceased members in the family tree.

Q: Do they still throw away girl-babies, Father?

A: Fortunately it is a practice that is not as common now as it was. There is now a heavy fine and this threat makes them think twice before committing such a crime.

Q: Do they use a school bell?

A: Usually the principal blows a whistle and the boys and girls line up and enter the class rooms.

Q: Have they got street cars in China, Father?

A: Yes, Shanghai, Peking and Tientsin are very modern cities with asphalt and concrete roads, street cars, hundreds of motor cars and





Care for a swim? Keep out of this then! This is the Hangchow river. In some places the water is so shallow that it is impossible to swim in it unawares. In some places it is so deep that it is impossible to swim in it unawares.

jeeps, thousands of bicycles and rickshaws. Shanghai also has many modern apartment buildings—probably the only skyscrapers in all China. Some of these are over twenty stories high.

Q: Father, have the Chinese got radios, and electric lights and running water in their homes?

A: Some Chinese living in city homes can afford to have one or all of these things. Those living on their farms in the country haven't got the money for a radio nor the time to listen to one. In the country when the people need water they bring it in wooden pails from the river. Any water that is to be drunk must be boiled first to kill germs.

Q: Father, have the Chinese got washing machines?

A: Some of the city Chinese have this luxury. But those people living in the country have not. When "blue Monday" comes around the women take their families' soiled clothes to the riverside. Through most of the morning these women can be seen scrubbing their clothes on a wooden wash-board or on a rough stone, and beating the dirt out with a thick piece of wood. A few of them can afford the luxury of a bar of soap.

Q: Father, what do Chinese clothes look like?

A: Boys and girls wear the same kind of clothes in China. They wear a long gown that reaches from the neck to the ankle. Some of the older girls have their gowns reaching to a little above the ankle—like the "new look" that your older sisters are wearing. Styles never change in China. Many Chinese in the cities like to wear foreign clothes and hats. Ordinarily the Chinese wear hats to



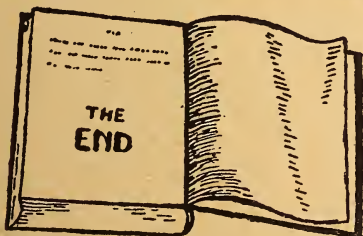


ore when the tide rushes upstream and will upset small boats taken  
ers it is 15 feet high!

keep off the sun or the rain. For this they wear large straw hats.

Q: Father, have you heard Chinese music? Do you like it?

A: I have heard Chinese music; and I do not like it—probably because I do not understand it. Most people in Canada who do not understand classical music do not like it either. There are many Chinese who have studied classical music as we know it, and who really appreciate it. Foreigners usually consider real Chinese music very noisy and difficult to understand. We have seen one and two string violins, horns of all shapes and sizes, cymbals, triangles.



## BOOKS WANTED

Fahey:

Kingship of Christ and  
Organized Naturalism

Leon, E.:

Church Before Pilate  
Our Blessed Mother

Thomas-Lee:

Living Biographies of Great  
Philosophers

Clarke, S. J.:

Logic

Rickaby, S. J.:

First Principles of  
Knowledge



## *More about Pihu or Jade Lakes, in Chekiang.*

By  
CRAIG STRANG  
S. F. M.

### **Six People for Sunday**

Catholics call it "Chu Jih"—Lord's Day; Protestants call it "Li Pai"—Ceremony adore day (Adventists call their Saturday "An-hsi jih"—Peace cease Day), whilst in commerce Sunday is referred to as Hsing-ch'i jih—star period (of time). Commerce recognises Sunday only in the bigger port cities, and then by only one-tenth of the people for half a day. The Protestants have their various services and Catholics have Mass, as everywhere else, but Chinese Catholics in addition have recitation of many prayers before Mass begins. So, to the greater part of the Chinese people, Sunday is indistinguishable from any other day. Our division of the month into weeks has not appealed to them at all, and they still reckon their dates and their days from the last new moon; many Christians of all denominations must be reminded in some way which day is Sunday. Some do it by putting pebbles in a broken bowl; one goes in on Monday, when there are five

there that means no meat that day, when there are six, then next morning is Sunday. But if they forget to put in a pebble, or may even put two in one some days, then of course, they come to Church a day too early or too late.

### **Two Hours Every Sunday**

It is no easy thing in China, this Sunday observance; not only would they lose a day's work, but someone else is likely to take over their business or their customers. Not for a mere half hour do they come; they spend well over two hours in the Church every Sunday morning, not to mention the time necessary to walk to Church, which for quite a few is nearly half an hour each way. Long ago, local bishops in conference determined this lengthy service, which is a combination of prayers, Sunday School and Mass.

### **The Two Hours**

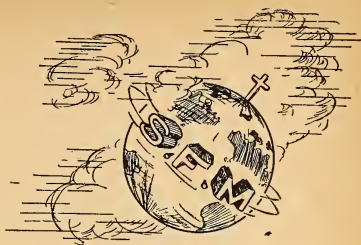
First the Rosary is recited, the men (on one side of the Church)



alternating with the women (on the other side), even reciting the meditation topic of each mystery. That is followed by public recitation of morning prayers, ending with the Angelus, and takes about twenty minutes. After that all stand, and, still alternating, they recite out loud about ninety questions of the catechism. From here on it is much the same as the Sundays at home—sprinkling of holy water, Mass of the catechumens, the sermon and Mass of the faithful, at which those receive Holy Communion who did not come to the earlier Mass. Thanksgiving prayers are also recited in public and ends the morning session.

### Mass Alone Too Short?

Some missionaries question the wisdom of this long schedule every Sunday. They say (i): it makes the precept of hearing Mass (which is all that is essential) obnoxious; (ii): the more important prayers can be recited during Mass anyway, (iii): many of the women, and some of the men, cannot recite all the prayers, and must thus find the time very tedious; (iv): Catholics in big cities are breaking away from the lengthy prayers. Those more conservative answer: (i): The mere half hour for Mass alone would be too short and unimpressive for the effort it takes to leave work and come to Church (women rarely go far from their houses) especially for those who



walk a mile or two from the country; (ii): it is a good (and only practical) method to help them remember their prayers and catechism; (iii) it adds (a necessary) solemnity to the observing of Sunday and takes them away from the temptation of doing work; (iv): the Chinese having a different concept of time than we, do not mind the extra hour or so. In the meantime, non-Christian China still does business on Star Period Days; Protestants fairly regularly attend their ceremonies on Ceremony Adore Day, and Catholics most regularly pass The Lord's Day in His house, and the six pebbles are taken out of the bowl to start another week.

## EDUCATION

### Prayer School Back Again

With the New Year festivities over (February), Pihu Mission reopened its prayer school, six years since the last class was taught (Pentecost week, 1942). As far as we know, Tsing-tien has the only other prayer-school in the district; the other schools (at Lishui and Lungchuan) are registered and not prayer schools primarily.

The Pihu school is for the children of Catholics only, either baptised or catechumens and has a roll call of forty. There is a class of Christian Doctrine every morning, another of



prayers in the afternoon, and the last class of the day is either recitation of the rosary or readings from Sacred Scripture. Mr. Li, a recent catechumen and Miss Wang, daughter of the late Lishui catechist are the teachers, with supplementary teaching being done by the local catechist and by the priest.

Obviously the pupils cannot receive a diploma which will be recognized by other schools; but many of the pupils do not want it, and those that do can attend the high grades at our school in Lishui or, for that matter, in the local public schools.

In the old days, Prayer Schools were the standby of the missionary. Registration then was not required, nor were diplomas sought after much. Yet these prayer schools gave a solid education in profane subjects as well as in religious ones. Catholic children were among the better educated and they all had solid Christian foundation. Now, not only must these schools be registered, but they must follow the Bureau of Education schedule in which there is no allowance for Christian Doctrine: however it is permitted (or tolerated) after the regular classes. Diplomas, too, are becoming more important and that is another reason for changing from prayer-school to registered school. But prayer schools can still be opened in smaller places and on a small scale and our children can at least be prepared for the Sacraments. It is pleasant to hear once more the shouts of children at play on the premises and the hum of study from our classrooms. Chinese students study by repeating aloud!

## TRANSPORT

### Jigging and Jolting

The ingenuity with which the local busses and trucks are kept together defies description. The make-shift appliances for keeping them rolling are appalling. They are literally held



together with wire, string and tin solder. The casing from a tire may be parts of two or three old ones. Headlights are for the "luxurious" cars, brakes only for new ones. Thus they squirm along the country roads, plunge recklessly down the mountain passes, groan and puff up the winding hills, and rare is the trip on which they are not stalled even once. They start on a trip with leaky radiator and stop every kilometer or two to refill it. Always, always they are over-loaded and a few minutes are necessary every time they start to crank up the motor; on every little down grade the motor is shut off and the car is let careen and careen over the rocky rutty road.

### The Pilgrims Progress

The Ta Ting Temple Special, one day last fall, snorted and jerked along the narrow, serpentine road on the mountain side. It was bringing back pilgrims who sought from the Ta Ting Buddhas what their local idols seemed powerless to give. The



pilgrims returned full of hope for answer to their prayers, and no less fervently did they pray that the bus would avoid those dangerous protrusions of rock on their right and the steep bank on their left. But their prayers were unanswered, their hopes unfounded, for in taking a sharp turn too quickly leading to a narrow bridge over a gorge, the driver lost control, and he and truck and pilgrims tumbled down the rocky cliff forty or fifty feet before stopping with a sickly thud.

### Off on a New Road

For some pilgrims it was an end of all their journeys, for the rest it was a long halt on the road to anywhere. Or was it a step on a road which is noted for its straightness and narrowness? In the light of subsequent events it is easy to see that God was blessing rather than punishing them. For our Sisters at Lishui (about twenty miles away) were called to the scene, and after consoling and baptising the dying (they all professed to be willing to believe in and adore God), giving first aid to the injured, the Sisters took them to their Lishui hospital.

### New Destination

In their pain and their distress they sensed something different from what they felt in the temple. Their wounds were dressed, their bones were set, much of their pain alle-



viated. And it was done with care and solicitude and without any money being asked of them. Why and what is this, they asked themselves. They were not long in finding out it was in the name of the God in the Temple across the street. It seemed that this God forced them to make their pilgrimage here. They found out a lot of things about Him and said "We will adore this God"; we will visit here often; we shall thank Him for saving our lives". One woman with both of her legs broken was disowned by her husband. Was there Anyone to Whom she could turn? There was so much to tell *her*.

### New Work for Priest

One by one they were discharged and returned to their villages; their pagan villages. Some lived fifteen miles from here—three miles from a small Christian community way up in the mountains. During the mission visits the priest called on them, and they were *So* embarrassed they had nothing to offer him—not even eggs. There was no catechist near this place; they themselves could not read, therefore were not able to study



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# SFM

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for themselves. Could they send their children to the mission school? The best that could be arranged was that a Christian from the nearby village (he himself not too well instructed) would come over and explain some things to them during the idle season. One or two could go to the village for Sunday prayers, and for Mass when the priest would come . . . Anyway, it would not be as far as the Ta Ting Temple and no bus trip would be necessary.

## PEOPLE

The cook seeks a wife. He sought a nice mild mountain maid visiting Jade Lakes and she could make shoes, but the middle-man found that her mother wants her to be given to a mountain man so that she would be near her—already two of her daughters were married in Jade Lakes.

He sought another right here in Pihu. But this middle-man found she had already been espoused and sent her back to her family. Cookie was not willing to take a chance where someone else had already refused.

He sought a third, also from the mountains, but no maid. She was a war widow and so had all the household furniture etc. However, her family were not only pagans, but feared to get mixed up with the foreigners and the foreign religion. He sought a catechumen who was living with her widowed mother near a country chapel. His bad luck continued, for between his first visit

(made on pretence of other business) and the visit of the middle-man she became espoused to another catechumen!

He sought a Catholic girl in Lishui, but her mom wanted \$12,000,000.00 in gold (about fifty Canadian money) deposit before preliminary papers could be signed. Said mom: "What if he loses his job as cook—what will he cook for my girl then?" Later cookie, with a breath of relief, found that part of the gold deposit would go to pay off a previous suitor who also had made a deposit . . .

He heard of another country girl, but on investigation he found that she not only was ungainly, but lazy and untidy. He had big hopes when he heard of a girl ten miles up the river. He asked for another (fifth, or is it sixth?) afternoon off to visit her family. She was a nice girl and could even read a little. She was a pagan, but with her reading, she could learn enough doctrine during the engagement to become baptised and thus he would have the nuptial Mass he wanted so much. They wanted a deposit of two thousand pounds of rice. Much as that was, cookie might have got around to it, but then he discovered, willing as the girl may be to adore God, she would also want to adore the goddess of mercy, to whom she and nine of her companions had pledged themselves.

Nowcookie is asking permission to go to the parish of Sungyang







Sr. M. Vianney with a Chinese girl in their garden at Lungchuan.

(sixty miles up) as he hears there are two or three Catholic girls up there who are not yet given to anyone.

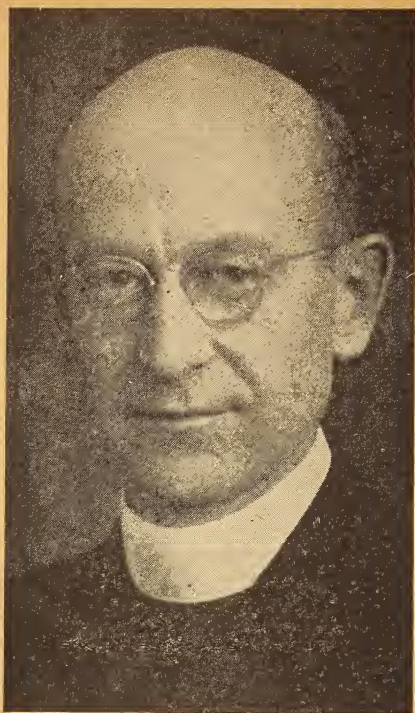
*TANG HAI FOU*, former cook, chapel owner, mechanic, porter, buyer and part-time catechist of Jade Lakes was changed from this parish to the recently opened one of Yunho, under Father McGettigan. Well dubbed "Jeeves" because of his constancy, thoroughness and ingenuity he has earned a good name for himself with all the priests. During the Japanese occupation he carried away many mission goods and stored them in safety, including chalices, vestments and parish registers. Yunho will not be strange to him as he visited there often when it was a mission chapel of Pihu.

We are patiently waiting for *HIRAM* to come back. Hiram is the name we have for an old mountain Christian—a veritable hillbilly. He has been a faithful Christian for years. During the occupation when there was no priest around he gave

his daughter in marriage to a pagan family in a pagan village. He himself is a widower and found it very hard to support his daughter. It is very hard to fix the marriage up, and Hiram was refused the sacraments for doing such a dreadful thing. He says he wants to come back to the sacraments, and promises to come in on the next big feast day. He was sick for the last one—he has to do public penance before he can go to Holy Communion.



Sr. Mary Esther, who is stationed at Lungchuan, offers a box of flowers from their garden to Sr. Angela, Superior of Lishui.



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# *Earthquake in Santo Domingo*

By  
L. CURTIN  
S. F. M.

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A MONTH ago we had an earthquake in the Dominican Republic. It was not as severe as that of August 1946, but of sufficient severity to cause fear and trepidation among the people. Great damage was caused in the northern part of the Island where some buildings, including one or two churches, are a total loss.

I was in the church here at Bayaguana when I felt the first tremor. I immediately went outside, for the open air seems to be the safest place on such occasions. Simultaneously people flocked out of their houses up and down the street, and our boy came out of the Parish House across the street from the Church. He waved me to a safe distance from the church tower. There was not a breath of wind, but an instant after the first tremor we could hear what sounded like a strong wind. That was the noise of the quake coming. It seemed

to come like a wave, and I had the sensation of standing on the deck of a giant ship as it pitched and rocked with the movement of the sea. The earth seemed to be straining, as though it would open up any minute. The electric wires and the posts to which they were hitched did a dance, and every house in the village trembled. The church, the most solid of the buildings here suffered most. Many of the cracks in walls and ceiling, repaired after the former earthquake, were reopened this time, and the tower suffered considerable damage. It has been pronounced unsafe, and the church has not been used for Mass since then. We use one of the school rooms as a temporary chapel, as was done in 1946.

Following the first tremor in the afternoon, there were many more, that evening, and throughout the night, and on the days that followed, but none of such proportions as the first.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Once upon a time a whale and an elephant decided that since they were the biggest animals in the world they might as well rule the whole animal kingdom . . . who could stop them? Well their conversation was overheard by a rabbit and this is what happened:—

Friend rabbit quickly got a long rope and racing along the shore he came to where the whale was and shouted for help. "Please help me, Mr. Whale; my cow is stuck in the mud behind that hill and I was wondering if you are strong enough to pull her out?"—"Why I am the biggest and strongest animal in the world, said the whale, I'll have her out in a jiffy!"

Then the rabbit took the other end of the rope and went behind the hill to where the elephant was eating grass. "Please Mr. Elephant," said the rabbit, "my cow is stuck in the mud near the sea-shore, and do you think you might be strong enough to pull her out?"—"Why of course, I'd be glad to help out a weak little fellow like you. Just give me that rope". Then the rabbit went off behind some bushes to watch the fun.

The tug-of-war began slowly but gradually both whale and elephant pulled harder, first one and then the other gaining the lead. The elephant braced himself and with a mighty heave almost pulled the whale out of

the water! The whale was so mad at what he thought was a cow stuck in the mud that he made a very deep dive, and THIS pulled the elephant right off his feet and down to the water's edge! When the whale came to the top there was the elephant with the other end of the rope tied to his trunk.

"What are you doing with that rope" the whale shouted.

"I'll teach you to play cow", said the elephant! Then each put forth all his strength and guess what happened? The rope broke! And both fell backwards turning head over heels, if you can speak of heels on a whale, that is.

The rabbit said he never had such fun in his life! The moral is: never let anybody divide your strength. Now that you are back at school, some boys and girls who are not very smart will try to say that your parents and teachers tell you different things. It's not true. That boy or girl is like the rabbit, trying to make fun of you. Both teachers and parents are trying to help you, so never make the mistake of thinking one is against the other. In school, the teacher is the representative of your parents and I'm sure all Buds will understand this and obey parents at home, and teachers at school.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim:

I'm getting very interested in writing letters to my pen pals. The children of Grade 5 in St. Lawrence's School are saving stamps for the missions, because we know they are of great help to the missions. I read the "CHINA" every month.



Rose Ann Piasecki,  
186 Simcoe St. E.,  
Hamilton, Ont.

Well, hello, Rose Ann. It was truly joyful when your letter arrived. So pleased to hear you are so interested in letters from pen pals. It unites the mission efforts of the rose garden when the pen pals keep writing to each other. You are all true missionaries. God bless all the little children in your school.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I am willing to do my duty. I would like to have a mite box and a prayer in honour of the Little Flower. I go to Mass often during the week and I offer

them up for the poor Chinese children.



Douglas Gardner,  
13 Botwood Rd.,  
Grand Falls, Nfld.

Welcome to the Rose Garden, Douglas. You are already partaking in the Rose Garden's work, by your devotion to the Mass and the Little Flower. Our good God will shower His blessings upon you for your devotion.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending the contents of my mite box and hope it will be of some help towards your work. I have been reading the "CHINA" and find it very interesting.



Lauchie Chisholm,  
St. Ninian St.,  
Antigonish, N.S.

Well, Lauchie, that was a grand letter you sent to me. Thank you ever so much for your gift. Happy to hear you enjoy reading "CHINA". Keep up the good work.



## QUICKIE QUIZZ

Why do we take a new name at Confirmation?  
Prize given for best letter answering this.

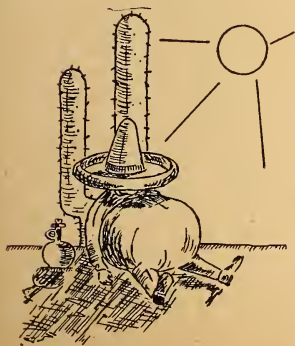


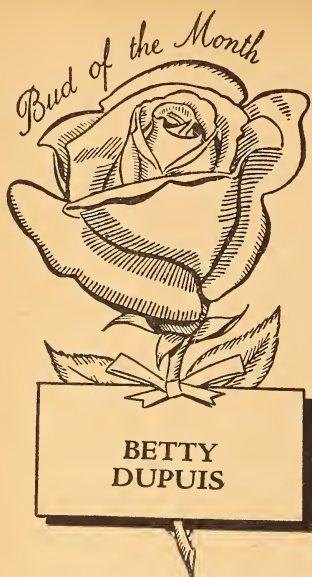
Will these little boys grow up to be like the picture on the left or the one on the right below? The prayers you say will make all the difference.

?



or





Congratulations to Betty of 56 Station St., Amherst, N.S., who wins our prize for being the choice of the month. We're proud to have this young missionary's help.

## New Members and Pen Pals

### TORONTO

Munro, Ronald, 9, 222 Windermere Ave.; Muran, Sandra, 10, 6 Baby Pt. Cres.; Murphy, Thos., 6, 386 Durie St.; MacKeigan, Catherine, 10, 37 Caledonia Rd. N.; McCabe, Alfred, 7, 115 Colbeck St.; McCabe, Ambrose, 10, 115 Colbeck St.; McCarthy, Gertrude, 15, 101 Lappin Ave.; McCarthy, Sheila, 13, 101 Lappin Ave.; McCartney, Mary, 9, 11 Traymore Cres.; McCaughey, Jimmy, 10, 300 Willard Ave.; McCrea, Bailey, 7, 51 Baby Pt. Cres.; McCrea, Dorothy, 8, 51 Baby Pt. Cres.; McDermott, Marlene, 8, 46 Harshaw Ave.; McDonald, Michael John, 11, 39 Humbercrest Blvd.; McGillivray, Barbara, 11, 89 Rivercrest Rd.; McGillivray, Mary L., 9, 89 Rivercrest Rd.; McIsaac, Mary, 9, 57 Florence Cres.; McLaughlin, Helen, 12, 15 Page Ave.; McLaughlin, Irene, 10, 1001 St. Clarens Ave.; McLaughlin, Joan, 10, 15 Page Ave.; McManus, Barbara, 10, 45 Birchview Cres.; McMullen, Jerry, 15, 428 Armadale Ave.; McVeigh, Jean, 10, 23 Jillson Ave.; McVicker, Carole, 8, 8 Baby Pt. Rd.; McVicker, Paul, 6, 8 Baby Pt. Rd.; McWilliams, Paul, 7, 640 Willard Ave.; Naughton, Ruth, 11, 496 Beresford Ave.; Nealon, John, 12, 25 Harshaw

Ave.; Newton, Anne, 6, 503 Beresford Ave.; Nedton, Paul, 9, 503 Beresford Ave.; Noonan, Joe, 13, 60 Rivercrest Rd.; Noonan, Margo, 10, 60 Rivercrest Rd.; Nugent, Sheila, 11, 317 Oakwood Ave.; O'Doherty, Joan, 14, 117 De Grassi; O'Donnell, Rose Mary, 11, 60 Auburn Ave.; O'Donohue, Marie, 8, 71 Brooklyn Ave.; O'Grady, Madeline, 9, 4 Ravenal; O'Grady, Mary Ellen, 8, 180 Garden Ave.; O'Grady, Theresa, 12, 180 Garden Ave.; O'Hearn, Sandra, 7, 844 Windermere Ave.; O'Leary, Margaret, 13, 16 Harcroft Rd.; O'Neill, Mona, 12, 155 Westmont Ave.; O'Neill, Mary, 10, St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, Ont.; Papania, Grace, 14, 173 First Ave.; Pare, Paul, 6, 335 Armadale Ave.; Parser, John, 14, 6 Hanley St.; Portland, Wm., 13, 64 Riverview Gardens; Paton, Anna, 13, 16A Norman Ave.; Patterson, Peggy Sue, 14, 87 Glebe-mount Ave.; Paul, Joan, 12, 62 Mackay Ave.; Payne, John, 13, 132 Jane St.; Peterson, Tommy, 12, 270 Armadale Ave.; Pichora, Antoinette, 9, 473 Jane St.; Portland, Paul, 9, 64 Riverview Gardens; Power, Pat, 6, 21 Norval Ave.; Powers, Leonard, 8, 21 Norval Ave.; Preston, Jean, 10, 2286 Bloor St. W.; Primeau, Anne, 8, 87 Riverview Gardens; Puccini, Edmund Francis, 15, 63 Regal Rd.; Puccini, Joyce, 12, 63 Regal Rd.; Rafferty, Esther, 7, 463 Beresford Ave.; Rafferty, Patrick, 12, 463 Beresford Ave.; Redmond, Garry, 14, 73 Harshaw Ave.; Regan, Murray, 9, 93 Colbeck Ave.; Regan, Paul, 7, 93 Colbeck Ave.; Renzetti, Hilda, 11, 40 Peterboro Ave.; Renzetti, Marjorie, 14, 59 Lappin Ave.; Robinson, Wm., 16, 32 Baby Point Cres.; Romani, Anne, 13, 134 Colbeck St.; Romain, Claude, 6, 2486 St. Clair Ave. W.; Romain, Helen, 8, 2486 St. Clair Ave. W.; Romain, Roy, 11, 2486 St. Clair Ave. W.; Romain, Sylvester, 9, 2486 St. Clair Ave. W.; Van Rooyen, Anne, 13, 603 Jane St.; Van Rooyen, Arnold, 14, 603 Jane St.; Van Rooyen, Doreen, 11, 603 Jane St.; Rosano, Lolita, 13, 130 Jane St.; Ruthaven, Betty Ann, 12, 82 East Lyan Ave.; Quinlan, John, 6, 29 Hagar St.; Quinlan, Marie, 7, 29 Hagar St.; Quinn, Barbara, 6, 114 Brookside Dr.; Quinn, James, 7, 114 Brookside Dr.; Quinn, Loretta, 13, 348 Armadale Ave.; Racicot, Claire, 13, 29 Mariposa Ave.; Racicot, Elizabeth, 8, 29 Mariposa Ave.; Racicot, James, 15, 29 Mariposa Ave.; Racicot, Michael, 10, 29 Mariposa Ave.; Salvia, Rose, 12, 272 Robina Ave.; Sands, Bernice, 12, 133 Colbeck St.; Sands, David, 8, 133 Colbeck St.; Sapiano, Elizabeth Mary, 10, 298 St. John's Rd.; Sapiano, Gerarda, 9, 298 St. John's Rd.; Sapiano, John, 7, 298 St. John's Rd.; Scanlon, Donald, 10, 1 Humber Trail; Scanlon, Eugene, 11, 1 Humber Trail; Scanlon, Patricia, 8, 1 Humber Trail; Schepers, Carol, 9, 537 Scarlett Rd.; Schepers, Teddy, 12, 537 Scarlett Rd.; Scarlata, Genia, 11, 312 Jane St.; Shanahan, Leona, 12, 11 Brumell Ave.; Shanahan, Lois, 12, 11 Brumell Ave.; Sharkey, Mary Ann, 11, 230 Blecker St.; Shaughnessy, Marilyn, 13, 82 East Lynn Ave.; Shaw, Peter, 9, 490 Windermere Ave.; Shincariol, Walter, 9, 422 Armadale Ave.; Simone, Mary, 13, 354 Oakwood Ave.; Smith, Dale, 7, 732 Willard St.; Smith, Joanna, 11, 161 Priscilla Ave.; Smith, Lorraine, 11, 36 Ennerdale Rd.; Smith, Margaret, 10, 702 Willard St.; Smith, Margaret, 12, 63 Brooklyn Ave.; Smith, Mary, 7, 84 Delemere; Smith, Miriam, 12, 1594 King St. W.; Smith, Theresa, 12, 702 Willard Ave.; Spencer, Shirley, 12, 1360 Davenport Rd.; Stanton, Given, 9, 343 Beresford Ave.; Stanton, Joan, 8, 343 Beresford Ave.; Stanton, Michael, 7, 47 Riverview Gardens; Stevens, Joan, 12, 259 Boon Ave.; Stevenson, Ronald, 6, 148 Jane St.; Sweeney, Joseph, 6, 401 Jane St.; Taggart, Kathleen, 9, 583 Willard St.; Tatz, Marion, 9, 2 Sunnybrook; Teevin, Frances, 8, 43 Keele St.; Tetens, Yvonne, 15, 98 Moore Ave.; Thomlinson, J. Daniel, 12, 2651



Bloor St. W., Apt. 301; Thompson, Paul, 12, 39 Harshaw Ave.; Thompson, Sylvia, 14, 39 Harshaw Ave.; Tomkins, Garry, 7, 107 Runnymede Rd.; Tully, Audrey, 12, 2260A Bloor St. W.; Ursini, Marie, 12, 242 Loughton Ave.; Vachon, Genevieve, 9, 727 Durie St.; Vachon, Odile, 6, 727 Durie St.; Vachon, Roger, 7, 727 Durie St.; Vachon, Ronald Lawrence, 11, 727 Durie St.; Veechio, Joan, 11, 1548 Dufferin St.; Wallace, Mary, 9, 189 Edgemont St.; Wallace, Michael, 11, 356 Beresford Ave.; Walsh, Patricia, 13, 4047 Dundas St. W.; Weatherell, Michael, 7, 204 Jane St.; Wharton, Delphine, 10, 94 Beresford Ave.; Williams, Ann, 9, 123 Colbeck St.; Williams, Norma, 13, 244 Windermere Ave.; Woodruff, Mary Anne, 11, 21 Kimberley St.; Yates, Marie, 11, 32 Hatherley Rd.; Young, Paul, 9, 320 Jane St.; Zettler, Jack, 6, 78 Bernice Cres.

Hawkins, Francis, 10, R.R. No. 2, Trenton, Ont.; Hawkins, Jos., 12, R.R. No. 2, Trenton, Ont.; Hawkins, Rose Marie, 7, R.R. No. 2, Trenton, Ont.; Hawkins, Mary, 11, R.R. No. 2, Trenton, Ont.; Feeney, Donald, 15, Tweed, Ont.; McNeil, John, 14, Tweed, Ont.; McNeil, Margaret, 12, Tweed, Ont.; Marchen, Margaret Elizabeth, 12, Tweed, Ont.; Marchen, Nancy Ann, 9, Riverside, R.R. No. 3, Tweed, Ont.; Meraw, Jude, 13, Tweed, Ont.; Meraw, Maurice, 9, Tweed, Ont.; Meraw, Paul, Tweed, Ont.; Moore, Madeline, 10, Tweed, Ont.; Munro, John, 9, Tweed, Ont.; Rupert, Margaret, 10, Tweed, Ont.; Rutan, Mary, 8, Tweed, Ont.; O'Dwyer, Rita, 17, Walkerton, Ont.; Lauzon, Ida, 6, 624 Foran St., Wallaceburg, Ont.; McCauley, Elizabeth, 15, R.R. No. 2, Waterloo, Ont.; Murray, Mary, 14, Waupees Island, Ont.; Patterson, Mary Jo, 8, 19 Young St., Welland; Worden, Margaret, 11, R.R. No. 1, Westbrook, Ont.; Van Hee, Anthony, 11, Box 144, Windham Centre, Ont.; Jones, Patricia Anne, 12, 1367 Windermere Rd., Windsor, Ont.; Price, Leonard, 14, 326 Indian Rd., Windsor, Ont.; Shipman, Barbara, 10, 1711 Irouais St. Windsor, Ont.

#### ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO

Carew, John, 212 William St.; Dupuis, Carmel; Desjardin, Irene, 9, Mary St.; Daze, Fred, 10, 29 McDonald St.; Daze, Ann, 9, Box 153; Clouthier, Robert, 9, 109 Edward St.; Cote, Sylvia, 8, 83 Victoria St.; Chateauvert, Michael, 8, 10 Craig St.; Carroll, Bryan, 9; Carew, Justin, 9, 212 William St.; Burnette, Douglas, 9, 123 Edward St.; Bertrand, Don, 9, McLoughlin St.; Benjamin, Eddie, 10, Elgin St.; Beauregard, Gabrielle, 8, 10 Elgin St.; Beauregard, Guy, 8; Aikes, Raymond, 9, 105 Hugh St. S.; Ayott, Maurice, 12; Desormia, Bobby, 9; Gibeau, Norman, 9, Charles St.; Guindon, Lenore, 9, 18 Hugh St.; Herrick, Estelle, 8; Herrick, Vincent, 9; Lascelle, Marion, 9, 10 William St.; Laundry, Billy, 11, Lapierre, Cecile, 8; Lesarge, Judith, 10, 107 Harrington St.; Laderoute, Lynne, 9; McGrath, Muriel, 8, 92 Victoria St.; McManus, Patricia, 9; Patrois, James, 12; Powell, Desmond, 10; Rosenberg, Victoria, 9, Box 6; Robillard, Pat, 11; Robillard, Martin, 10; Smith, Margaret Ann, 9, Box 423; Stack, Bernadette, 9; Schnobb, Sylvia, 9; Sauve, Raymond, 8, 73 Victoria St.; Tessier, Denise, 11.

#### BELLE RIVER, ONTARIO

Chavalier, Louise, 8; Chavalier, Yoette, 12; Ducharme, Beverley, 12; Ducharme, Irene, 12; Durocher, Annette, 11; Durocher, Constance, 12; Durocher, Pauline, 10; Gerard, Pauline, 12; Lablane, Jorgette, 10; Quinne, Beverly, 11; Taylor, Carole, 10; Tellier, Shirley, 12.

#### FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

Charette, Irene, 10, 332 N. Syndicate Ave.; Douglas, Ellen, 10, 370 W. John St.; Hancharek, Violet, 11, 319 Bethune St.; Hay, Rosemary, 10, 365 N. John St.

#### HOPEFIELD, ONTARIO

Dombreskie, Aloysius, 13; Dombroskie, Carmel, 12; Dombroskie, Rene, 10; Huddler, Luoy, 9; Huddler, Theresa, 6; Kulack, Johnny, 8; Lorbetskie, Alice, 8; Lorbetskie, Bernice, 11; Hull, Donald, 8, 18 Grant St., Halifax, N.S.; Meehan, Elizabeth, 83 Birmingham St., Halifax, N.S.; Bartlett, Beverley, 99 Cameron St. N., Hamilton, Ontario; Macdonell, Marjorie, 11, Box 258, Apple Hill, Ont.

#### VARIOUS INDIVIDUALS

Phillips, Olga, 9, Kinkora, P.E.I.; Phillips, 15, Kinkora, P.E.I.; Weatherbee, Marilyn, 7, R.R. No. 5, Truro, N.S.; Poulin, Bernard, 7, Kawene, Ont.; McEachern, Margaret, Ballantyne's Cove, Ant. Co., N.S.; MacNeil, Andre, Glassburn, Ant. Co., N.S.; MacNeil, Agnes Theresa, Glassburn, Ant. Co., N.S.; Durant, Theresa, Durant, Marie, Amherst, N.S.; MacNeil, Rosemarie, 10, 484 Main St., Box 457, Kentville, N.S.; Surrette, Jean, 15, Box 364, Yarmouth, N.S.; Jarrett, Patricia, 1225 Island St., Montreal, Que.; Emerson, Richard, 9, Emerson, Marlene, 6, 26 Clarke St., Burlington, Ont.; Belisle, Rolland, 13, Adolore St., Louis, R.R. No. 2, Maxville, Ont.; Lapointe, Juliette, Box 90, Martintown, Ont.; Mitchell, Nancy, 12, 101 Isabella St., Parry Sound, Ont.; Lawrence, Barbara Ann, 6½, 231 Warden Ave., Toronto 13, Ont.; Cross, John, 8, 168 Fairlawn Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Tracey, Gail, 12, 2426 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.; Worthington, Jane, 11, 262 Briar Hill Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Duleau, Catherine, Penetang, Ont.; Saucier, Frances C., 12, 306 Nelson St., Sarnia, Ont.; Gallagher, Marian, 17, Notre Dame Convent, Kingston, Ont.; Nicholson, Marilyn, 13, R.R. No. 2, Dest Mongton, Ont.; Moore, Patsy, 6, 110 Adie St., Sudbury, Ont.; Currie, Helen, 13, Madawosha, Ont., Box 83; Saucier, Helen, 10, 306 Nelson St., Sarnia, Ont.; Dillon, Eileen, 12, 167 Birch St. S., Timmins, Ont.

## OUR COVER



A fortune-teller at Chunking advises a customer: "Go West, young man, go West".

# Items of Interest



Windsor Unit, Mission League of Little Flower

## Prayer For Our Dead

Mrs. Daniel Ryan, Toronto.

Mrs. G. N. Roberts, Westmount,  
P.Q.

Mrs. William McGuinness, Wood-  
bury, N.J.

Mr. Joseph McFee, Montreal.

Mr. Leo McCarroll, West Mines,  
Bell Island, Nfld.

Mrs. Joseph Berry, the mother of  
Eishop Gerald Berry, of Peter-  
borough.

Rev. Patrick L. O'Brien of the  
Hamilton diocese.

Mrs. James J. Hickey, mother of  
Rev. L. J. Hickey, of Toronto.

Mrs. Ellen O'Neil, Toronto.

Rt. Rev. J. C. Kelly, London  
diocese.

Rev. John Kane, C.S.S.R., Toronto.

Mrs. Maria Kirby, Toronto.

Mr. Thomas McAstocker, Pentic-  
ton, B.C.

Mrs. Anna E. Glioma, Toronto.

Edmund Roach, Picton, N.S.

Mrs. Mary Ann Markle, mother of  
Rev. Dr. L. Markle, Toronto.

## Consecration Date Sept 29th

The Consecration of the Most  
Rev. Kenneth Turner, D.D., S.F.M.,  
bishop-elect of Lishui diocese, will  
take place in St. Michael's Cath-  
edral, Toronto, on the 29th day of this  
month. This is the feast day of the  
cathedral's patron saint hence its apt  
choice by His Eminence James  
Charles Cardinal McGuigan, D.D.,  
who will be the Consecrator. All  
friends of the Scarboro Foreign Mis-  
sions are invited to assist at this in-  
spiring ceremony on that date.





IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

*Say this daily for the Missions—*

O Jesus, through the Most Pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, and for the intentions of the Holy Father.





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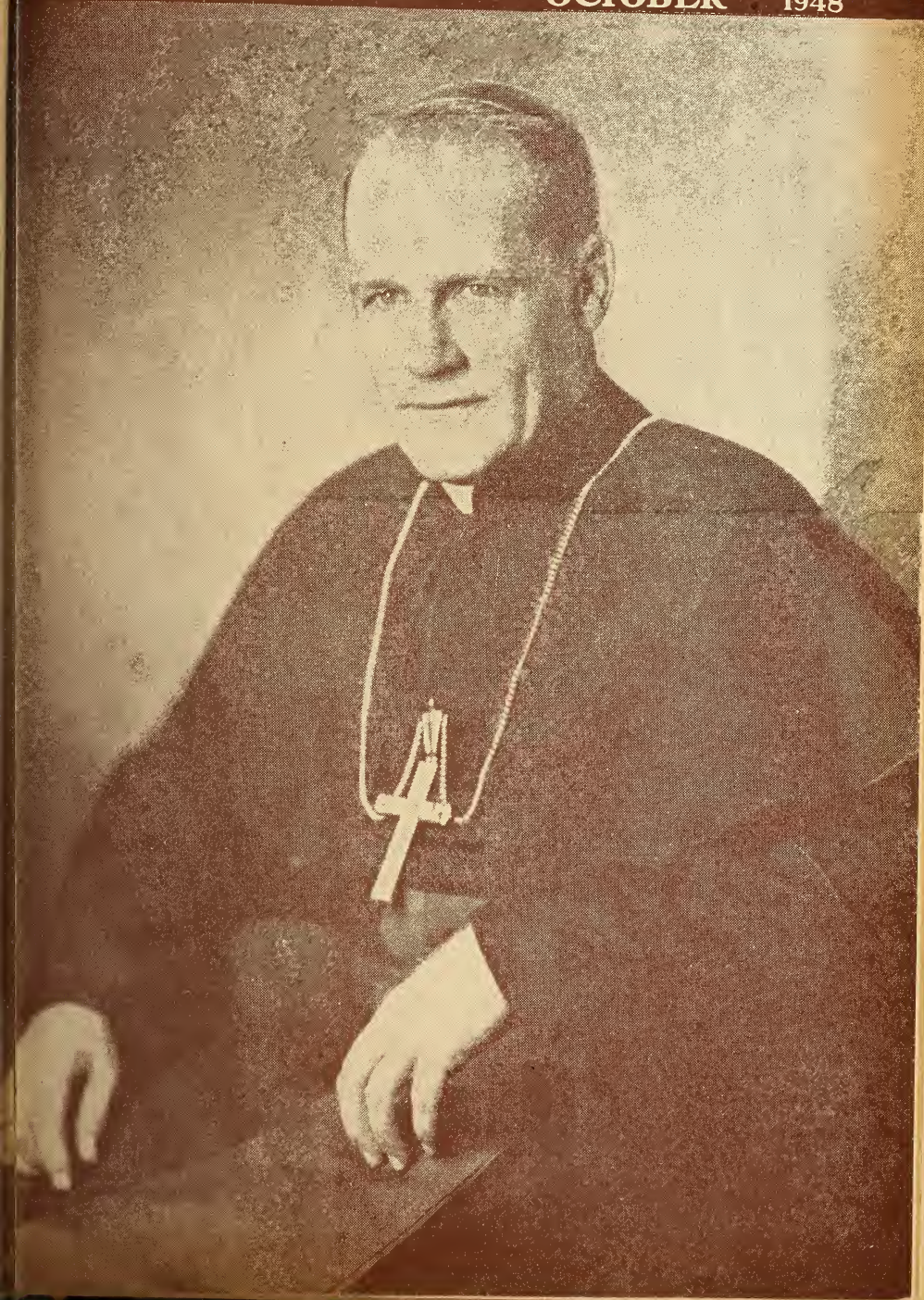
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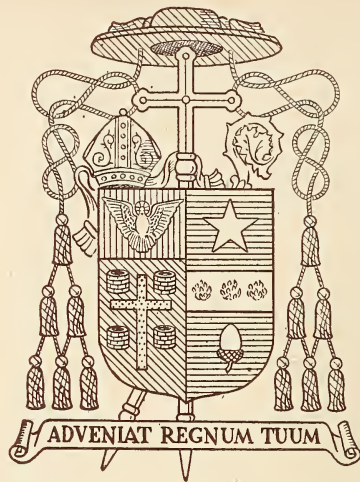
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Barbora Bluffs, Ontario

OCTOBER 1948







This is the coat of arms of the new bishop of Lishui. The dove, against a red background, is a symbol of the Holy Ghost. The White Star against a blue background represents the Blessed Virgin. The new diocese is under the protection of the Holy Ghost and Blessed Virgin Mary.

The four wells around the cross on a green background symbolize Lishui and its hopes for the future. Lishui means Beautiful Waters, and light green is the colour of hope.

The balls of fire are from the Turner family coat-of-arms. The acorn is from the crest of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

The motto: THY KINGDOM COME!



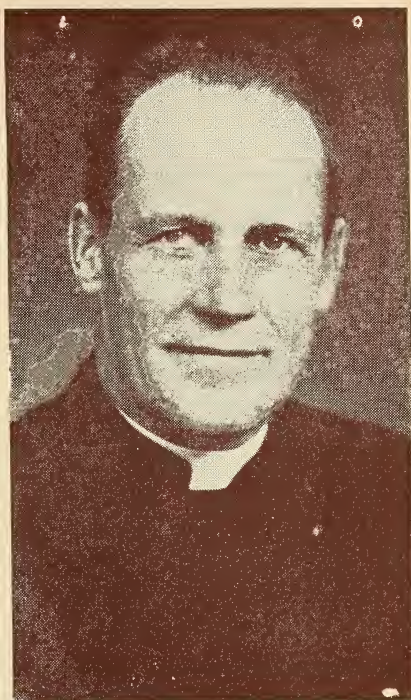
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# *The Bishop Comes Home*

By

THE MOST REV. K.R. TURNER

D.D., S.F.M.



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THE terrific speed of travel these days brings the remote corners of the earth within a few days' travel of home. Lishui, China, seems a long way from Toronto, Canada, but aeroplanes have shortened the road. Saying Mass very early on a July morning in Lishui Sacred Heart Church, I was on a truck making the tortuous turns along the cliffside road to Yuing-K'ong as dawn broke. In the cab were Fr. Charles Murphy and the Chinese driver. We were at Father Charlie's parish of Iwu, near the railroad, before noon. From here it is a five-hour run to Hanchow, capital of the province. Reaching there on time I had nearly an hour to have a bite of supper and make connections for Shanghai. The big city was reached a few minutes past midnight.

CHINA

A typhoon delayed our departure two days while aircraft were flown to inland fields to escape the fury of the winds and rains. Our Chinese National Aviation Corporation plane was one of the huge Skymasters, its crew of seven about evenly divided between Chinese and Americans. Fr. Murphy and Fr. Hudswell saw me near Shanghai and we were over the Yellow Sea in a matter of minutes. Not very long afterwards we were over the Japanese islands. We flew directly over Hiroshima but at our height of some 17,000 feet I could not say with certainty just how much of the city lies in ruins from the atomic blast of nearly three years ago. Clouds obscured the view of Mount Fujiama, the beautiful conical shaped mountain loved by the Japanese. We were about five hours in flight before landing at

Page Three

Tokyo. Father Allan McRae, who came from China a month or two previously, met me at the airport. We had time for a chat while the plane was being gassed-up. Night closed in on us a few hours later and with only the stars outside to see, most passengers turned out reading lamps, levelled out their Sleep-rite seats to the horizontal and tried to sleep while our four huge engines thundered outside. I must have slept towards morning. At any rate the Chinese stewardess awakened all passengers and we looked out the ports to find the first rays of the sun lighting up tiny Wake island. Wake is covered with small loose greyish stones from which hardy stunted bushes grow to the height of a few feet. Nowhere did I see soil. I believe there is almost no rain on the island and it is flat and only a few feet above sea-level. Water is distilled from sea water and all food must be brought in for the Pan-American crew with Gilbert Island boys who handle the airport and planes. The air was warm but sweet as I walked over to the Quonset hut by the windward side of the island which served as Catholic chapel during the days when the United States Navy held the island. There was an altar here, and on a small organ was a serviceman's Missal. Cardinal Spellman had celebrated Mass here a few weeks previously and if only I had known I could have made arrangements in advance to say Mass. Some of the Americans were Catholic and of the Gilbert Island men half are Catholics and half are Protestant. With visits of Catholic priests so few of this lonely island, the opportunities of going to Confession, hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion must be scarce. I resolved not to make the same mistake twice should I ever land here again in the morning.

Almost all through the twelve

hours of flying to Honolulu we passed over a calm blue sea with lazy white clouds over it like giant soapbubbles. Honolulu was reached after darkness had fallen. Here all Immigration and Customs formalities were gone through while our plane was refueled and checked, so that once we would reach the mainland there would be no delay. An accommodating attendant opened the barber shop at the airport and I was able to enjoy the luxury of a shower and change of clothes. We took off at about one o'clock in the morning and all passengers seemed to be dog-tired but myself. I awakened at nine a.m. when my elbow was bumped, and on investigation I found that in my sleep I had brought it down hard on the head of the Chinese young man who was in the seat beside me. He assured me it was the first time I had done it during the night. Nobody else appeared to be awake yet but still in the stupor of long-delayed slumber. We neared San Francisco around noon, Honolulu time, but mid-afternoon San Francisco time. San Francisco is a beautiful sight both from the air and from a ship, but flying over it really

(Continued on page 24)

## CHINA

Established 1919

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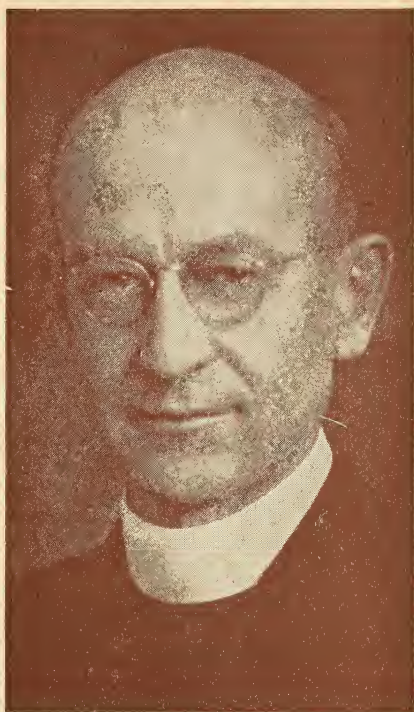




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# Refugees in the Rectory

*(Father Curtin, S.F.M., was the Vicar Delegate in Lishui during the war years. Here he tells a story of the new bishop of Lishui.)*



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**I**T was during the winter of 1943. The Japanese army had just retreated after the first invasion of our mission district. We priests were few and far between. We were lonely and kept sending each other notes — mostly humorous — in an effort to cheer one another up. Also we were expecting another invasion and so were anxious to keep everyone informed on the latest rumours.

So it was that I was not surprised when one day I received a note from the pastor of Dolu with a postscript which simply said, "There are babies being born in my house!"

But I was curious. A few weeks later I had to make a trip to Wenchow and thus would pass near Dolu. I decided to satisfy my curiosity and find out how babies could be born in a missionary's home.

I found the village of Dolu in ruins. Only a few walls and some rubble were left. The Japanese army had been through this way. But the priest's house was still standing and as the pastor led thru the front door I found every foot of floor space covered by mats and bedding. Upstairs in a corner of one room the priest had a tiny space allotted to himself but everywhere else were squalling babies, whimpering mothers, old people and children of all ages. Everywhere were noise and confusion. None was contented. Nearly everyone was quarrelling with his neighbour for more floor space. The good pastor was being continually bombarded with requests for everything from medicine to permission to throw out someone else.

When I saw all this I turned to the kindly priest who had sacrificed his own home and above all his privacy to shelter these wretched refugees. I said:

"I am afraid, Father, that your charity exceeds your common sense. You must find some other plan for these people. You must not give up your own home."

The Dolu pastor laughed at my serious words. "Why," he said: "I am enjoying all this. You'd be surprised at what I have seen and heard since I let this mob in here. It's as good as a circus!"

I thought to myself that I could well do without such entertainment and was about to say something of that sort when my fellow missionary took my arm and led outside where we could see the ruins of Dolu.

"Look at that, Father," he said. "Everything these people owned, burned to nothing. Even the tools for tilling the soil are gone. They have nothing left. I am sheltering the old people, the women and children. There are others still living in the ruins and near death from the cold. Yesterday I administered the Last Sacraments to a man who died from exposure. He died naked but for the sheet which covered him. And this is winter time. Can I allow these people to die while I myself have shelter?"

A few weeks later I heard that Father Kenneth Turner, Pastor of Dolu had made his way to the coast where he sold his own overcoat and with the money bought some cloth for the babies that were being born in his house.



Taken August 15th, 1948, at Lishui, following an outdoor ceremony which came to a close with the crowning of a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Rev. A. MacIntosh, deacon; Rev. A. Venadam, Religious superior at Lishui before the appointment of Bishop Turner; Rev. Paul Kam, sub-deacon.





# The SCHOLAR of TSING TI

By THOMAS MOAKLER

THE scholar is still the most honored man in China. A decade of war has not upset the tradition of five thousand years of civilization. That is why Mr. Wong was the Big Man of Tsing Ti. Mr. Wong was a scholar. He had been educated in the 'great city' and had elected to come back to the village of his ancestors to comfort his aged mother in her declining years. Wong had spent some time in the army but had been invalidated out with a badly wounded leg. Now he taught in the high school and as he walked the streets of Tsing Ti supported by a cane his affliction only added lustre to his former prestige. He was a scholar and had proved himself a good soldier in his country's hour of need.

I met Mr. Wong the first night I was in Tsing Ti. Father Joe O'Connor, my new pastor, introduced him as "the scholar of Tsing Ti and the only real pagan in town." Wong laughed heartily at this surprising introduction and I judged immediately that there was real friendship between these two.

Wong spoke impeccable English and became my teacher as I began

the struggle with the local dialect. Father Joe had explained why Wong was more pagan than the pagans. He had no belief in the gods. This he had lost in the University where, like many thousands of China's college graduates of today his philosophy was one of self-complacent intellectual doubt; the contribution of the West to the education of the East.

After his duties at the high school were over for the day Wong and I would go for little walks and he would teach me the dialect of the district. At night he would often come to the mission and he and Father Joe and I would indulge in our favourite pastime—the discussion of philosophy and allied subjects. Father Joe had long ago introduced him to St. Thomas Aquinas and we would often go into the wee-small hours arguing the relative merits of the philosophy of the great schoolmen and other thinkers of the past and present. There was one point where Wong respectfully called a halt. He would not discuss doctrine. We were patient. There was great natural good in this man. We waited and prayed.

Wong, who believed in nothing, had in common with his sort everywhere almost a reverence for some of the present day prophets of materialism. He would quote from the books he had read at university the 'latest findings' on psychology, history and biology, the transiently interesting findings of higher critics as if they were as certain as two and two makes four. Darwin and Dewey, Freud and Harnack and even Robinson, Durant and Wells were mentioned with reverence with which few Catholics would think of quoting the encyclicals. With strange logic he would state that he would like to be a Christian but was afraid that it would mean complete submission of his intellect to authority. We would point out to him that he belonged to a world that had once renounced authority and now had, by one of its amusing reversals, gone authority-mad, and logic, reasoning and the cold weighing of facts and their consequences were seeking refuge in the arms of Catholic learning and scholarship.

His views on Catholic faith would be amusing if they were not so tragic. We continually insisted that our Catholic faith was considerably more than just faith; that the theology that explains it is a highly developed and specialized science. The faith had as its associate the only logical and reasonable philosophy by which a man can think and live and act. But

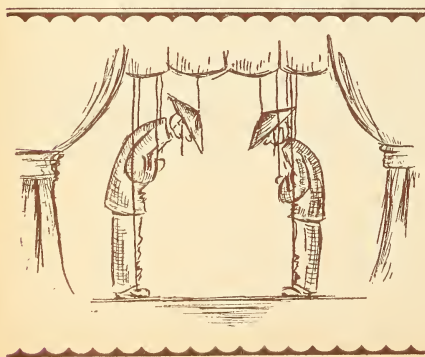
always Wong would leave us for his own quarters well satisfied with his evening but no further advanced in the way of the sublime truth.

Father Joe and I had been praying for our friend and we had asked the Sisters and the children in our little orphanage to pray for a "certain intention". One day I was at the dispensary and I told Sister Celestine what the intention was. She told me that Wong had sent a messenger to the dispensary that day to ask the Sisters to come to his house. His mother was ill and he would appreciate it if the Sisters would come.

Sister Celestine and Sister St. Joan had gone. The mother had come down with a fever but the Sisters were of the opinion that she would rally. Wong had seemed impressed with their visit. He had thanked them profusely and had seemed very sincere. Wong's young wife had expressed her admiration at the very evident efficiency of the Sisters and had asked if she might not visit them with the mother-in-law when the latter was completely recovered.

After the Sisters' visit to his home Wong did not come to the mission as he had been accustomed and Fr. Joe and I often wondered why. We would meet him on the street in the village and remind him that he had not been to visit us lately. Always he would make some excuse and promise to come again when he had time. But three months passed and Wong did not come.

In the meantime we heard from the Sisters that his mother had completely rallied from the fever and was now quite well again. She and Wong's young wife made frequent visits to the convent and were initiated into the mysteries of the higher points of needlework. Finally they told the Sisters that they had decided they would like to learn about the Christian religion. Wong had consented. We were delighted, of course, and prayers were redoubled







for Wong. The Sisters told the orphans to pray that God would give Mr. Wong the grace to see the truth.

Some weeks after these surprise developments I went on my first mission trip with Fr. Joe to show me the ropes. We covered our five nearest missions from Sunday afternoon to Saturday and had returned for Sunday Mass. Wong was waiting for us, seated in his favorite chair in what served as our living room. The news he had for us dispelled our weariness.

He had come to the mission last Saturday afternoon to learn that we had gone and would not be back for a week. He had stayed away these past months because he had been undergoing a mental turmoil the causes for which he had been unable to name. It seemed to him as if he was afraid to come to the house again and this nameless fear was in some unaccountable way at the bottom of his uneasiness.

It had started when the Sisters had begun their visits to his mother. His mother, his wife and the Sisters would talk about God, about Jesus Christ and Mary His mother. He had often felt strongly tempted to intervene or to laugh to scorn the simple faith that was growing in his mother and young wife. But he never had. His long talks at the rectory had never stirred him as had the presence

in his house of these two ministering angels, the Sisters. He had talked with them and knew they were educated, capable and yet they deemed it an honour to spend themselves in a remote village in far-off China in the interests of his people. During the past week his mother and his wife were doctrine enthusiasts and he had marvelled at the answers they had even now to the great problems of life and of death, of creation and immortality. These two women who were like children in his presence were rapidly acquiring a philosophy of life that made his frame-work of doubtful opinions look weak and insipid.

Last Saturday he had felt a great loneliness such as he had never before experienced. He just had to see them. He had come and the houseboy told him they had left half an hour before. Disappointed he had turned back to the village. At the main gate of the compound several of the orphans were playing "catch" with Sister Celestine. Suddenly one of the little boys came over to Mr. Wong, took him by the hand and said: "I'm Paul. We are all praying for you here, Mr. Wong. We have asked Baby Jesus to give you the religion of the Lord of Heaven." We could see the fine hand of Celestine behind this and behind her the finer hand of Him who puts wisdom in the mouths of babes.

Wong said he had gone home and sat in thought through the long evening. When night had closed in over the little valley he heard his mother and wife reciting their newly learned prayers. He had joined them. His mother and wife had not broached the subject of religion to him except when the mother had come to him and asked his permission to study the doctrine. At that moment they were the two most surprised women in Sing Ti. He had not prayed. "Pray to the Lord of Heaven for me, too," was all he said and then he

had left the house and walked alone in the little courtyard before the house. Today, he told the priest, he had come, not to talk but to listen.

There was literally all the difference between heaven and earth in the discussion that took place that evening. God's grace was now aiding Wong to see what before had been clouded by intellectual pride.

It was a great day for the Wongs when, with Fr. Joe presiding, the scholar of Tsing Ti, his mother and wife were received into the Church. It was a great day for someone else, too. Paul, orphaned when his parents died in a river-boat accident, was happy. He was to have "folks" again. Wong, childless after three years of marriage, had decided to adopt the child who had prayed for him to the "Baby Jesus."

These days we see Wong even more frequently. He now presides as director of our new High School located beside the Convent. Though Paul is just eight Wong is already boasting that some day he will send him to the Catholic University where he will become China's leading Thomist.



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## Bimbo

~

By

VERY REV. A. CHAFE

S. F. M.

---

NO, don't think it is a printer's error for "Bingo", BIMBO is the name, and it has nothing at all to do with a game. It's a man's name, and I've never heard him called by any other. I don't even know what his real name may be. But you should know something about Bimbo for he's an extraordinary person.

He lives in a Campo (country district) of Santo Domingo called Palabe, in the parish of Los Alcarrizos under the care of Father Hart and myself.

I first met him about three years ago, when the Scarboro Fathers in

the Dominican Republic assumed charge of a parish some miles outside the capital city of Ciudad Trujillo. It happened that Palabe was the very first Campo to which Father Hart ever went, some twenty miles away from our headquarters in the capital. I don't think he'll ever forget his impressions of that day. The lovely and orderly procession that came along the country road to greet the Padres, with the little children in front carrying flowers and singing softly their Spanish hymns; the paper-decorated arch that marked the entrance to the little chapel, and the firecrackers set off



so joyously by two elderly men; and then the courteous and respectful greeting given the priests in the lovely Dominican manner of kissing the priest's hand. Father Hart had expected nothing like that. Neither had I. It was all the work of Bimbo.

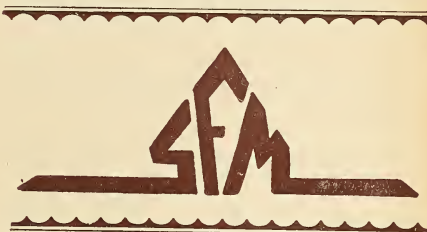
Bimbo has a lovely wife and a charming family of four or five little girls, one of whom, a child of about nine years, is lovely enough to merit her name of "Celeste".

In most Campos it is customary to meet at least one woman who is a veritable apostle in organizing the work of the Church; it is rare enough to have a Campo where a man takes on that job. Palabe is such a Campo—and Bimbo is the man.

The story, as I got it from his neighbours, runs like this: Years ago, Palabe had a "hard" name as regards the practice of religion; the men were much fonder of their cock-fights on Sunday than they were of gathering for prayers and religious duties; they led rather dissolute lives; gambling was more important than working; drinking and dancing were the favourite pastimes. Bimbo would have no part in it. He resented it and he resolved to stop it. He took no violent measures; he was wiser than that; he believed in the power of prayer, and he set himself to conquer his environment by recourse to prayer.

Night after night, and Sunday after Sunday, he went to a spot where many men gathered for their gambling and diversions. On the outskirts of the crowd he would calmly kneel down and say rosary after rosary. Everybody knew why he was praying — and everybody left him strictly alone to his prayers. But there came a day when the better ones among his neighbours learned to appreciate his efforts; there was a slackening of attendance at the diversions; and gradually a few

brave souls came to join Bimbo in his rosaries. The whole attitude of his neighbours changed, and one happy day someone made the suggestion to build a little chapel on the spot where Bimbo prayed so that others might come, too, and pray in comfort. A bit of land was donated for the chapel and from then on the Faith grew and prospered in Palabe. The visit of Father Hart and myself was only the second occasion on which those poor people had had Holy Mass in their chapel.



## Prayers for Our Dead

Deceased members of Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Donnell's family, Glace Bay, N.S.

Rev. John Dixon Keane, Douglstown, N.B.

Mrs. Catherine MacDonald, Marydale, N.S.

Mrs. Lajeunesse, Dalhousie Station, Que.

Mrs. Robert Byrne, Ottawa.

Miss Irma Boulogne, Toronto, Ont.

Rev. Chas. F. O'Gorman, Marysville, Ont.

Rev. Dr. D. J. MacDonald, Heatherton, N.S.

Rev. R. J. Coyle, Picton, Ont.

Mrs. Daniel Arseneau, River Hebert, N.S.

Mrs. John Gibbons, Wingham, Ont.

Miss Catherine Ellis, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Mrs. Mary Gillis, Inverness, N.S.

Rt. Rev. Francis A. Zettler, D.P., Chepstow, Ont.

Mr. Thomas G. Graham, Smiths Falls, Ont.

Mr. E. F. Carney, Montreal, Que.

Mrs. Michael M. Carthy, Dublin P.O., Ont.

Mr. Patrick J. Bolger, Toronto, Ont.

Rev. Gregory Murphy, Halifax, N.S.

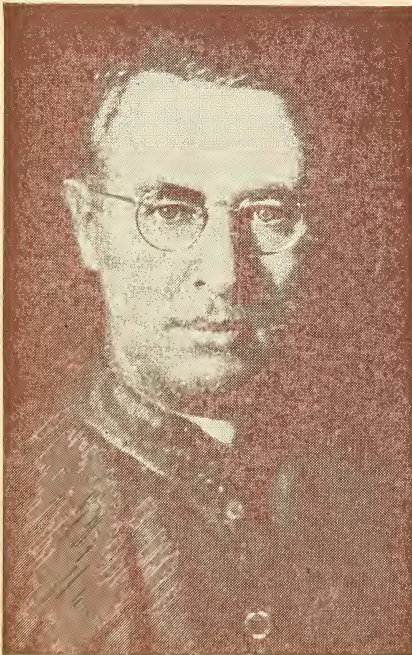
Mrs. J. W. Spencer, Glace Bay, N.S.

Rt. Rev. J. M. Fraser  
Protonotary Apostolic

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Both Monsignor Fraser and Monsignor McGrath are well known to all friends of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society. Monsignor Fraser was the founder of the society and the first to go to China.

Monsignor McGrath was our first Apostolic Prefect in our section of China and is now on tour with the "Pilgrim Virgin," a statue of Our Lady of Fatima.



These two prelates spent many years in what is now the diocese of Lishui and both rejoice to see this recognition of the work of the Society in that distant land.

The diocese has some 6,000 Catholics and almost 3,000,000 pagans. It is a very difficult work and the erection of Lishui as a diocese is a singular mark of distinction and shows that excellent results have been obtained with very bright hopes for the future.

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Rt. Rev. W. C. McGrath, P.A.

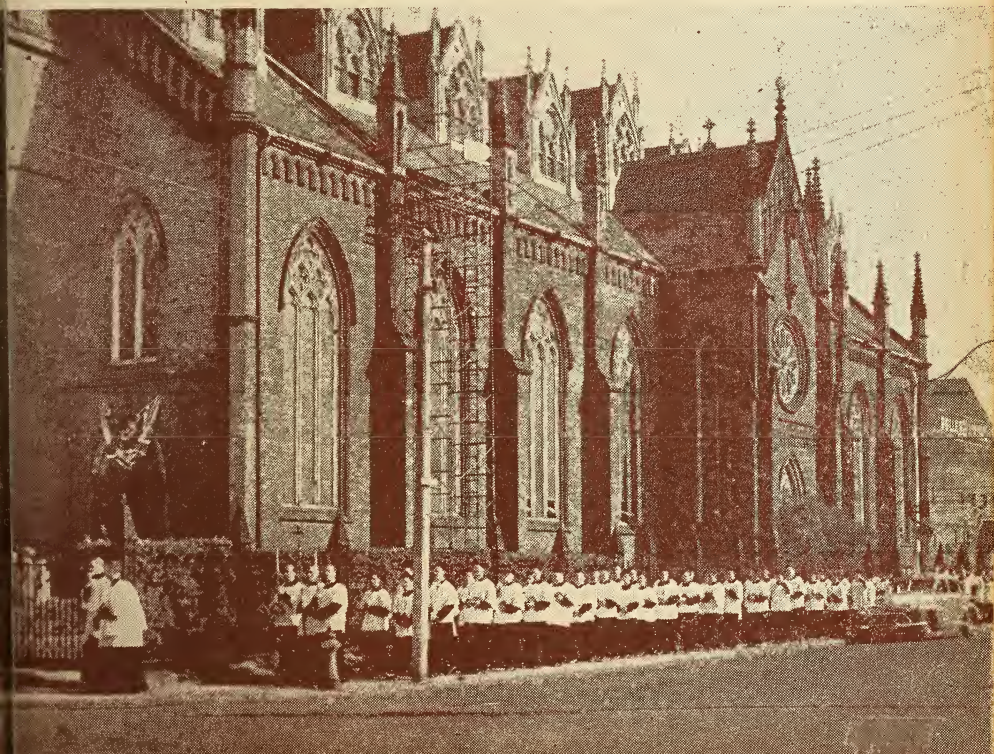


# Consecration of Bishop Turner

*On the following pages we bring you a photographic report of the Consecration of the Most Rev. Kenneth R. Turner, D.D., first bishop of Lishui. The Consecrator was His Eminence James C. Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto. He was assisted by The Most Rev. John Michael O'Neill, D.D., Bishop of Harbor Grace, Nfld.; and The Most Rev. Lawrence Patrick Whelan, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, Quebec.*

*The Preacher for the occasion was The Most Rev. Joseph Francis Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario.*

*Bishop Turner is the first of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society to be raised to this high dignity and the erection of Lishui to the rank of a diocese marks another milestone in our history. Our heartfelt congratulations to the new bishop and we wish him length of years. Ad Multos Annos!*



Procession entering St. Michael's Cathedral





**Guard of Honour with Bishop-Elect Turner**



**Guard of Honour with His Eminence  
Cardinal McGuigan**





The Cardinal Consecrator approaches the main altar and then begins examination of Bishop-Elect







**Bishop-Elect Turner makes profession of faith and promises obedience to the Pope**





**The Cardinal Consecrator and the Bishop-Elect  
begin the Mass**



**Bishop-Elect Turner changes to Mass vestments**





**At the Gloria of the Mass the Bishop-Elect sits with the Co-Consecrators**



**The Most Reverend Joseph Francis Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, who was the preacher at the Consecration.**





The Litany of the Saints—Bishop-Elect prostrate



Prayers before anointing





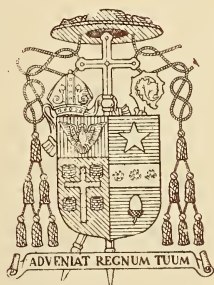
Receive the Holy Ghost  
(Imposition of hands and anointing)





At end of Mass, fully vested with mitre, crozier, gloves and ring, Bishop Turner approaches Cardinal Consecrator to renew pledges

*O God, the pastor and ruler of all the Faithful, look down in Thy mercy upon this Thy servant, whom Thou hast appointed over Thy Church, and grant, we beseech Thee, that both by word and example, he may edify all those who are under his charge, so that with the flock entrusted to him, he may attain unto life everlasting Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.*







Co-Consecrator O'Neill Bishop Turner Cardinal McGuigan Co-Consecrator Whelan





Among our most distinguished visitors on this solemn occasion were the six bishops in the picture above. In the usual order: Bishop Webster, Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto; Bishop Berry of Peterboro; Bishop Smith of Pembroke; Bishop Cody, Coadjutor bishop of London; Bishop Kidd, bishop of London; Bishop Jordan, of Prince Rupert.

Also present was the Bishop of Sault-Ste-Marie, Bishop Dignan, who was not present when the above group picture was taken.





## *The Bishop Comes Home* (Continued from page 4)

has an advantage for you see everything at once. The famous Market street is plainly recognizable as it cuts diagonally across the city. After the sultry hot days in China, here the air was wonderfully fresh and cool and as we whizzed along the paved roads from the airport it was hard to realize that just two days ago at almost the same time I was in the streets of Shanghai, dodging rickshaws.

The early missionaries from Europe journeyed to China and the Indies in sailing vessels and it was a sporting chance that they would reach their destination in a year. Always at the caprice of wind and tide they had to travel as circumstances dictated. Even the founder of our Society, Monsignor John Fraser, has an interesting story of his first journey to the Orient when he had to tie himself to his chair

to read his breviary and keep his feet off the water-covered deck below. Man's ingenuity has helped conquer distance and for the missionary this is not only a wonderful help but a subject for meditation in that the world is small and its peoples though seemingly scattered according to old standards, are in reality near each other. The old era of national isolationism is over, for the well-being or suffering of one group affects all the others and we find that we are, after all, our brothers' keepers. The same should be the case spiritually and by this I mean that the salvation of souls of all men is in God's Providence the concern of each of us. No great barriers either of geography or of culture separate us. All are God's children and the Saviour died for us all.

**D**URING the war in China, the then Father Turner and a missionary confrere made a pact to drop cigarette smoking and take the old reliable pipe. They agreed to penalize themselves to the extent of a dollar for charity, if they broke the pact. One afternoon as the other missioner was walking up and down in front of the house, he saw a package of his favourite cigarettes dangling before his eyes; looking up he saw the new Bishop of Lishui on the other end of the string! Needless to say, shortly afterwards two dollars were added to the charity fund.

### BOOKS WANTED

AMBRUZZI: A Companion to the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

CLARE, JAS.: The Science of the Spiritual Life.

RICKABY, JOS.: The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola.

RICKABY, JOS.: Waters that go Softly.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Ever hear the story of *THE PAIL OF GOLD*?

Once upon a time there lived a poor man who earned his bread by cutting and selling wood. He could not make very much money at this and often wished he had a better job.

One evening, returning from work, he met a very beautiful lady all dressed in white.

"Good evening," said the lady, "why are you so late getting home?"

— "I have been cutting wood and must work long hours to make enough money to live."

— "Suppose I were to fill your dinner pail with gold, would you be satisfied?" the lady asked.

— "I certainly would!" said the wood cutter. And when he looked inside the pail he saw it filled to the top with gold coins. The first thought which ran through his head was: "Golly I wish I had been carrying a bigger pail!"

The woodsman took off his cap and thanked the lady. Then a brain-wave hit him and he asked: "May I run home and bring back a larger pail; then I would never have to work again."

"Whatever you like," said the lady.

Well Buds, you know what happened: when he got back the lady had disappeared and there was

nothing left in his dinner pail but some left-over crumbs; he was just as poor as ever. . . . and much sadder.

This is an old story and the lady who was so very beautiful and dressed in white reminds me of Our Lady the Blessed Virgin. The woodsman reminds me of you, Buds. How? Well it's like this:

Every now and then you complain to the Mother of God that things are difficult, you can't do your homework easily, or else you have no time left for fun, or maybe you ask for some special favour. Then the beautiful Lady dressed in white grants you the favour you need. You say a quick "Thank you" and run away to get a bigger pail! Before you have time to realize how well off you are, you ask for more. Then what happens? You may lose the first gift in your anxiety for a better one. Suppose in October you change things around. Instead of asking Our Lady to help you, you give her a present? What could it be? Why the Rosary, of course. And for once, this daily gift to Her will be a present without any strings! Just this once we won't ask for anything; just make her the nicest present we can: the daily Rosary!

Sincerely,

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim:

I am eleven years old and would like to join the Rose Garden. I would like some pen pals. Please send me a mite box.

Josephine Gines,  
18 Elm St.  
West Orange, N.J.

Dear Josephine:

It is always a pleasure to meet a new Bud; welcome to our Garden. Your prayers and sacrifices will help us save China for our Lord and St. Theresa will be glad to have you as a helper.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I read the "China" often and would like a mite box. Will you please put my name in the "China". I am fourteen and I would like some pen pals. My name is Jacqueline but everyone calls me Jimmy for short.

Jacqueline Bergeron,  
2059 St. Antoine,  
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Jacqueline:

You will certainly be granted your desire to receive a mite box. As for the pen pals we trust that several members of the Rose Garden will oblige you. Keep up the good work

for the Foreign Missions. We need your help.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you about 500 stamps with this letter . . . My uncle is a missionary in China and I pray for him as well as for you. Don't forget me in your prayers.

Jerome Darle,  
RR 5, Merlin, Ontario.

Dear Jerome:

You sent me stamps before and now I thank you for all of them. They can help save Chinese children by buying things for our altars in that country. Keep up the good work; I'll not forget you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

It gives me great pleasure to read "China", and I wish to be a "Bud". I am 14 and in Grade IX. I would like to hear from Buds in Canada and Newfoundland.

Anita Mooney  
St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.

Dear Anita:

I am sure several Buds who read your letter will quickly write to you. Be sure and let me know how you make out. Come on Buds! Start Writing!



## QUICKIE QUIZZ

What does "Rosary" mean?

Prize given for best letter answering this.



Dear Father Jim:

*Some time ago my sister Rosie and I sent you some stamps. We asked you to publish our names in the "China" book. Please let us know if you received them or not. We are sending you some more stamps now. Trusting that you will receive them and that they will be of some help to the pagan children.*

*Annie and Rosie Nolan,  
Sweet Bay, B. B.,  
Newfoundland.*

Dear Annie and Rosie:

Sincere thanks for the stamps. Very sorry for not having notified you sooner. Remember the pagan children in your prayers and also the thousands of Christian children in the West Indies who are without priests to help them learn about God and to save their souls.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

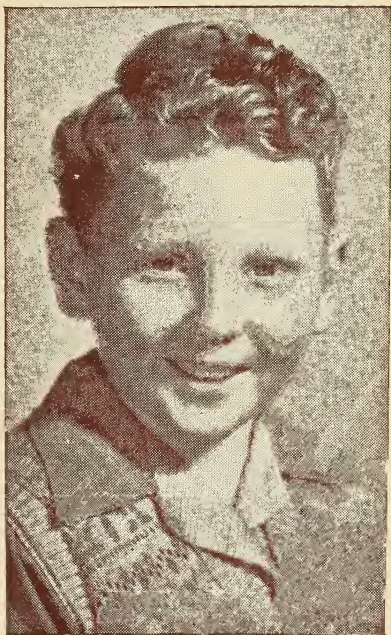
*Would you please send me five mite boxes for some of my friends and myself. We would like to help your China Mission organization.*

*Mary Ellen Quinlan,  
118 Centre Street,  
St. Thomas, Ont.*

Dear Mary:

It sounds as though a friend of yours must also be a friend of the

Missions. Here's hoping that you will acquire many, many friends during a long life. A friend in deed is a friend to heed. So we will be waiting to hear from you again.



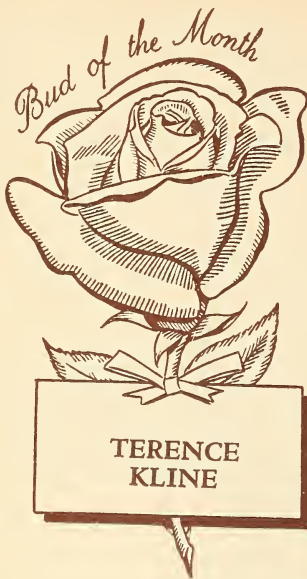
Meet Raymond Joseph Duffy of Peterboro, Ontario. Boys like Ray will be the missionaries of tomorrow. Keep up all your prayers for the boys and girl in pagan lands who are depending on Canadians like Ray.

### WINNERS OF QUICKIE QUIZZ

Ann Marie Dolan, of Warwick, Ontario, won our prize for June.

Teresa Mae McDonald, of 4469 Wilson Ave., Montreal, won for July-August.

Congratulations to both of you, and I hope you like your prizes.



Congratulations to Terry of St. Patrick's Boys School in Halifax. He is one of our very young Buds, and also one of our best missionaries.

## New Members and Pen Pals

### NEW WATERFORD, N.S.

Boutillier, Anna, 15, River Ryan; Boutillier, Leona, 13, River Ryan; Carpenter, Carmel, 13, River Ryan; Cashen, Carmel, 12, King St.; Caverzan, Pierrina, 14, McKay St.; Chiasson, Jean, 15, County Road; Chiasson, Louise, 13, 366 Pellet Ave.; Cormier, Germaine, 13, Maple Hill; DeGiobbi, Sally, 14, 62 Arthur St.; Fitzpatrick, Teresa, 14, St. Joseph St.; Gallant, Julia, 13, River Ryan; Gillis, Joan, 13, Lower King St.; Griffin, Carmel, 13, 632 14th St.; Hines, Helena, 13, 337 Wood Ave.; Hogan, Marie, 14, 169 10th St.; MacDonald, Janette, 14, MacDonald St.; MacDonald, Doreen, 13, Twelfth St.; McDonald, Mary Agnes, 14, George St.; McGillivray, Betty, 14, Upper King St.; McGillivray, Martha, 13, Upper King St.; McIsaac, Shirley, 14, Roach's Rd.; McKenzie, Florine, 12, Upper King St.; MacKinnon, Euphemia, 12, St. Joseph St.; McLeod, Isabel, 15, Hudson St.; McNeil, Annie, 13, Acadia St.; McNeil, Joan, 12, 448 George St.; McNeil, Gladys, 13, King St.; McNeil, Mary Lee, 12, Eighth St.; McNeil, Shirley, 14, Roach's Rd.; McPherson, Clarence, 13, Roach's Rd.; Maillet, Isabelle, 13, King St.; Mrazik, Helen, 12, Mahon St.; Morrison, Frances, 14, 104 Arthur St.; Muise, Bernice, 14, George St.; Nolan, Patricia, 13, 532 King St.; Power, Carmel, 14, Maple Hill; Poirier, Julia, 14, 170 Tenth St.; Roberts, Sylvia, 12, Lingan.

### MONTROCK, ONT.

Lariviere, Shirley, 11; Shallow, Lawrence, 14; Stack, Donald, 12; Lariviere, Lois, 13.

Crumb, Jack, 12, Twin Falls, Ontario; Crumb, Jill, 12, Twin Falls, Ont.

### KITCHENER, ONT.

Bank, Myrtle, 13, 44 Lydia St.; Fritz, Barbara, 11, 109 Wilhelm St.; Geritz, Marion,



This was the Primary Class in St. Anthony's School, Toronto. A whole room full of young missionaries! See what they are holding? Mite-boxes to help convert China. God bless all of you.



11, 262 Queen St.; Hohn, Lucille, 11, 47 Irvin St.; Hengartner, Alice, 11, 190 Lancaster Ave.; Meinzinger, Joyce, 11, 20 Ontario St. N.; Milne, Barbara, 11, 50 Scott St.; Schnarr, Patricia, 11, 199 Pandora Cres.; Thomas, Muriel, 13, 16 Miehm Place; Wingrad, Mary, 12, 27 Rose St.

#### FOX HARBOUR, P.B., NFLD.

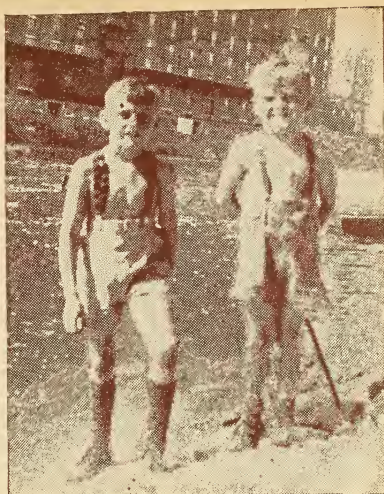
Dready, Nellie, 13; Duke, Rose, 15; Ennis, Mary, 13; Healey, Francis, 13; Healey, Jack, 13; Healey, Michael, 11; Houlihan, Helen, 16; Houlihan, Jack, 12; King, Gerald, 12; King, Jack, 14; Lane, Mary, 16; McCue, Kitty, 14; McCue, Mary, 16; Mullins, Peter, 11; Murray, Kitty, 15; Murray, Mike, 13; Murray, Teresa, 14; Power, Bobby, 13.

#### PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Beresford, Patricia, 14, 169 Edinburgh St.; Brick, Madeline, 14, Donegal St.; Collins, Wilhelmina, 13, 211 King St.; Corbett, Beth, 13, 145 London St.; Farren, Anne, 13, 516 Elm St.; Finn, Maureen, 13, 647 George St.; Gahagan, Eunice, 12, 610 Bethune St.; Houlihan, Roma, 13, 322 King St.; Masterson, Maureen, 11, 264 King St.; McCarthy, Marie, 14, 306 Brook St.; O'Neill, Lillian, 12, 588 Charlotte St.; Rutherford, Mary, 13, 328 London St.; Ryan, Frances, 13, 364 Brook St.; Torpey, Margaret, 12, 585 Elm St.; Waite, Marie, 14, 452 Elm St.

#### IROQUOIS FALLS, ONT.

Watson, Teddy, 11; Smith, Margaret, 11; Mongeon, Robert, 11; Mattson, Margaret, 11; Baxter, Warner, 11; Sloan, Brian, 12; Devine, John, 11; Lavaltee, Teddy, 11; Corcoran, Margaret, 11; Shea, Barbara, 13; Gignac, Beverley, 12; St. James, Loreen, 13; Turner, Patsy, 13; Stone, Mary Lou, 11; Reynolds, Mickey, 12; McGrath, Clifford, 13; Cosgrove, Loretta, 13; Patterson, Gary, 13.



This is Anthony Mahood and his brother Gary. Anthony goes to St. Peter's school in Peterborough, Ont., and is one of our busiest workers. We are very proud of Buds like Anthony and Gary.

## A Letter from Father Morrissey in China

Dear Buds,

You are so far ahead of me in letter-writing that I have asked Father Jim for some space in the Rose Garden to answer you all at once! I want to thank Dorothy Whitten, of St. John's Nfld., Eddie McLaughlan of Grand Falls, Nfld., Helen Keating, Doreen Dalton and Leonard Corbett, all of Conception Hr., Nfld., also Mary McInnis of St. Joseph's Convent School at Charlottetown, P.E.I. whose mission unit has adopted me as their missionary. Thanks also to John Killoran of Wainwright, Alberta, who is my co-missionary and to Tom Neville of North River, Nfld., as well as several others.

To all of these wonderful people I want to express my gratitude for the numberless Holy Communion offered, the Rosaries said for my intentions, and all the other prayers and sacrifices which help missionaries in China bring the Faith to the pagans.

I'm sure God will bless them all, and to make doubly sure, every morning at Mass I remind His Blessed Mother!

Sincerely, in the Lord of Heaven  
 Father Tom Morrissey, S.F.M.,  
 Catholic Mission,  
 Tungyang, Chekiang, China.

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# Items of Interest

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## Consecration

Another milestone in the history of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society was added September 29th when the first bishop of Lishui, the Most Rev. Kenneth Roderick Turner, D.D., S.F.M., was consecrated by His Eminence James Charles Cardinal McGuigan, assisted by Bishop O'Neill and Bishop Whelan. To the new bishop we pledge our unfailing prayers and material assistance for his work in China.

At the banquet in his honour, Bishop Cody of London stressed the need of the missions for help from Canada. In his reply, Bishop Turner told of the great assistance already received and what progress was made under such difficulties. He said that this augured well for the future and even though China still lives in the shadow of war, he could see bright hopes for its future.

## First Pontifical in Montreal

On Sunday, October 3rd, Bishop Turner offered his first Pontifical Mass in his home parish, St. Patrick's, in Montreal. Monsignor McShane, the pastor of St. Patrick's, was the Assistant-priest, and Father Feron the deacon of honour. Father Reid and Father McCaffrey were deacon and subdeacon of the Mass. It was a great homecoming and our thanks are due to all who made it such a wonderful occasion.

## From Santo Domingo

Very Rev. A. Chafe, S.F.M., our superior in the Dominican Republic was present in Toronto for the Consecration ceremonies. Father Chafe reports that all our priests in that mission are well and looking forward to a visit from our new bishop. Father Steele, a classmate of Bishop Turner during seminary days, was the only member of our society ordained in 1936 who was able to be on hand. Both Fathers Chafe and Steele have since returned to their missions.

## From China

Great preparations are being made in China to greet the new bishop and word has come from our missionaries there of their anxiety for this great day. Bishop Turner hopes to sail November 7th for his diocese.

## Thanksgiving

In thanksgiving to the Little Flower for favour received, G.G., Toronto, Ont.

In thanksgiving to the Little Flower for a temporal favor received, Client of the Little Flower.

Many thanks for favour received through devotion to the Precious Blood, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Infant Jesus of Prague, Blessed Martin and family Rosary in honour of the Blessed Virgin.

Thanksgiving to Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Patrick and St. Anthony for safe journey.

E. McC., Whitby, Ont.





**Rt. Rev. Msgr.  
Gerald J.  
McShane, D.P.,  
Assistant Priest.**

**Rev. Donald  
Feron, Deacon  
of Honor.**

**Rev. Martin P.  
Reid, P.P.,  
Deacon of the  
Mass.**



**Very Rev. J. E.  
McCaffrey, S.J.,  
Subdeacon of  
the Mass.**



#### WHAT THE POPES THINK OF THE ROSARY

"If you desire peace in your hearts, your homes and your country, assemble every evening to recite the rosary."—Pius XI.

In these anxious days, when the whole world hopes for peace, remember that the Rosary is one of our most powerful weapons. Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!

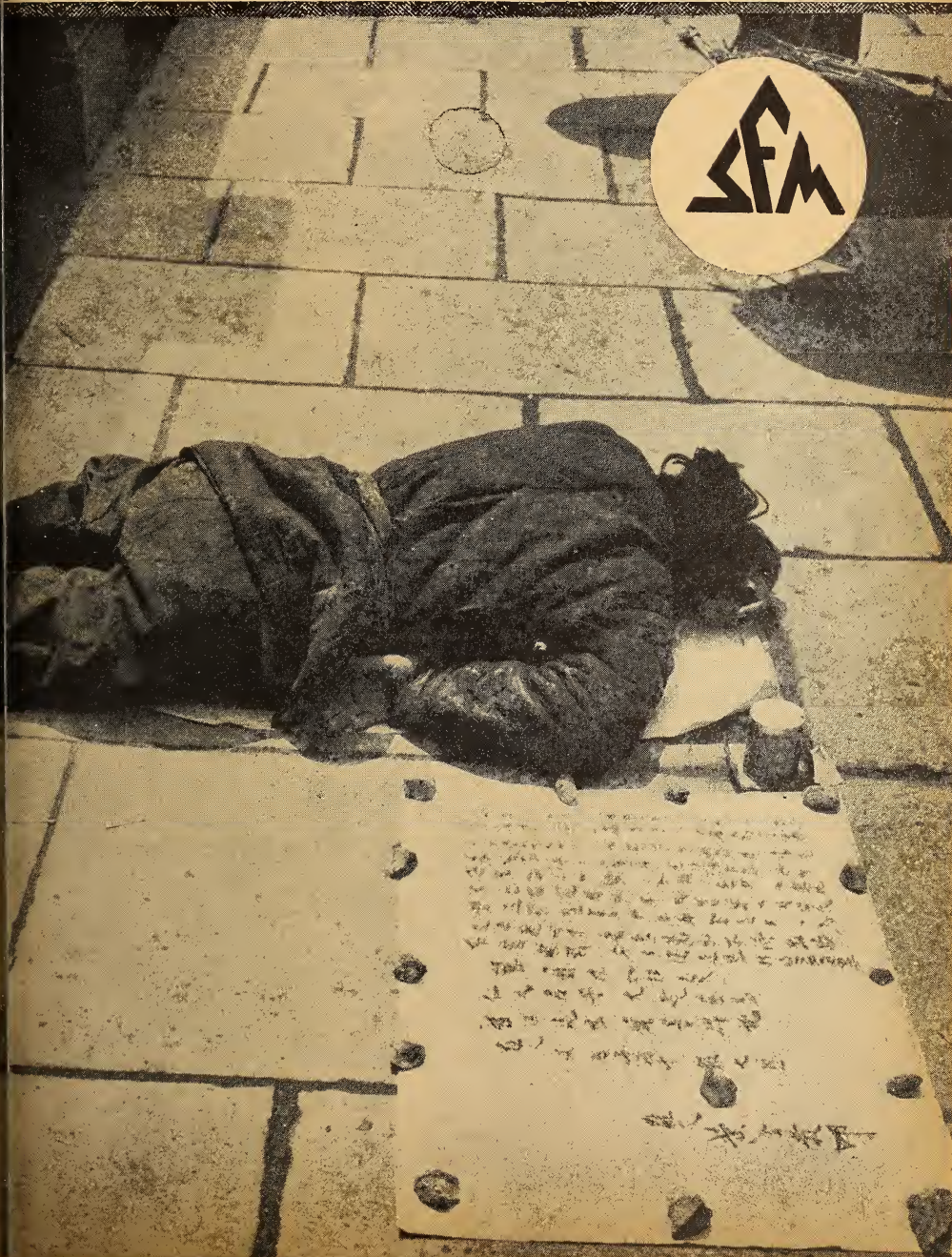
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# C H I N A

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

NOVEMBER 1948



# BURSES

Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	\$2,449.50
St. Jude .....	1,464.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,252.07
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,220.00
Sacred Heart Burse No. 2 .....	1,073.16
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
Comforter of Afflicted .....	805.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	647.62
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	543.43
Holy Souls Burse No. 2 .....	504.16
Immaculate Conception Burse No. 2..	466.60
St. Anthony Burse No. 2 .....	311.00
Msgr. McKeon Burse .....	225.00
St. Anne Burse .....	210.00
Rev. Dr. Foley Burse .....	208.00
St. Christopher Burse .....	207.20

The proceeds from these burses will be used to educate our students for the foreign missions.

WILL YOU HELP COMPLETE THEM?

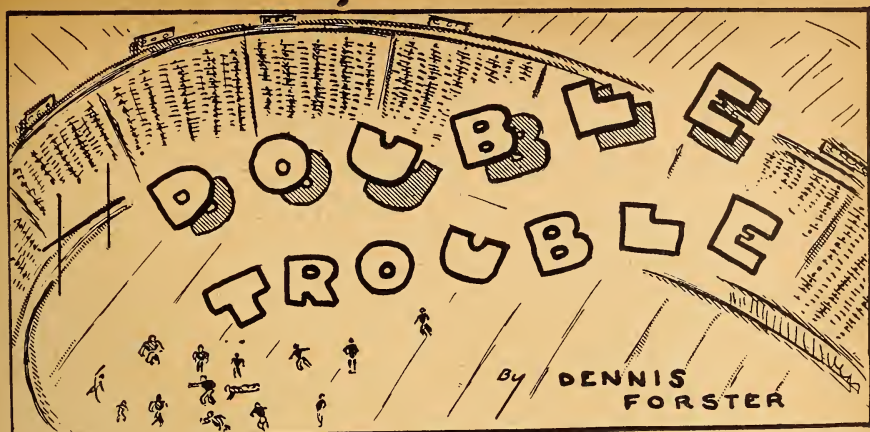
EVERY BIT HELPS

*Address all contributions to the*

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**

**Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario**





**J**EFF was on his way home from the final practice of the fighting Irish when romance struck its fatal blow. A blow which brought the blue and gold to the brink of defeat and almost ruined three lives.

Crossing over the deserted backlots which liberally sprinkle every town in the world, Jeff awoke out of his reverie and forgetting about the tin can that he was kicking for a convert sprang to intercept a bouncing football that was heading for the road and perhaps oblivion under the wheels of the cars. He scooped up the ball with an easy grace and spun around to pass it to whoever was playing.

"Gimme my ball mister." A young lad of 12 running up to Jeff.

"Now wait a minute, don't they teach you to say thank you when a buddy has saved your ball from a premature end?"

"Oh, gee, yes. I . . ."

"Why you overgrown baby! Why don't you play with someone your own size? Give him his football."

Jeff's ears grew as red as his hair and he turned to face his accuser with a hot retort on his tongue, but was speechless when he saw his pretty accuser.

"Hey, Sis, you've got him wrong, he's o.k., he just saved my ball from being run over on the road."

Now it was the girl's turn to blush and she made a perfect picture as the blush spread over her tanned face. Her blue eyes softened and a smile stole over her lips.

"Will you ever forgive my rudeness, I am so sorry, it is a bad fault of mine jumping to conclusions. My name is Charmaine Rogers, and of course you have met my young brother Ted."

Jeff was quick to reply, "I'm Jeff, Jeff Quinn; I'm at the University. Say, are you, . . . is Prof. Rogers your father?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

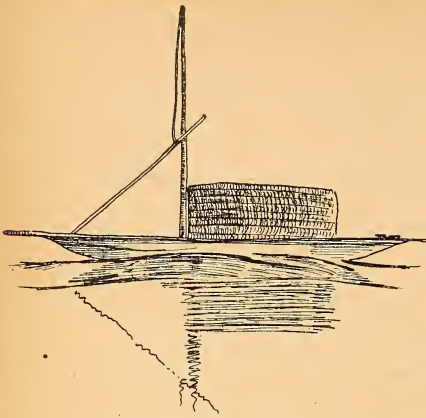
"Why sure. He's my French Prof., golly I never imagined he had a daughter like you."

"Now Mr. Quinn, even French teachers sometimes do have offspring other than French verbs and nouns."

"I'm sorry it was not that I meant; oh heck, I don't know what I mean."

Charmaine gave a delightful chuckle as Jeff scratched his head for inspiration and in bewilderment, but he was saved by Ted who piped up. "Oh, Sis, how about that milk shake you promised me if Notre Dame beat Illinois?"

Jeff, turning to the girl asked, "Do you follow the games?"—"Why yes. Ted and I have a little bet that whenever Notre Dame wins, I buy him a milk shake and I am pleased to say



he has been drinking lots of milk this year. Wasn't last Saturday's game a thriller when with only a few minutes to go Mutt went over for a touchdown on a pass thrown by J... Why you must be, could you be the Jeff Quinn who threw that pass?"

"Yes I was in the game, but you can't hold me responsible for the milk shake you lost."

"Come on along, and I'll buy you a milk shake too. Tell us about the game. Do you think you can beat Army next week? Why do they call you and your teammate Mutt and Jeff?"

The girl and her young brother plied Jeff with eager questions and he was more than pleased to take advantage of the situation, and off they went for a milk shake . . .

. . . Twisting in his chair before the desk, Sherman was astounded to see that the person who was singing and whistling and making enough noise to wake up the dead language he was poring over, was his roommate, the usually sober and quiet Jeff. With staring and unbelieving eyes, he saw the new arrival's hat go sailing for the peg and recognized the tune about moon and June, love and

dove, that was issuing from the groaner's mouth.

"What the heck! Here sit down Jeff old boy. Have a glass of water."

"Sherman, I have just met the swellest girl in the world . . ."

"Oh, no! Don't tell me the bug has bitten you. You'd better sit down here where the sun won't touch you."

"Listen, I'm not kidding you, wait till you see her. Say I've got to go. Lend me that new yellow tie of yours will you? You haven't got a clean shirt by any chance that needs dirting? I've got a date in 15 minutes for a movie." The huge 220 pound center of Notre Dame held his head in pain, "Take my tie, take my last shirt, take my advice that females are poison, and take yourself out of this room for your date, before you start quoting lines from Shakespeare."

Strolling down the street to the corner drugstore where he was to meet Charmaine, Jeff felt on top of the world, but from around the corner came a cloudburst in the form of a Mercury roadster. "Ah," thought Jeff, "there's Mutt in his new car. What a lucky guy to have a pop who can come across with a juicy allowance every week. I wonder what poor lassie he is rushing these days. His

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## C H I N A

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*Established 1919*

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*Address all communications to*

**RT. REV. J. E. McRAE**

Superior General, Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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**Vol. XXIX**

**No. 11**



girls change as frequently as the weather." He waved a cheery hand in reply to the fanfare that Mutt tooted on the horn, but his wave stopped in mid-air. His eyes saw the warm smile that the other occupant gave him and his lips framed the name "Charmaine"!

Twisting in his chair before the desk, Sherman was astonished to see the mournful visage of love-sick Jeff, as the great lover slouched through the door.

"Hi-ya dreamboat! How did the date go?"

Oh shut-up! Women, the gentler sex! And as for that joker, Mutt, I'll flatten out his profile."

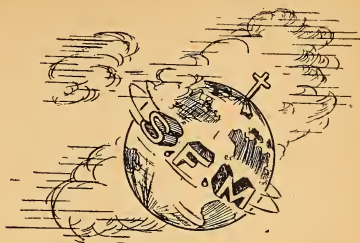
Sherman's face became creased with worry lines as Jeff told him the story of the blonde in Mutt's car" . . . just because he runs across for a touchdown as a result of team work, he's the big hero to the press and the girls, but I'll fix him on Saturday."

"Say Jeff, snap out of it, there's too much at stake. We have to win on Saturday against Army."

But there was no use arguing the pros and cons with Jeff. His Irish mind was filled with thoughts of double-crossing Charmaine and Mutt.

"Huh, and I thought she was different."

For the next few days Jeff went through some miserable hours . . . The very sight of Mutt would send his temperature above boiling point. On the odd occasion he would meet



Charmaine and then either he or she would cross to the other side of the street, and the warm air seemed to be hanging with icicles.

His room-mate knowing that the split between Mutt and Jeff would have a disastrous effect on the team tried his best to patch things up. But the rift grew wider and even when the team was running on to the field, Sherman heard Mutt tell Jeff, "Mind your own business, if she wants to go out with me, that's up to her. Just to show you how much I care, I promised that I'd score a touchdown for her." Jeff's face grew red with envy and rage.

On the side-lines the coach was making a fox-hole with his worried pacing, "What on earth is the matter out there. Only 15 minutes left and still no score. Why they haven't completed a pass or even made a first down. If this keeps up, we'll have Army scoring on us. Look at that! Mutt was supposed to run interference for Jeff and he's nowhere near the play."

On the field Jeff found himself running into what felt like a brick wall. "Oof", his breath whistled through his teeth as two army players hit him from the side. There were blue flashes of light and then sweet darkness blotted out everything. He awoke, after what seemed to him to be hours, and shaking the cold water towel from his face looked around.

The water that had been thrown on him almost rose in clouds of steam



as he saw the crowd gathered around him. It was not the crowd but the sight of Mutt standing on the sidelines with a familiar blonde dabbing at his muddy face that brought his blood to boiling level.

"Why you crook . . ." His head swam with the sudden movement as he jumped to his feet.

"Mutt dear, who is that player who got hurt?"

"Jeff Quinn, darling, but you told me that you didn't know him. He, however, claims that you stood him up."

This conversation reached Jeff's ears as he began to fall to the ground. An arm reached around him and braced him.

"Jeff, darling, are you hurt? Help somebody, he's dying!"

A whiff of perfume and something about the voice woke up Jeff and he looked at his side. His head seemed worse and he felt that he was delirious as he saw the concerned face of Charmaine.

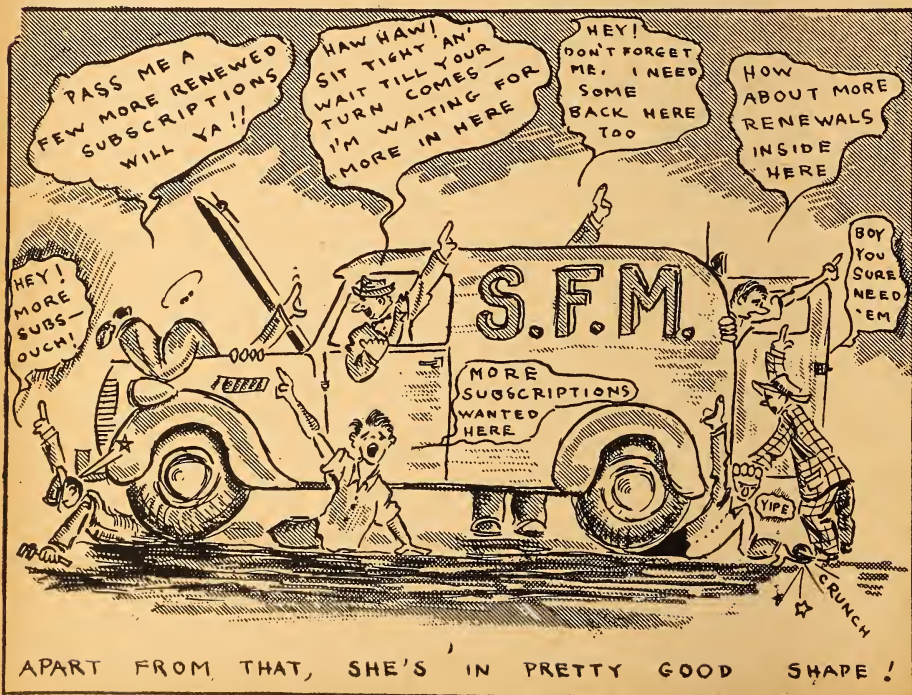
Passing his hand over his face he groaned aloud, "I must be getting old, seeing things, hearing voices." Looking to the left he saw Mutt and his girl, and then turning to the right he saw the vision of the same blonde. "Two of you. Let me lie down and sleep it off."

"Jeff, Jeff, wake up, please dear, you must get up and win this game. I forgive you for standing me up and . . ."

"What! You forgive me! Why . . . Why . . ." Jeff spluttered wide-awake by this time "Mutt! Sherman! Do hear that? She . . . She . . . She . . ." He stopped as he again saw two identical blondes looking at him with question marks in their eyes at his queer antics.

"Charmaine, I have the D.T.'s, I'm seeing double."

"Ah, you nut, snap out of it," Mutt grinned as he said with a sigh of relief, "We got trouble on our hands. They're twins!"





# Letter from Ocoa

BY  
ROBERT HYMUS  
S. F. M.



FROM day to day, from month to month, from year to year the work in this mountain parish of San José de Ocoa goes on slowly but steadily. At times, so little progress is apparent that one is tempted to discouragement. However, on other occasions things happen which give a taste of success and fire one with new hope and zeal.

Ordinarily, I have a fellow-priest with whom I can discuss this spiritual checker-board of success and failure. For some time my companion has been away. Whenever evening comes and I sit down after the day's activities there is an empty chair on the opposite side of the room. How different it is to think over the various happenings without making them known to someone else and receiving helpful comment in reply.

To-night, that chair is vacant again, so I have decided to put my musings into a letter.

You should have been here for the blessing of the new Children of Mary banner. It was really an event worth seeing. During the ceremony, forty new members were received into the society. This brings the total membership up to the two hundred

mark. This number refers only to the town group. I do not know how many there are in the many missions attached to the parish.

On Sunday morning we had thirty first communicants, which number is small, but we have little groups every so often. There were only two boys in that class but I hope to have a group of boys this month.

In the evening, the church was crowded for the coronation of the Virgin Mary. Several Children of Mary recited poetry for the occasion. There was some class "A" singing, as well, by the two hundred young ladies, dressed in their white uniforms.

On Monday morning the Children of Mary received holy Communion in a body.

That night, the mountains which completely surround the little town appeared just as dark and forboding as ever, thus emphasizing the brilliant event which was getting under way in the local park which fronts the church.

The bandstand was decorated for the occasion. Extra lighting was supplied by the Padre's jeep, "Santa Maria", the headlights of which were covered with red celophane. At least a thousand spectators (about one-third of the town's population), crowded around the stand.

The girls put on a first class concert which is known here as an "acto cultural". They even surprised me. For example, there was one group of girls who, as each one rose from her place on the flower-strewn floor, put on a head-dress adorned with a letter. The letters spelled out "Virgin Maria" (Virgin Mary). As each girl rose she recited lines in praise of Our Lady, then all joined in singing a beautiful Marian hymn.

There were also ten little angels. One special angel (a sort of blond), wore a long white "dress" with a cincture marked IHS. I finally recognized it as one of the altar-boys' white soutanes.

José Subero, one of the town's most distinguished sons, gave the closing speech. It was one such as only José can deliver. If I had known that the event was to be such a success I would have urged the priests from Bani and others to attend. As one man remarked, "Ocoa never saw the like of this before." Of course, they give all the credit to the Padre, but truthfully I contributed only my presence. It happens that the society has a very capable governing body which does things which I thought only Hollywood could do.

My Young Men's Catholic Action Group is functioning in very satisfactory style also. I am keeping the same president for another term. On Thursday next a new Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer will be appointed. All four are sincere lads and should get good results. One complete year passed without anything being done in this regard but

since last February we have been getting somewhere. Fifteen young men are waiting to be officially received into the organization. More than thirty have aspirations but I intend to keep some back. We have invited the national President of the Catholic Action for Young Men to perform the initiation ceremony. Here's hoping he will be able to come in the near future.

There are also twenty young fellows from a nearby mission station who wish to become members of the organization. Don't get me wrong—of the fifty or so who form the present official group, only a dozen completely fulfill their religious obligations. However, with the new Board of Directors many will get back into line.

We are caring for four men in our little hospice which opened recently and we are not broke yet. The Pious Union of Saint Anthony will stage a concert next week which should be excellent. It should net us fifty dollars for the hospice.

Some time ago we bought the large strip of land on the outskirts of the town where we hope to build a large home for the aged. In the meantime we have planted it with peanuts and corn. Half of the produce goes to the hospice, while the other half goes to the man who cares for the crop.

This month I shall try to build up the Sacred Heart League, with the hope of getting mothers of families to the Sacraments.

My altar-boys are growing and I am convinced more and more that this is the way to promote vocations in each parish. Such boys should be encouraged and treated like young seminarians.

Since Fr. Moriarty went on his holidays and I have been left alone, one of the priests from Bani comes up to help me on the week-ends. No one came this week since I had no



m. on to visit. Last week-end Fr. Mc Carthy came. While he was here the rains came and the bridges went. He had to remain for several days.

To-day we had our usual St. Anthony group. It consists of some forty tough, rough and ragged individuals. I put a catechist to work with them. There are few catechists like this one. He is an old fellow who is nearing the ninety mark. A few rags cover his parched, emaciated body. He supported himself on a rough pole to the top of which was tied a small sack for storing the spoils of his begging campaigns. If he would only wash his hair it would fall in white curls about his neck.

As soon as he began his class no attention was paid to his appearance. He recited from memory the questions and answers from an old time, Spanish catechism written in poetic form. He gave out all the principal doctrines and prayers in a strong, clear voice. It is surprising whom

one meets in the "slum" section. I think this fellow would floor many a so-called catechist. The "Dirty Thirty" gang (there are now over forty), was sitting in the benches when Old Joe began but before he finished they were standing up listening and finally praying.

Such are some of the things which give encouragement when I think about the problems of caring for almost forty thousand souls scattered about the hills and valleys of this large parish. How can two priests possibly care for so many? But then, our Saviour sent forth His disciples two by two into the world. He can do it if we cannot. Perhaps He will not do it in the way we want it done but that does not matter.

Enough musing for this time. As we say here, "hasta luego." "Que Dios os bendiga y la Virgen os guarda."

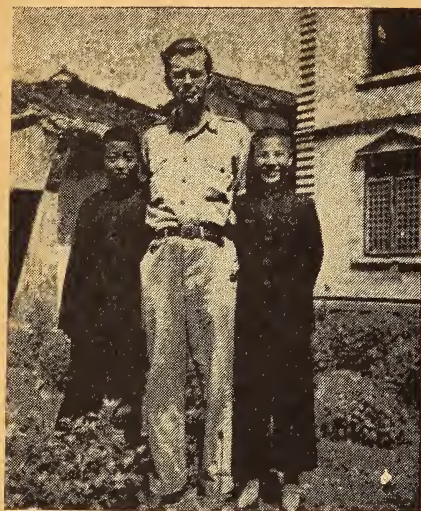
Sincerely,

PADRE ROBERTO.

ONE day during the stay of the statue of Our Lady of Fatima in Brooklyn, enroute to the Dominican Republic, it was exhibited in a private home. Hundreds of the neighbours, and, of course, many of the neighbouring children, visited to pay their respects to Our Lady.

Leaving the house, Father Pat Moore, S.F.M., encountered a tousled-haired little fellow, about five years old, who, a bit on the rough side, thrust out his hand towards the Father and said: "Here, give this to the Blessed Virgin."

His "offering" was a printed button which said "Nobody can do it like you." "Come up and give it to Her yourself," said Father Moore. He did. And now that same button, with its legend so applicable to the Virgin's power, is a prized possession of Father Moore. The little fellow was treated rather nicely, given a medal of the Virgin and other keepsakes. He evidently "told the gang" about it all, for on going out of the house later Father Moore met still another little fellow who practically repeated the words of his little pal. This time, when Father looked at what was offered, he saw a button printed with the words: "Vote for Wendell Wilkie."



# The Visitor

BY

HAROLD MURPHY

S. F. M.

THE priest in Lanchi is busy tapping out a letter on the typewriter when a visitor is announced.

A tall silk gowned gentleman enters the room, bows and says, "Spiritual Father". The priest waves him to a chair and the visitor sits down.

"Ah, Mr. Chang," says the priest. "I am very happy to see you. Actually I was thinking of calling at your house and having a chat with you."

"Concerning what?" says Mr. Chang. And his voice is not very friendly.

"Well, Mr. Chang," says the priest very quietly. "Supposing you tell me the purpose of your visit to me. I have an idea that it is about the same matter."

But Mr. Chang just sits and stares. He seems to be very angry about something. The priest realizes that sitting in silence is not going to help matters so he tries again.

"Mr. Chang," he says, "I always like people to be very frank with me."

More silence.

The priest continues: "I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me exactly what is on your mind."

Still more silence.

After a few minutes the visitor begins to speak—at first in a suppressed sort of way but finally in an explosively angry tone of voice.

"Spiritual Father," he says, "I am a very angry man. I have a grave accusation to make against you. I accuse you of urging my daughter to be disobedient to her father. I am a rich man and an influential man in this city. As you know, I am not a Catholic but I have allowed my daughter to be raised a Catholic at the request of my Catholic sister. In return for this kindness on my part, you, the Catholic priest, have the audacity to urge my eighteen-year-old child to flaunt my parental authority as something to be laughed at. I want you to know right now that my daughter is going to marry the man of my choice. She is going to do as I say. And you are going



to mind your own business in the future or I will run you out of this city."

The priest remains silent for a moment and then, very quietly, he says:

"Now, now, Mr. Chang, I can well realize just how you feel. And I do not blame you a bit for being angry with me. You have lost face in the eyes of your neighbours and if I am the cause of it, I am very, very sorry. I apologize! I humbly ask your pardon."

Mr. Chang's proud pagan eyes flicker in astonishment. He says nothing.

The priest continues: "Now, Mr. Chang, I am a priest of the Church which I believe to be the True Church on this earth. I believe that my Church contains all the truths and doctrine which God has revealed to us in this world. I really believe this. And so does your daughter! We both believe that it is absolutely impossible for a Catholic girl to marry a man who already has one living wife. Your daughter would rather die than go through with this marriage."

Mr. Chang is no longer in an angry mood but he mutters:

"My daughter will do as I say."

The priest remains in silence for a moment and then says, "Perhaps so. Perhaps so."

Mr. Chang again shows his pagan spirit and exclaims angrily, "There is no perhaps about it, she will!"

The priest sighs and reluctantly makes a decision. He points his finger at his visitor and says:

"Now, you listen to me, my pagan friend. You have come into my home here and have been throwing accusations and threats at me. Now, I am going to talk tough to you. Your daughter is NOT going to marry that rich old fool who already has another wife. You know that to make a girl

marry against her will is contrary to everything that is decent and good. It is contrary to Chinese law. And you also know that the mayor of this town, the chief of police, the judge in the local court,—you know that all these people are personal friends of mine. And if you try to force your daughter into this marriage, I am going to call upon these friends of mine to bring the full force of the law down on you. And once I have to start, I will not stop until you are in prison!"

By this time the visitor is on his feet. And he is a very frightened visitor.

"Please, Spiritual Father," he says. "There is no question of going to court. I want to settle this affair in a friendly way."

The priest, once more the gentle, soft-spoken host, sits back and says:

"That is very fine indeed. I want nothing more than to be your friend. Now, I have a suggestion. Supposing I arrange for your daughter to go to Shanghai into a nursing school. In this way you will have the excuse to give your friends that your daughter cannot get married now as you have decided to make her study to be a nurse."

A completely mollified Mr. Chang, now standing on his feet and reaching for his hat, says:

"That is a marvelous plan! My daughter will do just that! I will order her to do so!"

The priest smiles as he knows the ambition of the girl's life is to be a nurse.

He bids good-bye to his visitor and returns to the typewriter.





# The Church Apostolic

WHEN Our Lord commissioned His Apostles to go into the whole world, and promised to be with them to the end of time, He intended their authority to be transmitted to their successors down through the years. This is what we mean by the mark of the Church called "*Apostolicity*". St. Peter was given a supreme authority as visible head of the Church, and from the earliest times his representatives in the episcopal chair of Rome have been recognized as shepherds-in-chief of the universal flock of Christ. This flock has seen considerable increase since the first day of Pentecost, when voices vibrant with the power of God startled the ears of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. There are lambs and sheep of many colours today, not merely black and white; and the whole world is their home. From Baffinland to Australia and from Nagasaki to Tipperary, every day God's sheep kneel to pray for their supreme pastor in the troubled city of Rome. In the Mass we hear the names of the immediate successors of St. Peter: Linus, Cletus, Clement, Sixtus, Cornelius . . . and on they could go in unbroken rhythm, echoing down through the centuries to our own Pius XII.

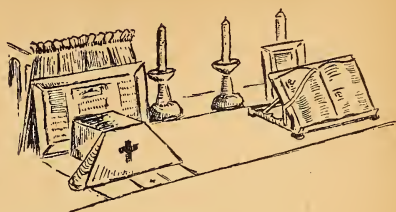
Historically the continuity of apostolic succession in the Church is a wonderful but solidly-evidenced fact. Those who admit that Christ's Church must possess His authority find it hard to deny that the Church of Rome has a pre-eminent claim to this requirement. The High Anglican Church still claims legitimate succession from Apostolic authority, even though a thorough investigation undertaken by Pope Leo XIII proved that a break definitely had occurred after the Reformation. The "branch" theory is thus discredited. Today, Anglicanism is certainly one of the pitiful wounds in the Mystical Body of Christ. Some claims to Apostolic authority demand no headaches for historians, though—to consider a society which came into being in 1933, under the pretentious title of "First Apostolic Church", as the true Church of Christ would be asking a little too much of man.

"As the Father has sent me, I also send you". This is the wonderful vocation given by Our Lord to His bishops and priests, and to this day His words are being heard by men of all nations who can confidently devote their lives to the care of His flocks, knowing that He will always be with them. From Peter to Pius, the chain is unbroken.



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# November.. Remember!



BY  
JOHN E. GAULT  
S. F. M.

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**"REMEMBER**, O man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." With these words Holy Mother the Church admonishes her children on the first day of the Lenten season. They recall to our minds the fact that our mortal bodies are nothing more than matter which will soon become part of the earth from which they originated.

Yet, in common with all peoples of all time, we have deep respect for the human remains. This respect has always prompted men to accompany the disposal of the dead with certain ceremonies. Certainly it is repugnant to think that the human body, after death, should be treated like that of an animal.

Among the ancients, death itself was feared less than the deprivation of burial. In the Old Testament we find many passages which speak of such a deprivation as a disgrace. "If a man beget a hundred children, and live many years, . . . and he be without burial: of this man I pronounce, that the untimely born is better than he." (Ecclesiastes, VI: 3). The desecration of a sepulchre was considered a type of punishment. (IV Kings, XXIII: 16).

Pagan nations shared these sentiments. For instance, the Athenians went so far as to put to death certain

generals who had neglected to bury the dead, after a victory. The Greeks and Romans considered the refusal of honourable burial to a culprit as one of the most severe penalties because they believed that this would force the soul to wander in space forever without finding rest.

The early Christians, assuredly, had no less respect for their dead. They were not, however, motivated by the same notions. Rather, they purified these ideas by the light of faith. St. Augustine, in various passages, commends reverence for the bodies of the dead, especially of those who had led good Christian lives. He says: "the Holy Spirit hath made use (of these bodies) as instruments and vessels for all good works."

The great Christian motive for reverence towards the departed is contained in the words of St. Paul: "the dead shall rise again incorruptible." This religious truth which prompts the ceremonies and prayers over the body of the deceased is most consoling for those who are left to mourn. "The last duties that we pay to our fellow creatures would be melancholy indeed if they were not impressed with the stamp of religion. Religion received birth at the tomb, and the tomb cannot dispense with religion." (Chateaubriand).



This deep sense of hope and respect has always led men to seek a final and suitable resting place for the remains of their departed brethren. These places of rest or cemeteries, as they are known to us, have always been held in reverence by Catholics and considered by them to be sacred and inviolable.

The English expression, "cemetery", comes from the latin. The latin term, in turn, comes from the Greek. According to its etymology, the word means "sleeping place", but it does not appear very often in this literal sense.

The language of the New Testament, which compares death to sleep, gave rise to this word. For instance, when our Saviour received news that Lazarus had died, He said: "Lazarus our friend sleepeth." Then too, the account of St. Stephen's martyrdom reads: "he fell asleep in the Lord. And Saul was consenting to his death."

In early literature the word is used almost exclusively to designate the burial places of the Jews and Christians. Yet, originally it had a more general application than it has today. It was applied to any simple tomb, to a whole graveyard or to the catacombs. Since the fourth century, however, the word has regularly been

used to connote the common burial place of a Christian parish.

"Cemetery" is a most fitting term, because it expresses an act of faith in the dogma of the resurrection of the body. As St. John Chrysostom says: "the place of burial is called cemetery because you know that those who are buried there are not dead, but sleeping." To complete this statement we might add the words of St. Paul: "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again; even so them who have slept through Jesus, will God bring with Him." (1 Thess., IV: 13).

Mankind has resorted to various methods of disposal of the human corpse. The rudest of these is that of exposure, practised by certain nomadic tribes. Some leave the bodies where they breathed last and seek new hunting grounds. Others carry the remains into the forest and abandon it to be devoured by wild beasts. The Parsees lay the bodies at the foot of tower to be eaten by the vultures which dwell there. Still other tribes cast their dead into the sea.

Among civilized people the methods of cremation and earth-burial have ordinarily been followed.

Burial in the earth has always been the custom among Christians but it did not originate with Christianity. It is the old and better method of disposal.

The Jewish Encyclopaedia states that: "according to Pirke Rabbi Eliezer XXI, Adam and Eve learned the art of burial from a raven which they saw bury one of its kin in the sand."

In ancient Israel the ordinary method of dealing with the corpse was inhumation and down through the centuries this has been the general custom of the Jews. It was considered a crime to burn the human remains: "thus saith the Lord: for three crimes of Moab, and for four I will not convert him: because he hath burnt the bones of the king of Edom even to ashes." (Amos II, 1).



Yet it was sometimes inflicted as a punishment. This is evident from the passage which tells us that Josue punished Acham by burning all his possessions, including his sons and daughters. (Josue VII: 24,25).

The Old Testament states that Abraham bought a field from Ephron in which he might bury his dead. There he built a family sepulchre consisting of a double cave. In this, we are told, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were buried with their wives.

It is true that Moses did not give any explicit law to the Hebrews to bury their dead but in this matter they followed the example of their forefathers.

The Jews had no determined place for the disposal of their departed ones. Sometimes they built their tombs within the cities but more commonly in the country along the main highways or in caves or gardens.

Ezechiel seems to imply that the bodies of the kings had been placed beneath the Temple but this had been displeasing to God.

The family sepulchres were often situated on one's estate or hewn from the rock, even during one's lifetime. These rock-hewn tombs were very common and were often constructed in groups. It was in such a tomb, situated in a garden, that our Saviour's body was laid. On occasions splendid monuments were constructed above the graves. Moses, Aaron, Eleazar and Josue were given final resting places upon mountains.

The Jewish inhabitants of Rome maintained their Palestinian customs. They imitated the rock-hewn graves of their native land by laying out cemeteries in the adaptable stratum of tufa around Rome. The first Christian converts from Judaism found their last resting places in these cemeteries because they were thought to be members of a Jewish sect.

It is unlikely that the descendants of Israel allowed pagan converts to Christianity to be buried in these places. Rather it seems that from the

days of the Apostles there were certain wealthy converts who permitted their poorer brethren in the Faith to make additions to their family tombs.

Beginning with these family tombs the Church gradually made provision for the burial of all its members. Consequently, there arose burial places and catacombs on the outskirts of every large town and city.

After the Edict of Milan, open air cemeteries began to be used instead of the catacombs. Before the days of Constantine such burial places were not popular. By the beginning of the fifth century the practise of burying in subterranean galleries ceased entirely. Of course, in Spain, Gaul, most of Africa, etc., the open air cemeteries had always been used by the Christians.

It is well during the month of November to remember the great interest in and respect for the departed which has been taken by men down through the centuries. This ought to inspire us to meditate upon death to the benefit of our own souls and the souls of those who have gone before us. Meditation upon death, praying for the Holy Souls, etc., should not make us morbid if we believe in the Resurrection of Christ and remember His words: "the hour cometh wherein all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that have done good things shall come forth unto the resurrection of life." (John V: 28, 29).

J. E. G.





## *Our Lady of Fatima Visits The Dominican Republic*

(Father Moore, in black cassock; Archbishop Pittini  
and Father Chafe in white)

**W**HEN, a few short years ago, I first heard of "Our Lady of Fatima", through the publication of Monsignor McGrath's booklet: "Fatima, the Hope of the World", I had no idea that devotion to Our Lady, under that title, would provide me with one of the most cherished religious experiences of my life. But so it has been.

Although the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin took place in Fatima, Portugal, more than thirty-one years ago, little was known of them in North America for a quarter of a century afterwards. Now, it is one of the most popular devotions of millions of North Americans.

The famous "Pilgrimage" of the Statue of Our Lady through many Dioceses of Canada in 1947, and the continuing triumphs of our "Pilgrim Virgin" through many regions of the United States, not to mention the similar Pilgrimages through European countries, has drawn worldwide attention to "the message of Fatima" which, put briefly, is a call to the world from the Mother of God imploring a spirit of penance, dedication to holy living, praying of the Rosary for peace, and devotion to Her Immaculate Heart.

It happened that Father Pat Moore, S.F.M., when sent to the United States for campaign work in



aid of the Scarboro Mission in Santo Domingo, had the great good fortune to become intimately associated with the Pilgrimage activities of Our Lady of Fatima's statue, and to become acquainted with certain persons who were most enthusiastic for the spread of the devotion. The final result was that he was offered the opportunity to visit Fatima, secure a hand-carved replica of the original Statue, and bring it to the Dominican Republic with the intention of propagating the Message of Fatima in the vast Archdiocese of Santo Domingo where twenty-four of his Scarboro fellow-priests are working. The plan met with the instant and enthusiastic approval of the great Archbishop of Santo Domingo, Monsenor Ricardo Pittini. No time was lost in making preparations for the reception of Our Lady.

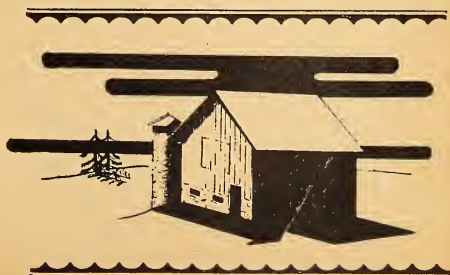
Enroute to Fatima, Father Moore had the privilege of visiting many of the world-famous Shrines of France, including Paray-le-Monial, Ars, Lisieux, Lourdes, and others, and on May 13th, in the presence of more than half a million pilgrims at Fatima, had the joy of seeing our Lady's statue blessed by the Bishop of Leiria, Portugal, destined especially for the Dominican Republic.

Not content with that, Father Moore had other ideas. He set out at once for Rome and was given a private audience of ten minutes with the Holy Father during which the Pope blessed the statue and authorized Archbishop Pittini to give a special Papal Blessing on the occasion of its arrival and coronation in the Dominican Republic.

Travelling with him as a "passenger" in the plane all the distance from Rome, via Spain, England, and New York, the statue reached Miami, Florida, on Saturday, June 5th, where it was received by the Dominican Sisters of Barry College.

To understand the magnificence of what follows it is well to make some preliminary observations. It is important to recall that the Dominican people have an intense devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and that this devotion is given external manifestation on innumerable occasions. They heartily welcome any opportunity to show their love to their Blessed Mother and Patroness of their Catholic country, and there is nothing "cold" about their manifestations; it has all the vibrant warmth associated with Latin people; truly it may be said that an image of the Blessed Virgin receives from a Dominican the deep respect and veneration they would like to give the Virgin if she were personally present. Knowing this, one is prepared for the sight that met Father Moore's surprised gaze as a Pan-American plane from Miami came gently to a landing on the airport at Ciudad Trujillo, Capital of the Dominican Republic, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon at 2.30, June 6th.

First passenger to leave the plane, carrying the Statue in his arms, Father Moore looked out over a crowd of about twenty thousand people who had waited in the hot afternoon sun to give a welcome to their Queen. Representative groups of all Catholic schools and societies in the Capital were drawn up in orderly array at the edges of the airfield and behind them the cheering multitude strained for a glimpse of the Virgin of Fatima.



Accompanied in procession by the priests of the city, and preceded by two little girls (one of them the young daughter of the President of the Republic), carrying the Virgin's gold crown on a cushion, while behind came two young ladies carrying a magnificent bouquet of flowers sent by the President's wife, the Statue was borne to the centre of the airfield where detachments of the National Army and the Navy, with color parties, were drawn up under the command of high-ranking officers. In front of the color party the Archbishop of Santo Domingo awaited to be the first to publicly venerate the Statue as the military groups accorded all the honours usually reserved for high-ranking visiting diplomats.

To the rear of the military formations awaited a number of decorated floats, lovingly prepared by the Dominican Sisters from Adrian, Michigan, who conduct the "Colegio Santo Domingo" in Ciudad Trujillo. Placed on a very ornate throne on the leading float, the Statue headed the huge procession from the airfield to In-

dependence Park in the centre of the city, where other thousands had awaited to join the Liturgical procession to the Cathedral.

Independence Park has what is known as "The Altar of the Country", a National Shrine wherein are kept the remains of the three revered founders of the Independence of Santo Domingo. In front of this National Shrine, the lay-leader of Catholic Action, and a most prominent member of the Dominican Government, read a magnificent speech of welcome to Our Blessed Mother in the name of the people.

Words are inadequate to describe the enthusiasm of those who accompanied the Statue. Over a loud-speaker from one of the floats a Jesuit Father led the prayers and hymns and the vociferous "Vivas" in honour of the Virgin. The multitude was too enormous to carry out the Coronation of the Statue within the Cathedral so it was done in the famous Columbus Park alongside the Cathedral. Never shall I forget the emotion that filled me as I saw the aged and blind Archbishop insisting



Two little pilgrims carry the crown for the statue. The little girl on the left is the President's daughter. The Sister is a Dominican Sister from Michigan, a teacher in the Girls' College in Ciudad Trujillo.







Archbishop Ricardo Pittini blesses the assembled multitude before the statue of Christopher Columbus which provided a background for the Pilgrim Virgin.

on mounting to the loudspeaker to speak to the crowd, and their almost-delirious acclamation at the conclusion of his talk, as he placed the crown on the head of Our Lady of Fatima. It seemed that their "vivas" would be interminable as the whole area became animated with waving hats and handkerchiefs in salute to Our Lady.

The Cathedral, which is the oldest in the New World, was thronged at the Marian Holy Hour that night, and thousands assisted the next morning at the Masses celebrated before the Statue enthroned on the main altar. Up to two o'clock in the afternoon of Monday a continuous stream of people came to visit Our Lady, and then the statue was once more placed on its decorated truck for the 100 mile journey to the church in Azua, in the South of the Republic, where it was to be permanently kept under the care of the Scarboro Fathers.

Never have I witnessed anything like the scenes enroute. Our first stop was at an Orphan Asylum where the little girls were not satisfied the statue be left on its truck while they sang and prayed on the highway. It was carried into their chapel where each little one was allowed to kiss it. They were dressed in their "Sunday best" and presented Our Lady with a lovely wreath of flowers. Then on to a Boys' Orphan Asylum, and later to a Leper Colony some little distance off the main highway.

He would not be human who could restrain his tears as he watched those poor disease-scarred inmates raise their arms and their voices to Our Lady, and heard the devoted Mercy Sisters lead them in suppliant prayer. I think the compassionate face of Our Lady looked down in mercy on those poor lepers that day.

The Government had provided a motorcycle police escort for the journey and their sirens announced to the countryside the passage of the





Father Moore discusses a point with His Excellency President Trujillo.

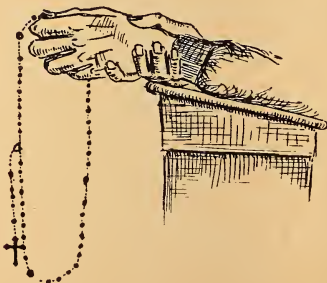
Blessed Virgin. Everywhere along the highway people gathered and knelt in fervent prayer. Where numerous groups were assembled, the truck was stopped and the Fathers explained the message of Fatima and recited part of the Rosary. In many places little altars had been erected, and school children carried little flags and their cherished holy-pictures. Every vehicle on the highway stopped as the truck approached and the passengers knelt on the pavement and made the sign of the cross and shouted a greeting to the passing Virgin. It was all very touching. No human being could ever have had such a triumphal journey along any public highway.

Before reaching Azua, two parishes paid their tribute to the Lady of Fatima. San Cristobal, under the care of the Spanish Augustinian Fathers, was the first. At the approaches to the city the whole population, increased by thousands

from the surrounding countryside, was gathered, led by the civil authorities and the military and school bands, with the religious societies in full force along with the school children. The Civil Governor of the Province mounted the truck and gave a speech of welcome and then for three hours the procession slowly progressed to the parish church. Led by a priest at the loud-speaker innumerable rosaries were recited and the inspiring hymn of Our Lady of Fatima was sung so often that at the end thousands of voices joined in the singing. Never had San Cristobal seen such a demonstration, nor one more enthusiastic.

All through the night, as the statue was kept on a beautiful altar in the sanctuary of the parish church, people kept praying and singing, while seven priests kept hearing Confessions. The Marian Holy Hour was broadcast in its entirety that night, as well as the Solemn High Mass the following morning, when a record number of Holy Communions were distributed in the parish at the Masses which began at dawn.

As the procession prepared to set out for the neighbouring parish Tuesday afternoon, the mother and the sister of the President of the Republic occupied the place of





honour in the car behind the statue. Enroute to Bani, the scenes of religious fervour noted on the previous day were repeated, and in the parish of Bani there was a repetition of what had happened in San Cristobal. The highest number of Communions ever given in Bani was doubled on that day of the Virgin's visit.

The people of Azua, where the statue was to be finally enthroned, were not content to wait at the city limits. For many kilometers along the highway they swarmed in enthusiastic groups, but when the statue arrived at the outskirts of the city it seemed that every one of the thirty thousand inhabitants of the vast parish had gathered with their civic authorities. The Governor spoke a welcome, and I shall never forget that procession through the town. It appeared as if the enthusiasm of San Cristobal and Bani had communicated itself to the Azuans and it did not satisfy them. I can only call it a frenzy of delight that seemed to animate the people. Prayers, hymns, "vivas", waving of handkerchiefs — the whole tumultuous scene was unforgettable.

Serving as an altar, the truck which carried the Statue was stopped outside the main door of the great parish church, and Azua will scarcely ever forget the fervour of its inhabitants as Father King, S.F.M., the pastor, crowned the Virgin and proclaimed her "Queen of Azua". I had been delegated by the Archbishop to give the Papal Blessing at each of the three parishes, and I am sure the Pope would have been pleased had he witnessed those Dominican people on their knees in respectful quiet receiving the honour and privilege of his paternal benediction.

At the Marian Hour that night in Azua three thousand people listened to the broadcast sermon in the park, given by a Jesuit Father from the

Seminary in the capital, while a thousand more were jammed into the beautiful church now to be the Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima in Santo Domingo.

Thus ends the story of the reception of Our Lady in the Dominican Republic. A story of a veritable triumph of the Mother of God, for, as she has shown in her various pilgrimages throughout the world, in Santo Domingo, too, she has shown Her power to draw many hearts to Her Divine Son by the reception of the Holy Sacraments.

Our Lady will continue to shower blessings on the Dominican people, so eager and so ready to honour her. Father Moore has been given charge of her shrine in Azua, and at the command of the Archbishop the statue will be taken throughout the whole country visiting all the major parishes. One of the greatest fruits of the devotion will be the restoration of the custom of the Family Rosary throughout the Republic.



Signs are not lacking that already Our Lady has given special proof of her thanksgiving to the Dominican people; at least three cases are on record of remarkable cures from long illnesses and the people insist on qualifying them as veritable miracles; in fact, I have heard Our Lady of Fatima in Santo Domingo referred to as "Our Lady of the Miracles".

To her Shrine in Azua come many devout visitors seeking her merciful aid; people of all ranks and conditions. Recently, the President of the Republic, Dr. Rafael Trujillo, accompanied by his Minister of the Interior and police, and by the Governor of the Province of Azua, came especially from the capital to Azua to assist at Mass in honour of the Virgin of Fatima.

There is no doubt but that, through the years, the great devotion the Dominicans have for the Blessed Virgin will be manifested, not alone by exterior signs but indeed through an exemplary imitation of her virtues and a fulfillment of her wishes which, after all, is the only true devotion to the Mother of God.



## "Sugar Sack"

B. Kirby, S.F.M.



I hardly knew the child! She came into our house the other day all smiles. Being a man it was some moments before I realized she had on a new dress. That, plus just a dash of powder (rather striking on an innocent little brown face about six years old) — well — these things *did* make a change.

"I bought it myself" she said — and turned around to let the color strike me — pink! — and how nice it was —

"How much did it cost? How could *you* pay for it?"

"Well I did" she said — again that smile of feminine triumph.

You know those pennies you and Fr. George used to give me to buy candy? — well I saved some and when I had 40 I bought this dress — it's a sugar sack you know" — "and I still have some pennies left" — she laughed as she disappeared on the run to demonstrate her new found beauty to the cook.



# BOOK REVIEW

**THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN**, by Thomas Merton, \$3.50,  
429 pp., Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott St., Toronto.

The jacket of this book carries praise from Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, Clare Boothe Luce and Fulton Sheen. It is not surprising since this is the most interesting autobiography this reviewer has seen since Chesterton's. Of course it is of a different type as its author is now a Trappist monk at Gethsemani in Kentucky, and is as yet only 33 years old.

Born in France, of a New Zealand father and an American mother, Thomas Merton was certainly a child of the world. His education was a haphazard process in France, England and finally Columbia University in New York. He was a product of all the silly things we like to call our civilization and the personal indictment brought against this pointless thing is devastating. His good humour certainly rules out any possibility of this book being the work of a crank and the depths of his spiritual convictions are as disturbing as most books classified as "spiritual reading".

Brought up in a family circle which practices no religion whatsoever, this young man kept up a search for real values until he found the Faith. His father was an artist, and one gets the strong impression that the search was really begun by Merton Pere, and brought to its fulfilment in Merton Fils. It was experimental inasmuch as he tried all the

world has to offer, and was left dissatisfied. Certain passages are reminiscent of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, and his geographical wanderings in search of peace tell of another Henry Adams. Thomas Merton has the soul of a poet, but a poet clothed in the language of a young man of our day. He now obviously has his head in the clouds of glory he sought so strenuously, but his feet are very much on the ground. The epilogue to this book leaves no doubt about that.

It is a long time since this reviewer has read every page of a 429 page book; this is the sort of volume which makes you do that. It is to be recommended not only to all Catholics, but to any man in search of a permanent peace of mind. The details of the life of a Trappist make fascinating reading for everyone unacquainted with this most difficult vocation.



**WINNING CONVERTS, edited by John O'Brien, 248 pp., Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto, \$3.25.**

This book answers the questions: What is being done towards making converts? and, What can I do? On this subject there could be nothing more practical since it is a symposium written by seventeen priests (all engaged in this work) and one lay person, Clare Boothe Luce, herself a convert.

The collection of essays gives various methods which have proven successful in bringing the Faith to non-believers and will be of interest to every alert Catholic. It is true that a great deal must be done but it is equally true that a great deal is *being* done, and the record of the contributors to this volume proves that they are well qualified to speak as they do.

It is not a collection of "case histories" but a real explanation of

methods used by priests and laypeople as well. The theme of the book is: *The only defense which truth needs is exposition.* And the various chapters detail actual methods which are most successful. When one parish can bring nearly 500 people each year into the Faith, the methods used will certainly interest every priest. And the authors of this book contend that their methods, (most of them favour convert-classes) will produce similar results anywhere. There is also considerable information as to how lay Catholics can bring souls to Christ. One soldier made 41 converts while in the army.

This book should be read by priests and seminarians and by all Catholics whose zeal makes them wonder: What can I do?



**FORTY YEARS AFTER: PIUS XI and the Social Order, with Commentary by Raymond Miller, C.Ss.R.; Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn., 299 pp., paperbound, \$2.75.**

In his Preface, the author says: "This book is intended as a factual commentary on 'Forty Years After'. The encyclical itself is addressed in a general way to the whole world and accordingly makes use of general language: 'certain governments', 'some Catholics', etc. Particular commentaries must become specific and identify by names and circumstances the governments, men and movements treated in the encyclical. This has been one of my tasks."

The difficult task undertaken by Father Miller has been to name names, to apply the general principles and from current history we can see how the principles actually should

be used. Catholic membership in such labor unions as the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., the just rate for dividends, minimum wages, a lawful income and profit, all of these controversial topics are treated in an exact way, an applied way, a dollars and cents way, whenever possible.

The text of the encyclical is given, and a lengthy (at times) commentary after every section, with examples and applications from our daily newspapers make the next live for the reader. Such a factual commentary is a great need for our times, when people are not satisfied with abstract principles but demand the living application.

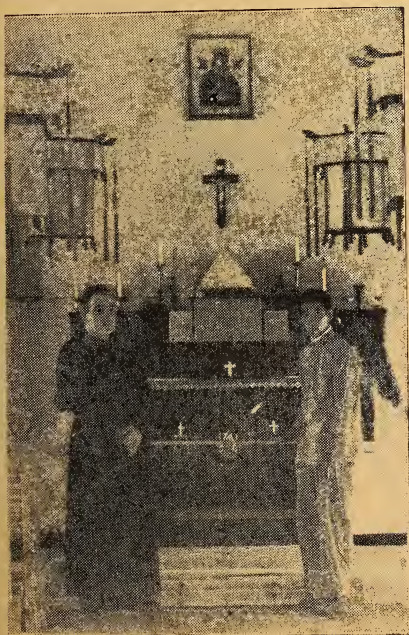


# *A Letter from Father Reeves:*

*(Written in July)*

Things here have a tendency to become more so. The exchange hit the all time high last week: six million of the local currency for one American dollar. An egg now costs \$60,000! Rice is \$20,000,000 for one hundred lbs. When you can get meat, it costs as much as eggs.

The weather is usually unusual around here and this summer is no exception: we have had nine flood waters this year, something I have never seen before in China. They



The altar in Ku Shih mission.

CHINA



Ronald Reeves, S.F.M., with two young Christians.

are afraid now that the rice will rot on the stem as it should be harvested another month from now. There will be great distress if the crops fail this year.

The number one project at the moment is to fix up a chapel a few miles from Sungyang. The inside is far from a worthy home for Our Saviour. Roof and walls demand attention but the sanctuary is the biggest headache. An altar is needed with all its equipment. When and if it can be fixed up this shrine to Our Mother of Perpetual Help will be an attraction for our pagan neighbours and may well bring some of them to the Faith.

There is a great insecurity over here; everybody disturbed; this is a new attitude for the Chinese people. They know the war is not over yet. We are using this to convince them that religion is their only hope. Much good may yet come out of these trying times. Keep up the prayers because without them we shall get nowhere.

Sincerely,

Ronald Reeves, S.F.M.



Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Rose Garden. Would you please send me a mite box and list me in New Members and Pen pals.

Patsy Villeneuve (age 9),  
Maxville, Ontario.

Dear Patsy:

Another volunteer for the Rose Garden! I'll bet that makes St. Theresa happy; especially because this is her month and she is always looking for people to be missionaries.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you some stamps and a small donation for the poor people of China. I am twelve years old and I with my sister Helen Anne would like to join the Rose Garden. Please, send us some names.

Marion Sinclair,  
Box 75,  
Keswick, Ont.

Hello there, Marion and Helen Anne and welcome to Our Rose Garden. Thank you very much for your gift and may I ask you to constantly remember the pagan peoples in your prayers. For pen pals choose any name from amongst the list of new Rose Buds which follows these answers.

Dear Father Jim:

I am 13 years old. I pray for the pagans all over the world. Please send me a mite box so I can help them by my gifts.

Frances Littlejohn,  
7 Goodwood Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Frances:

That is a real act of charity to pray for all those people everywhere. They need converting in Africa, in South America, in Australia and now in Russia. Remember what Our Lady of Fatima said about praying for Russia.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed is a gift which I hope will help in christianizing poor pagan children. I am 15 years old and would like to be a member of your Rose Garden. I never miss reading "China".

Rose Kelly,  
Jersey Side,  
Placentia, Nfld.

Welcome to our group Rose. Your gift certainly will be of great assistance in our mission work. So glad you enjoy "China" and I know you remember the Missions in your prayers. God bless you.





## QUICKIE QUIZZ

For whom should we pray in November?

Prize given for best letter answering this.



This is the Primary Class, Grades 1, 2, 3 in the E. H. Horne School at Enfield, N.S. Every boy and girl a real missionary.

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending the contents of my mite box which I have saved. I, with my mother and brother, pray for the Chinese children and read "China".

Yvonne Down,  
32 Junction Rd.,  
Grand Falls, Nfld.

Well, Yvonne, I was so glad to hear of your perseverance in prayer. Your alms for the Missions also show your spirit of generosity. Keep up your good work and may God bless you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you the contents of my mite box to help in your great work. We enjoy reading "China" very much.

John Baxter,  
61 Station Rd.,  
Mimico, Ont.

Hello, John: That was a grand letter and thanks a million for your gift as aid for the Mission cause its so important. I was also pleased to hear that you enjoy our magazine. God bless you.

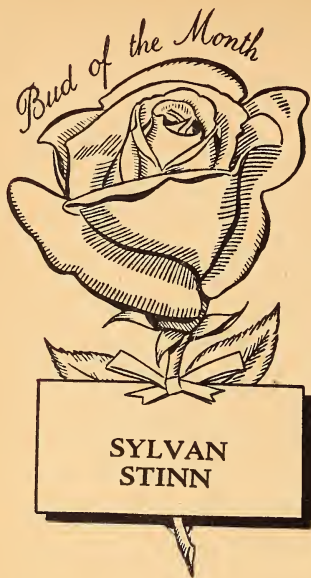
\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing a gift from my mite box and also a dollar for the renewal of my mother's subscription to "China". It has taken a long time to collect this amount but I hope it won't take so long next time.

Lucille Dion,  
372 N. John St.,  
Fort William, Ont.

Many, many thanks, Lucille, and certainly God will continue to bless you for your effort to help His Missions. It is the effort that counts, along with your daily prayers.



Sylvan's address is Box 40, Rockyford, Alberta. An old friend of ours, Sylvan wants to hear from Pen Pals. Congratulations Sylvan!

Dear Father Jim:

We, Betty, Theresa, Peter, Etela and myself are enclosing our donation for the Missions and we will try to pray harder for their success.

Tomas Magusin,  
Farmington, B.C.

Greetings, Tomas, and also to your brother and sisters. What joy overwhelms me upon reading such marvellous letters telling me of your determination to pray! No one knows the wonders wrought by prayer. As for your gift all I can say is "Many thanks".

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you some stamps which I hope will be of some use. I am 14 and I would like pen pals. I will send more stamps later.

Joanne Thompson,  
Tweed, Ont.

Hello, Joanne. Thank you very much for the stamps and how consoling it is to hear that you are continuing this good work for Our Divine Lord. God bless you. N.B. Buds: Still another new Pen Pal.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to be a Rose Bud, I am nine years old and I am in grade 5. I am also sending you a box of stamps.

Loretta Burns,  
187 Jubilee Rd.,  
Halifax, N.S.

Loretta, welcome to our Rose Garden group. Your missionary spirit shown already by your work makes you a very welcome member. Continue to remember the missions in your prayers. Buds: A new pen pal for you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending a small donation for the Missions as well as a box of stamps. I am enclosing my picture and I would like a pen pal.

Betty Killoran,  
5 Kimbourn Ave.,  
Toronto, Ont.



What a lovely picture, Betty! How can I thank you for your gift. Your generosity must be as great as the size of the book in your snapshot. You said it was small but it is the little amounts that count! Attention, pen pals, this friend of the missions would enjoy a letter.





This is Peter Ouimet, from Peterborough, Ont. Peter has been making real sacrifices for the mission bank. Very pleased to meet you, Peter. And thank you for your help.

## New Members and Pen Pals

### LAC LA BICHE, ALTA.

Arnfinson, Raymond, 9; Baillargeon, Adelard, 8; Bourassa, Marie, 8; Bourue, Louise, 11; Boyka, Annie, 10; Cadieux, Vivian, 9; Carze, Gerald, 9; Harpe, Mary, 10; Harpington, Gilbert, 13; Johnson, Douglas, 9; Laconick, Annie, 9; Langevin, Raymond, 8; Maccagno, Johnny, 7; Maccagno, Tommy, 8; Michetti, Robert, 9; Richards, Claire, 8; Rudiger, Cecile, 9; Salling, Adolphe, 9; Sorochan, Alice, .

Wheeler, Sonny, Summerside, Bay of Islands, Nfld.; Ryles, Doreen, 14, 11 Pleasant St., Box 162, Corner Brook, Nfld.; Cole, George, Cole, The Front, Main St., Bell Island, C.B., Nfld.; Raymond, Cole, Mary Laura, Cole, Regina, Meaney, Gertrude, Riverhead, St. Mary's, Nfld.; Jones, Annie, 21, Box 168, Carbonear, Nfld.; McLaughlin, June, 14, Box 12, Bishop's Falls, Nfld.; Down, Yvonne, 12, 32 Junction Road, Grand Falls, Nfld.

### HALIFAX, N.S.

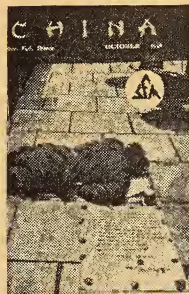
Abriel, Doris, 8, 17 Stanley Pd.; Baron, Edna, 7, 112½ Isleville St.; Batchelder, Ann, 7, 25 Livingstone St.; Baxter, Joan, 7, 156 Clifton St.; Bayley, Nancy, 7, 174 Isleville St.; Bouchie, Colleen, 7, 15½ King St.; Bouchard, Pauline, 7, 22 Cabot St.; Carroll, Betty, 7, 147a North St.; Castle, Glenda, 7, 1460 Manning Pool; Christian, Betty, 8, 38 Sullivan St.; Christian, Marilyn, 7, 85 Bilby St.; Comeau, Eleanor, 7, 1 Bloomfield St.; Conrad, Margaret, 7, 24 Stanley St.; Duggan, Marie, 6, 650 Robie St.; Pawson, Louann, 8,

18 Macara St.; Feetham, Maureen, 7, 42½ Macara St.; Forhan, Doris, 7, 25 Livingstone St.; Furlong, Lynne, 7, 274½ Creighton St.; Gallant, Doris, 8, 414 Gottingen St.; Grecco, Joan, 6, 53 St. Alban St.; Hatter, Norma, 6, 5½a Black St.; Hayes, Nancy, 7, 297 Creighton St.; Isnor, Janet, 7, 6 Merkel Pl.; Isnor, Isnor, Judith, 8, Birch Grove; Langlois, Yvonne, 8, 26 Union St.; Kervia, Florence, 7, Manning Pool; Miller, Nancy, 7, 9 I Wellington Barracks; Mombourquette, Barbara, 7, 59 Bilby St.; Munroe, Barbara, 9, 25½ Bloomfield St.; Murphy, Betty, 7, 258 Maynard St.; McKenna, Karen, 4, 50 Young St.; McKinley, Nancy, 8, 87 Bilby St.; Pause, Sharon, 7, 26 Stairs Place; Peebles, Carol, 6, 3 Bloomfield St.; Pelham, Nora, 6, 25 Leaman St.; Rent, Elaine, 8, 21 Kings Place; Roberts, Donna, 7, 2 Cabot Place; Robichaud, Irene, 8, 2 Lynch St.; Sheppard, Helen, 7, Albert St.; Sidney, Barbara, 7, 27 Roome St.; Squires, Sheila, 6, 31 Stairs Place; Taylor, Betty, 8, 18 D. Wellington Court; Verge, Theresa, 7, 698a Robie St.; Watson, Marilyn, 7, 1 Columbus Place; White, Marilyn, 7, Manning Pool; Woodcock, Lorraine, 7, 207a Russell St.; Honneberry, Anna, 17, Devil's Island, Hal. Co., N.S.; Gawdenyk, Michael, 37 Carleton St., Halifax, N.S.; Nickerson, Kenneth, 7, 32 Tower Rd., Halifax, N.S.

### ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Bienkowski, Eugenia, 12, 56 Court St.; Blais, Beverley, 12, 13 Park Place; Boisvert, Madeline, 12, 46 Johnson St.; Burke, Barbara, 11, 1 Alice St.; Carroll, Joan, 12, 77 Louisa St.; Convery, Rosemary, 13, 96 Grass Ave.; Corney, Joanne, 12, 3 Glenridge Ave.; Damizzio, Grace, 12, 92 Chaplin Ave.; Corney, Joanne, 12, 3 Glenridge Ave.; Damizzio, Grace, 12, 92 Chaplin Ave.; Deplanche, Patricia, 12, 11 Wellington St.; Delaney, Betty Anne, 12, 76 Church St.; Dubeau, Margaret, 12, St. Catharines School; Gagnon, Rejeanne, 13, 108 Lake St.; Giampaolo, Mary, 11, 29 Albert St.; Gooch, Annabelle, 12, 20 Thomas St.; Hawke, Patricia, 13, 9 Longfellow Ave.; Iredale, Patricia, 12, 53 Wellington St.; Kelty, Jean, 12, 85 Welland Ave.;

## OUR COVER



This beggar has left a note for passersby while he has a sleep. It says he is 30 years old, cannot find his uncle in Shanghai and wants return fare to Ninpo!

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# Items of Interest

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## Letter from Kinhwa

November 3, 1948.

“AT THE end of the priests’ Retreat Monsignor Fraser celebrated Solemn Mass for us and then the group broke up. Six



of us crowded into Father Moriarty’s jeep! There were Fathers Charlie Murphy, Craig Strang, John Kelly, Fu, Moriarty and myself. We did not arrive in Kinhwa until after dark,

about 7 o’clock. (We had ten priests in the house that night and the house-boys did not expect anybody! There was some hopping around, I can tell you).

Conditions are terrible here. The new money went bang about three weeks ago. Rice is 70\$GY (new money) for 100 pounds. That’s about 18c gold a pound (18c in Canadian money for 1 lb. rice). There is absolutely nothing to buy. In the villages most of the stores are closed. No meat . . . no sugar (not even the local red stuff), as the government will not allow things to come from Shanghai; hence we have not had any milk or canned stuff for a month. It is really worse than when the three

of us were stuck here during the war. (That would be with Fathers McQuaid and Joseph Murphy). It has only lasted a month so far. I hope it soon ends. We had to close our catechuminate and dismiss the teachers. In another two weeks, if we cannot buy rice, I will be dismissing the servants. Things have really gone the limit. God help the missions.

It’s too bad this had to happen just as we were getting on our feet again. The exchange should be thirty to one to make things level with the prices. This weekend and next week I will be going out on the missions. Perhaps conditions will be a bit better there.

Sincerely,  
Michael Carey, S.F.M.

## Bazaar in Toronto

On November 24th, a bazaar will be held at our mission at 222 Simcoe St. in Toronto. This is the annual event sponsored by the St. Francis Xavier Women’s Auxiliary. All are cordially invited to attend.

## Prayers for the Dead

Mrs. J. Kenny, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Mr. George Diemert, Kitchener.

Mr. Daniel Ryan, Toronto.

Rev. J. R. O’Gorman, Timmins, Ont.

Miss Agnes King, Toronto.

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## MUM SUNDAY

The first Sunday of every month is a “Recollection Day” in our seminary. This day of Retreat is observed by our students in complete silence as they spend the time in prayer and meditation. A recent visitor wondered at so many usually noisy and cheerful young men going about in silence and questioned our caretaker: “What’s going on anyway?” . . . “Oh,” he replied, “they keep quiet all day today; it’s MUM SUNDAY.”

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## How Can You Help the Missions ?

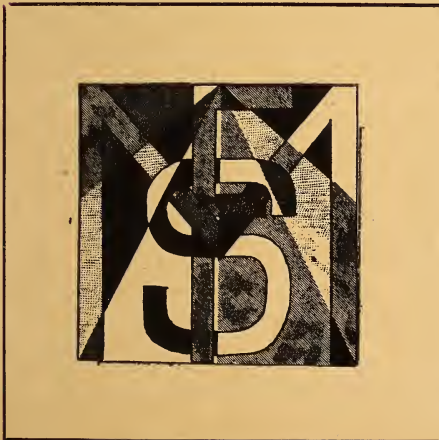
\$1,000 will repair a ruined chapel and house devastated by war.

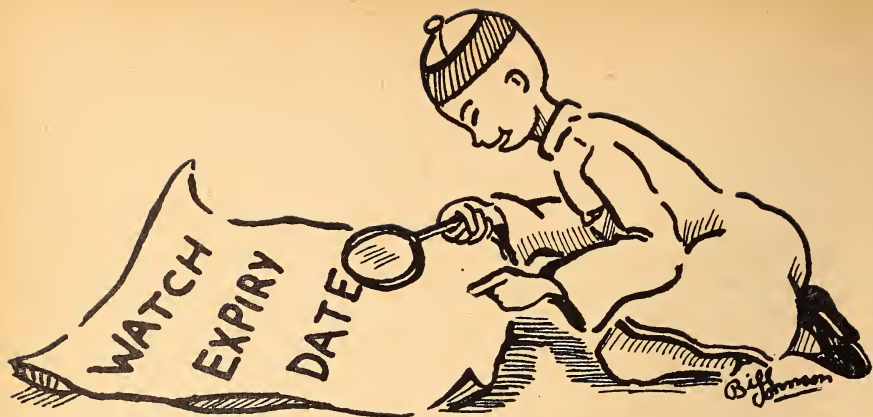
A small Coleman pressure-lamp for use in the dark days in winter will help study classes and instruction periods.

A small portable gramophone will attract people to listen to doctrine.

Holy pictures of the Holy Family, various Saints and especially of the Blessed Virgin are very useful. The Christians place, or will if we can give it to them, a large picture in the most prominent place in their little home. What better than one of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, or Our Lady of Fatima? (about 2 ft. square is not too big!)

Altar equipment is badly needed for almost all of our missions. The home of the Lord of Heaven needs altar cloths, that is linens; also candlesticks; also crucifixes; also tabernacles; also cruets (the little containers for wine and water at Mass); also finger towels.









# C H I N A

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

DECEMBER 1948







The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society extends

## Christmas and New Year's Greetings

to all its friends and wishes for you God's choicest blessings.

It is a happy season, one in which to express our thanks to the Christ Child and to His Holy Mother. At the same time we recall that the prayers and sacrifices of our lay friends, commissioners with us, make possible the work on the missions.

May you have a holy and a happy Christmas and may God's graces be with you through 1949.

John E. McRae,  
Superior General.





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*Boys*

*Will*

*Be*

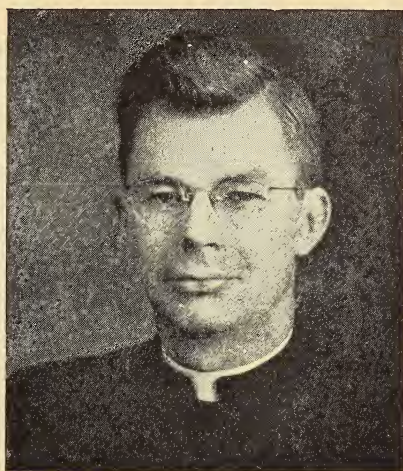
*Boys*

BY

HAROLD MURPHY

S. F. M.

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OUR Lanchi mission compound is always swarming with boys!

All kinds of boys! Big and small, fat and lean, sloppy and neat, serious and lazy!

Each lad is different from the next one. Each personality a study in itself, a joy to one who loves boys!

Let us take a look at some of them!

There is Louis — a handsome lad of fifteen — with his hair always hanging down over his face — always with a smile — always asking questions. His curiosity—even for a boy — is remarkable!

Sometimes, to keep peace, the pastor tells a story. In the interior of China there are few movies, comics or story books and so the boys — even the older ones — listen to a story with breathless attention. The other evening we told them a story about Tarzan of the Apes.

The next morning in marched Louis with some questions.

Where did Tarzan come from? Who was his father and mother? Exactly how big was he? Could an ape really raise a child? How did he learn to speak? Etc. etc. etc.

We will tell no more Tarzan stories.

And there is Louis' bosom pal, John. He is always in trouble.

We have here a very serious catechist. Last week Louis saw my dog kill a rat. He put the dead rat in the catechist's bed. And that night it took nearly an hour to pacify the good man when he found himself in bed with a rat. Louis got a severe scolding but it didn't do any good. Yesterday when John was taking a bath, Louis took away and hid all his clothing. John spent several hours wrapped in a woollen blanket with the temperature over ninety in the shade.

Jimmie and Raymond are two older lads. Both are at that age when they must keep spotlessly clean and spend a few hours a day part-

ing their hair. Raymond is leaving us soon to go into the China Naval Academy. His uncle and foster father is the Lanchi Member of Parliament. Raymond studies about ten hours a day — a big strong lad who is recognized by all the boys as their leader. What he says, goes! Jimmie has no ambition whatsoever. He is a very handsome lad and very spoiled at home. He walks around as if his heels weigh a ton. He is always looking for a place to sit down. Recently he decided to drop out of our daily swimming excursion.

"It is too much like hard work," he said. "I'll go along and sit on the shore and watch the clothing."

Another member of the gang is seventeen year-old Harry. He is all feet and hands. He looks as if he has T.B. — his face pale and pasty. Anything near Harry is sure to be tipped over. He always wants to help out and it takes real tact to persuade him to keep away.

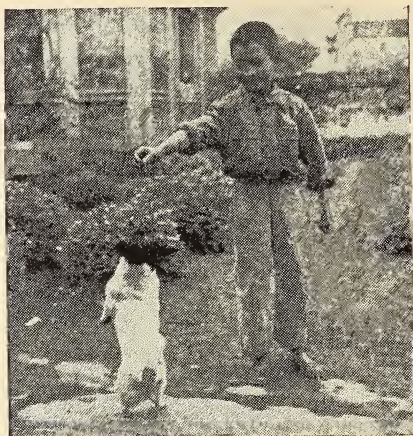
We keep feeding him vitamins and hope for the best.

We have two orphans who live here all the time. One was a beggar and we've written about him. He is now strong and husky and makes a fine little servant. The other one was raised by a Catholic Aunt but her husband recently decided that he would no longer support the boy. He was preparing to hire him out as an apprentice to a pagan family when we stepped in.

The two orphans live together in the attic above my room and are always fighting. Nearly every evening I have to call them down stairs for an accounting of the noise they are causing. This morning they asked me if it would be alright for them to move to some other place as they realized that the noise was bothering me. I suggested that the real reason for moving might be so that they could fight in peace and not be bothered by me. Two

very red faces indicated my suggestion was correct.

Most of these lads go to daily Holy Communion. Every night they say their prayers in the Church and often during the day they make visits to the Blessed Sacrament. We can see the change that Grace works in them and the love of God that shines in their eyes would soften the hardest heart. We thank God for them and because of them we thank God for CHINA.



Louis

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## CHINA

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*Established 1919*

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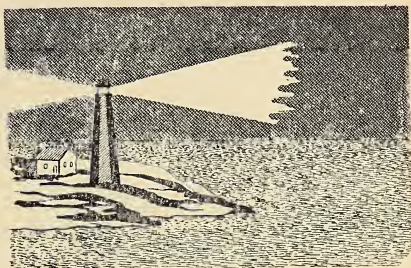


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# Altagracia!

## Beacon of Dominican Faith

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THE existence of Christian worship on the island of Quisqueya, is intimately bound up with the devotion to the Virgin Mary, and it could not be otherwise. The sons of this native soil, whether commoners or nobles, lettered or ignorant have carried deep within them, the love of this dear Virgin, who presided over their family prayers during the long winter nights, or brought joy to the feast days of their Patron Saints in the villages.

Since the Salve (the Hail Holy Queen) that was intoned every day by the sailors of Christopher Columbus' glorious boats, to the last days of the conquest, the love of Mary was able to erect temples and chapels in honour of the Mother of the God-Child. The Spaniard knew very well that there is no better means of reaching Jesus than through Mary, chosen among thousands to be the most privileged woman of all creatures.

We possess on the island three Sanctuaries dedicated to the veneration of Mary. (1) *Santo Cerro*, luminous summit on whose heights the illustrious Discoverer planted the Cross, symbol of redemption and in whose arms, according to tradi-

tion, there appeared in a halo of light, Our Lady of Ransom.

(2) The last refuge of the Indians in *Boya* preserves like a precious jewel, the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Aguasanta.

And as a synthesis of the love of Mary amongst us, there rises in the east of the island in the town of *Salveleon de (3) Higüey*, the temple and Sanctuary of Our Lady of Altagracia whose excellence God has designed to confirm by a large number of miracles. The grateful Dominican nation has known how to direct its steps in pious pilgrimage to the Sanctuary or has raised its heart to honour Our Lady.

### Origin of the Devotion to the Altagracia

The tradition concerning the origin of the holy image assures us that a pious young girl, innocent and ingenuous, asked her father for a picture of the Virgin of Altagracia. Her father was unable to comply with his daughter's wishes because no one knew of such a picture. Returning discouraged to Higüey, because in the capital no one could give him information about the Virgin of Altagracia, he



Typical religious procession in honour of Our Lady of Altagracia

arrived at the crossing of the Dos Rios where he was accustomed to rest, in the company of a friend of the family. It was there that an old man offered him the image.

He took the holy linen to his daughter, who fainted with love and was the first to foster the devotion to the Altagracia. The tradition is beautiful; our people preserve it with love and reverence, seeing in it the hand of God who has deigned to protect them.

Canon Louis Jerome de Alcocer tells us the great miracles that God has worked by means of this holy image.

"It appears that Our Lord God doesn't want Her to leave that town because the Archbishop and his Cathedral Chapter sent for Her and She disappeared from a locked chest in which they were carrying Her with great reverence and care, and at the same time She reappeared in Her church of Higüey where she was wont to be. She is painted on a piece of linen 16" x 24" and the painting is of the Infant birth; Our

Lady is with the Child Jesus in front and St. Joseph stands at her shoulders. Despite its age, the painting has very vivid colours and is like new. From all the West Indian islands which are nearby, people go in pilgrimage to this holy image of Our Lady of Altagracia and every day many miracles are seen. These are so numerous that now, they are no longer verified or recorded. Some people in token of thanks, write on the walls and other parts of the church and few as they are, there is no longer any more room. Many alms are given to this holy church and so it is well provided with ornaments and has many silver lamps in front of its holy image."

Basing the origin of the devotion to Our Lady of Altagracia on this historic document, we are able to boast that we possess the first sanctuary ever erected on American soil in honour of the Queen of Heaven, the Ever Virgin Mary. Here is how Archbishop de la Cueva y Maldonado confirms it, in a letter to the king, July 25, 1664.



"The temple of Our Lady of Higüey, on this island, is the first sanctuary ever made here after Catholic arms had conquered it in Her honour, so that it is now the first sanctuary of these Indies."

Mexico did not possess one until after 1531.

### Construction Of The Sanctuary

The Altagracian devotion spread to all parts of the island and to neighbouring lands. Pilgrimages each time became more numerous the faithful going to visit her "because everyone receives from Our Lady great consolation through the many miracles."

One of the Bolívars, the older Simon de Bolívar, a superintendent of the sanctuary, worked actively in the construction of the new temple and the constructive spirit of Canon

Alonso de Pena brought it to a successful close. Archbishop Fray Andres de Carvopal consecrated the church about the middle of the 16th century.

By 1660 the devotion was general, both outside as well as on the island. Among the Spanish sailors who used to cross these seas, Father Utrera states that it was a common custom, when by chance they came upon the eastern shores of the island on their way to Mexico, or when returning to Spain, never to pass by without first saluting Our Lady of Altagracia with a salvo from their canon.

### The 21st of January

There was no fixed date for the feast of Altagracia until the end of the 17th. century. The French free booters had taken possession of a large part of the island and their impudence had reached such an extreme that they tried to invade the central part. Destroying all resistance, they arrived at Santiago de los Caballeros. Spanish honour was wounded and sought to avenge itself.

His Catholic Majesty's forces were readied for the invasion of enemy territory, prepared to spread death and destruction repaying an eye for an eye . . . Sunday, the 21st of January, 1691, found both armies in the Sabana Real de la Limonade. The battle was hard and cruel for there was valour, bravery and zeal on both sides. All classes were represented in the famous encounter. Pikemen from the Cibao, Seibo and Higüey all flat on their stomachs were awaiting the zero hour armed with their pikes and long knives; and they issued victoriously.

The love of Mary of Altagracia caused the inhabitants of the east to bow at her feet in order to give thanks for the favour received. A machete brought as an offering, was



Padre Tomas Allen, S.F.M., at Altagracia altar.

the token of their esteem and the emblem of victory. Since that date, the feast of Altagracia has been celebrated on the 21st. of January, receiving the official approval of Archbishop Don Isidro Rodriguez y Lorenzo.

### The Coronation

The fervent devotion of the Dominican people could not be satisfied without offering a crown of love to its Virgin of Altagracia. And then came the long looked for day: the 15th. of August 1922. Through the efforts of the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, Monsenor Adolfo A. Nouel y Bobadilla, the Dominican nation owes the canonical coronation of the miraculous image.

The Conde bastion, cradle of our independence was the altar on which the solemn coronation was effected. His Excellency Most Rev. Monsignor Sebastian Leite de Vasconcellos, titular Archbishop of Damietta and extraordinary delegate of His Holiness Pius XI, placed the symbolic crown on the miraculous picture while Dominicans knelt to venerate their sweet Mother and Queen.

The Congress of the Republic declared the 21st. of January to be a national feast as the nation's homage to our Lady of Altagracia.

The Altagracian devotion demands an altar in every heart and in every Dominican home for we have declared Her to be our sole Queen and Sovereign.



December brings around the feast-day of our patron St. Francis Xavier. His sanctity and heroism still inspire his followers.

Shortly before his death and when he was attempting to make his way into China, St. Francis Xavier wrote:

"We run great risk of being captured. We are comforted by the thought that it is better to be a prisoner for the love of God than to be free because one has fled from the sufferings of Christ."

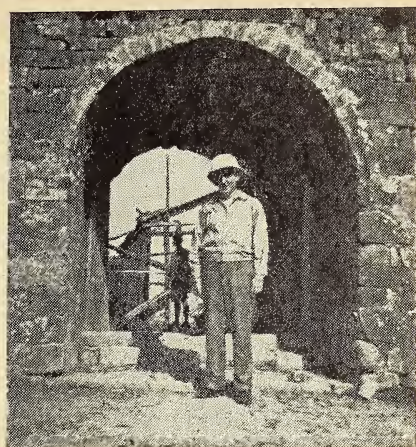


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# Pukiang Parish

BY  
JOHN KELLY  
S. F. M.

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PUKIANG means "the bend in the river" and it reminds one of St. Thomas More's famous Utopia or Island of Nowhere and the River Anyder that watered it, even though it was without water. For indeed the river in Pukiang is without water and the bend is nowhere. For the river dried out long ago and one arrives now at Pukiang by foot or by Bicycle, a full day from Niwu, where the last road ends. It seems however, that the inhabitants of Pukiang have not obtained the same results from natural religion as did those of the famous island. For there, they seem to have attained a high natural idea of God but here they are lost in Buddhism and superstition.

The first mission in Pukiang was opened many years ago but no priest lived here till 1935. Before that, it was a mission first of Kinhwa and then of Tungyang. That year Father Tcheng came here to live and founded the new parish. That is only thirteen years ago, and years full of war and disruption, but, we have two hundred and fifty Catholics here in the city and two hundred more at the mission in Ya-ma-tien. Father Tcheng built the church dedicated to the Queen of the Apostles. That same

year a Chinese who had been brought up in the Orphanage at Shanghai painted in oils a large picture of the Blessed Virgin with the Apostles round her. It now hangs over the main altar and makes the interior of the church very beautiful indeed.

The house is another matter however. It was the original house on the property sixty years ago and it has all the failings of a Chinese house that has long since been past repair. There are three rooms: one for the priest, one a guest room and the third for the Christians to congregate on Sunday and study doctrine. No one can complain of the house though, for it did its duty long ago and is being kept on in the manner of a man who works a twenty-year-old horse because he is too poor to buy a new one. If the old horse is not quite up to the mark, he can hardly expect anything else.

We have a great many old ladies here whom the Chinese call 'ma-ma'. They come every Sunday, some of them walking five or six English miles on their bound feet. They gather in the room and chatter away at a great rate, in the local dialect. When I first arrived here, I had to bow and smile, not very sure of myself for

I didn't understand a word they said. Each parish here, has its own dialect and it takes several months of listening, before a newcomer understands what is going on. Also, the old ladies, when they are speaking always seem to be in a great hurry, though they will keep on talking all day long.

The first one baptised was old Mrs. Ching. She is still here—eighty-seven years old and blind. That does not keep her from Mass though and she is here every Sunday walking the five miles from her village. Her granddaughter leads her with a stick. She is queen in her own village and rules with a very sharp tongue and we will have no mass-misser from those parts as long as Mrs. Ching remains with us.

Twenty miles away over the mountains, by foot, we come to the mission at Ya-ma-tien. Here also, we have a church in honor of St. Anthony; and a school. There was a house also before the war but when the Japanese were in Ya-ma-tien, they burned the village and the house with it. The church was set on fire too but some of the Christians put the fire

out. There is still a burned out window and a patched up roof. In the school we have thirty-five children, all of them Christians or studying the doctrine. There are great hopes for this village for the greater part of the people are already baptised and all the rest are very favourable to the church. We have a teacher out there and we need a catechist badly.

Every month, I spend a week out there. They are all new Christians and so the doctrine has to be explained to them many times. The children who are in the school are getting a good grounding in doctrine but the grown-ups are harder to instruct. We have great hopes for conversions here in Pukiang but we need prayers. It is only by God's grace that a pagan becomes a Christian and that grace comes to pagans through your prayers. If our Catholic people at home prayed enough for us, conversions would be much easier. So, say a prayer that there will be a great deal of grace given to the pagans at the 'Bend of the River', that isn't there.

*A poor unfortunate man who lived close to a railroad yard in the suburbs of a large metropolis, wrote the following about the racket made by the switch engine:*

*"Gentlemen:*

*"Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and bang and hiss and pant and grate and grind and puff and bump and chug and hoot and whistle and toot and wheeze and jar and jerk and howl and*

*snarl and huff and growl and thump and boom and crash and jolt and screech and snort and slam and throb and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like h— all night long?"*





# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

A LITTLE boy was playing with his fire-engine. With a strong push he would send it rolling across the floor to smash against the wall! Then he would laugh. Again he would take the fire-engine, push it with great energy—and laugh merrily as it banged against the immovable body. A bystander asked him what could be the meaning of this strange performance repeated so gleefully. Then came the answer: "Tomorrow is Christmas, and Daddy promised me a great big new one!"

This childlike attitude reflects the annual renewal of good things, the promise of gifts, the meeting of old friends, the family gatherings, the tinsel and wreaths and bells and songs and Christmas trees which come to mind at this season. It is a happy time, enjoyed most of all by the children because it is the feast of the Christ-Child.

One of the highlights of the Yule season is the visit to the crib. When I was a boy we used to visit all the churches within reach to see which one had the best crib. The all-time champion was the Franciscan church, and since this custom is attributed to St. Francis, perhaps it was only right that his church outdid all the others. It had a model village on display, not merely one little hut or stable, and a donkey stood on a little bridge which spanned running water. The sound of that running water is

with me still, and whenever our eyes tired of examining all the little figures, our attention always returned to the water under that tiny bridge, with the donkey's long ears apparently listening too.

It is a fascinating thing to watch the children as they come to the crib. It is the answer to a favourite dream of theirs. Usually they hear the Christmas story and in their own imagination conjure up a picture of what it must have been like. Now they see an actual reproduction, not of a wonderful fairy tale, but of a real portion of history, the most important portion there will ever be. The little boys and girls kneel before the Christ-child, and grownups are given an opportunity to see how one should pray.

The land of makebelieve is *no-man's* land; it is a land for the children. When grownups are told of this land by youngsters, they give it scant respect . . . and children notice this. At Christmastide, there is an entirely different attitude. At this time the grownups want the children to see the crib, and come with them, and this soon convinces the child that Christmas is a good time indeed. It is not makebelieve, it is not a fairy story, but it *does* use all the best such things have to offer. Hence the use of the crib, the tiny figures to represent the Child, Mary and Joseph, the shepherds, the sheep, the manger with



oxen and asses, all of these to bring about what the meditation books call the "composition of place". The imagination is fed with such details, a mood is created, and history is understood.

Some people have wondered if this procedure is justified. Is it not going to be difficult for the children to distinguish between Grimm's Fairy Tales and the Christmas-story? There is no reason why it should be. Children make a very clear-cut division between games and real life. They have no difficulty accepting a story about a giant, because it is make-believe; but they quickly sense the difference between a threat such a giant may be to them, and the threat of punishment coming from their parents! Fear is perhaps the best example. It is frequently said that children like to be afraid: but this is only when it is the pretense of fear. Daddy will pretend to catch them, and squeals of simulated fear are heard. But when Daddy is really mad, the fear they experience and express then is something else again. The children can distinguish this fear from the other. And there is no reason to believe they have any trouble in distinguishing any other portion of reality from make-believe. True they can switch back and forth very readily; but they do not confuse the issue. Any child knows what is meant when you say: "Once upon a time there was a king." The same child understands when you say:

"There was once a Child who was God!"

The use of the Christmas crib is a custom now some 800 years old. It is helpful for the children; it is also helpful for adults. Notice these facts: (1) A visit to the crib invariably requires that you kneel. There is no rule about the matter but to enable you to see you must lower yourself; in fact for anybody to see God such an act of humility as kneeling is required. (2) A visit to the crib reminds you of your childhood, because the whole representation is in miniature. The buildings, the people, the Babe, all are tiny, and the effect on you is to take you back to your own childhood; this reminds you of the innocence you once had, the innocence everyone once had, and the innocence everybody must regain before they can enter the Kingdom of heaven. (3) A visit to the crib takes you out of yourself. Your eyes feast on the details of the Incarnation; not stocks and bonds and mortgages and debts and wine or women or song. The pursuit of pleasure has no place here. You see a picture of poverty, of sacrifice, of love. You see humble shepherds, the first outsiders favoured with the sight of the Messiah. Humility was first to be rewarded. Simple men they were, yet



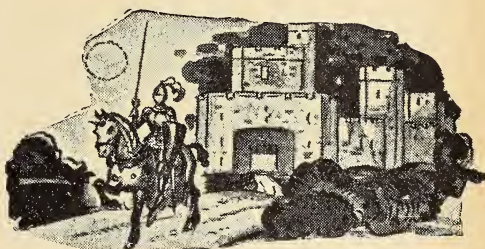


invited by angels to visit Christ! Perhaps your life has become too complicated for such an invitation. Humility and simplicity are taught at the crib. (4) A visit to the crib will show wise men. Kings from the East some say; Wise Men all agree. They had believed that stars influenced births. Now they came to see a birth which had influenced a star. Scientists in their day, but not proud in their wisdom. They knew more than all the men of their time; yet they came a very long way to visit the crib. Do you know more than all the men of your time? And are you willing to learn the lesson of the crib now?

The holy season of Christmas has many lessons. Charity is its greatest. Commercialism has done its best to pervert this but so far unsuccessfully. The exchange of gifts is customary even if this only takes the form of a Christmas card. A religious card showing something of the Incarnation is a remembrance most people like to receive. But the better manifestation of charity comes with the family gathering. When this is possible, it is certainly enjoyed by everyone and the family unity is strengthened. Above all, charity is shown to the children. It is their feast and as far as tangible assets are concerned,

they gain the most! But this is not to belittle the gains to the other members of the family. And the souvenirs everyone has, soon crowd upon our memories to remind us that the number of sad Christmas seasons was small indeed.

Thoughts of Midnight Mass come back to every Catholic. In the minds of most, it is the most solemn Mass of the year, an almost universal favourite. Its appeal is felt by non-Catholics as well, many of whom like to be invited to such an event. They were asked once, but never again. This suggestion, if followed, might lead to a conversion. But at any rate, a real Christmas celebration will lead to the most important conversion of all for you . . . your own! Merry Christmas!



## HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

### *Form of Bequest*

"I bequeath to the "Scarboro Foreign Mission Society the sum of  
..... dollars."

\$475 will support a seminarian for a year.

\$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on  
which a chain of students will be educated.



# *Why Missioners lose their hair!*

BY

GEORGE COURTRIGHT

S. F. M.

THE other day a group of three people knocked at the door of the parish house. It wasn't necessary to ask them to step in because they had already done that—it's only one step from the street to the priest's office and the door is always open. A man and his wife accompanied by their 'teen aged son confront the padre.

"Padre, we've just come from the civil record bureau. They told us to come here."

"Oh yes! I suppose you're looking for this lad's birth certificate, so that he can take out his registration card."

"That's it, Father, how did you guess?"

This question is quite unnecessary, since the number of people who have lost their birth certificate is quite large. The padre can easily guess what they want by their appearance. At sixteen years of age everyone must take out his registration card in this country. The sight of a 'teen ager with one or more older companions, coming to the parish house during the time of year when this law is enforced,

is a sure sign that they are in quest of a birth certificate.

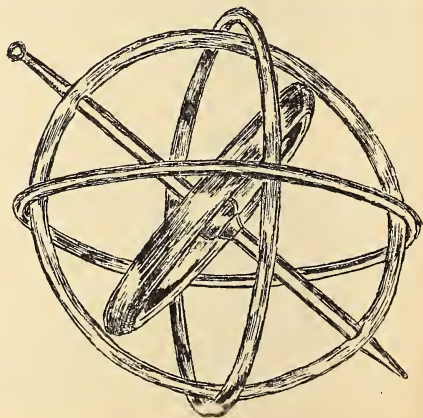
"What is the boy's name?"

"Leonidas Ramirez is the name given him at Baptism, Father."

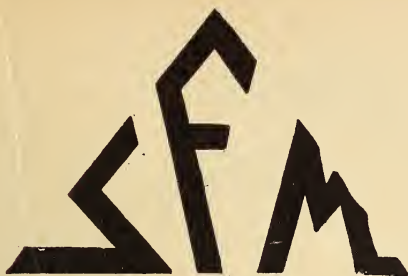
"How old is he?"

"He'll be about sixteen next June."

"How old was he when he was baptized?"







"He was about four or five years old, I think, Father."

Now begins the hunt. The boy's father had said that his own name was Isaias Ramirez but, oh how these humans can lie!

The name Leonidas appeared several times during the search, in the indexes of several hefty volumes of the Baptismal books, but never attached to the surname Ramirez. The day is beginning to get hot and there is another knock at the door. Three more worried people enter and there is a decided threat of a bottleneck unless Leonidas' baptismal certificate can be found right away.

"The boy only received one name when he was baptised, is that right?"

"Yes sir. Leonidas is his one and only name."

"Tell me, Senor, are you married by the Church?"

"Father, I won't tell you a lie. We're only civilly married, but we're thinking seriously of getting married by the Church. After all, one must fulfill the laws of God to be a good Catholic."

"That's right, but tell me something else. Were you civilly married when your son Leonidas was born?"

"When I come to think of it, Father, I guess maybe we were not."

"Doesn't that mean that the boy's surname will be that of his mother? That's the law you know."

"No, Father, because, you see, we had his name changed by the courts so that he would be my legal heir."

"Was he made your legal heir before or after his Baptism?"

"That was before his Baptism, Father, when he was only two years old."

"His name, then, should be Leonidas Ramirez. Am I right?"

"Have you looked in all the books, Father?"

"Yes sir, I've looked through twelve books from 1928 to 1936."

"Well, now try and see if you can find Leonidas de Aza."

"De Aza? What makes you change your son's name to De Aza?"

"Just look, Father, I have a suspicion that his name may be Leonidas de Aza."

"But why, my good man? Your wife's name is Peguero and your name is Ramirez. Why do you say De Aza?"

"Why, Father? Well, you see, my name was Isaias de Aza up until a few years ago. Then my father had it changed to Ramirez which is his name, in order to make me his legal heir. I imagine that when they changed my son's name as a little boy they put Leonidas de Aza, don't you suppose so, Padre?"

"Yes, my very dear sir, that's right. Now, where are those Baptismal books again?"





LORNE McFARLAND, S.F.M.

# Chen Ping

(Father McFarland is pastor at our Victoria, B.C. mission. Chen Ping is one of his parishioners)

IT WAS after the mid-day meal that Chen Ping hobbled up the street to the mission at slow and painful pace. Crippled by arthritis for the past ten years, he is just barely able to walk with the aid of a stout cane, yet here he was several blocks from the Chinese hospital at which he is a patient. He must have important business to bring him so far from home. "Father, I want to go to confession," he said. So he struggled up the steps into our little chapel and confessed in loud Cantonese. "That's fine Chen Ping. You say your penance and I will drive you back to the hospital." Poor Chen Ping. He is quickly forgotten. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock. My goodness I just remembered Chen Ping in the chapel. No use returning to the mission for him now. He will be gone for sure. Four o'clock, five o'clock. Return to the mission and drop into the chapel for a little visit. What do you know? There is Chen Ping sitting on a chair gazing at the tabernacle. "Chen Ping, what are you doing here all this time?" "I am talking to God," he said, in the manner of one who didn't wish to be disturbed. "Well

come along now and I will drive you home."

A few minutes drive and we are pulling up in front of the Chinese Hospital, deep in the factory district, which is Chinatown. The Chinese characters on the two story, gray brick building read, "Chinese Hospital," but it is really an oldmen's home, built by the Chinese and maintained by official charity which is very often cold and never abundant.

The stories of all the patients are very similar. For years they had worked in Canada sending most of their money home to their families.







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Then suddenly sickness struck them. They were unable to work and soon destitute. Advanced in age and penniless, the Chinese Hospital was a refuge where they could while away the twilight of their lives, bearing their physical ills as best they could, and having time for once to sit down and wonder what life is all about.

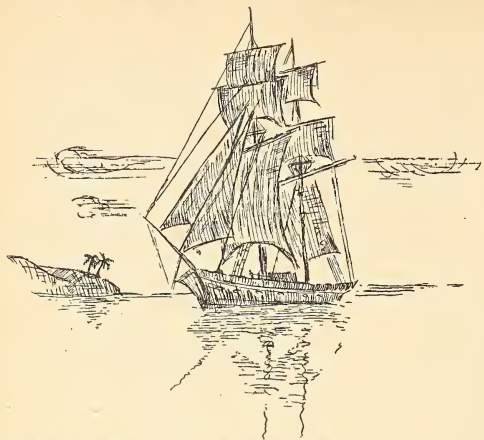
As soon as we open the door to the hospital there is a chorus of greetings. "Hello Father, have you come to visit us?" "How are you to-day, Father?" Those who can walk come up to extend their greetings. The others wave from their beds. Tang Duck is deaf as well as partially blind and doesn't know I am there until I touch him on the shoulder. Then he is vociferous in his greeting. Poor Chow Chang is prostrate with another attack of his rheumatic pains. Ho Chang is as chipper as ever. Practically every day he walks over to the cathedral, makes his reverences to the Blessed Sacrament, and lights candles, but he is not completely sure yet that he wants to give up buddha entirely, so he is not yet baptized. Lee Joy and Tang Yang are both completely blind but always in good spirits. Arm and arm Chen Ping and I mount the steps to his room. We pass poor Fu Yin who has suffered from paralysis of throat muscles for some years. He makes the most pitiful efforts to speak, but

all that results is an unintelligible groan. He was very despondent when we first met him, but since hearing about Heaven and Eternal Happiness he is resigned and patient.

Waiting in the doorway is Chen Ping's room-mate Chu Pa. He has been totally blind these many years. He is a fervent Catholic and his query now is. "When will the priest be able to come and say Mass in the hospital again so that I can assist and receive Holy Communion."

Chen Ping's table is decorated like an altar with crucifix, candles and holy pictures. Here he spends many hours of the day reading his Chinese prayer-books, or in silent meditation. The long hours he spent in the chapel to-day is nothing out of the ordinary for him. He devotes even longer periods to prayer in his room. He is the unofficial catechist too and never misses an opportunity to teach the men. Of the twenty patients more than half are baptized and confirmed . . . All the others are simply awaiting more instruction to be baptised. Five of the Catholics are able to come to our chapel for Mass on Sundays. The others have to await the visit of the priest for Mass in the hospital. God has sought out these men in their old age and given them gifts which they would never have sought in their youth. Forgotten by men they are the elect of God through Faith and Hope and Charity.





# General Godfather

BY

JOHN E. GAULT

S. F. M.

ACCORDING to a very ancient practise of the Church certain persons, known as undertakers, sponsors or sureties, were permitted to take part in the administration of Baptism. These persons were not only witnesses of the sacred function but also became the spiritual parents of the subject. This is most fitting when one considers that Baptism is a supernatural regeneration by which one is born a child of God.

St. Denis bears witness to the existence of this office of sponsor or godparent in the early Church when he writes: "It occurred to our divine leaders (i.e. the Apostles), and they resolved to admit infants to Baptism, but in this holy manner that the natural parents of the child should entrust him to the care of one learned in divine matters who should be his teacher, and under whom, as under a divine father and guardian of his holy salvation, the child should lead the remainder of his life."

The Church considers this office to be so sacred and important that she has ordained that the sponsor contracts an affinity with the newborn Christian, with the result the parties concerned cannot marry each other.

St. Augustine gives us a very clear notion of the duties of godparents when he says: "They (godparents) should admonish them (the spiritual children) to observe chastity, love justice, preserve charity; and above all they should teach them the Creed and Lord's Prayer, as also the Commandments and the first rudiments of the Christian religion."

Unfortunately, most Catholics have long since lost the true concept of this very serious Christian duty. In fact, some have lost it to such an extent that they cannot understand Father's narrow-mindedness when he frowns upon the suggestion that two very good non-Catholic friends "stand up with the child". To them the function is nothing more than the conferring of an honorary degree upon two intimate acquaintances. All parents feel that they are honoring those whom they appoint as godparents for their own baby. To many of those thus honored it means nothing more than, "what present will we buy for this godchild"?

Truly, it is an honor to be appointed as sponsor. But it is much more than an honor. It is an office which implies grave obligations.

In the Dominican Republic, one of the greatest tributes which can be



paid to a person is to choose him as a godparent. Although these neglected people (there are 20 native priests and almost two million Catholics) have fallen away from many Christian beliefs and practises, they still cling tenaciously to some. One of these is the love, veneration and respect cherished by the one baptized for his spiritual parents.

On occasions, I have seen a grizzled old man, dressed in rags, riding upon a sad-looking little donkey over isolated jungle paths, encountered by a young man who spryly jumped from his mount to greet the former by genuflecting on one knee, clasping the bronzed, withered hand to kiss it, while saying "bendicion, padrino . . ." (your blessing, godfather). The old fellow replied, "que Dios te bendiga" (may God bless you).

To fail to beg this blessing upon meeting one's godparent is considered by many a matter for confession. The greatest insult which can be offered to a Dominican is for the godchild to refuse to ask for the blessing. When this happens, certain elderly people will consult the Padre to determine what is to be done to bring about reconciliation.

A very excellent example of the prestige enjoyed by godparents on the tropical island of Santo Domingo is provided for us in the life story of General Eugenio Miches, one of the many famous military men in Dominican history. This General, whose mortal remains now rest in the Sacred Heart chapel in the ancient church of Santa Cruz del Seibo (under the care of the Scarborough Fathers), was a veteran of the war against Haiti and held in high esteem by all true Dominicans.

The General's godchildren ran into the thousands.

On a certain occasion, during one of the Republic's many civil wars, the battalion stationed in Santa Cruz del Seybo refused to obey the military

authorities. Everyone seemed powerless to break up the mutiny.

At this time, Miches was a retired cripple who made his way around with the support of crutches. Although he held no public office, he was still the most influential and the most highly respected personage in the district.

When all other methods had failed, the Governor of the Province called upon him to bring about order and obedience. The General needed no coaxing. Immediately, he threw aside his crutches and set out on horseback for the scene of trouble.

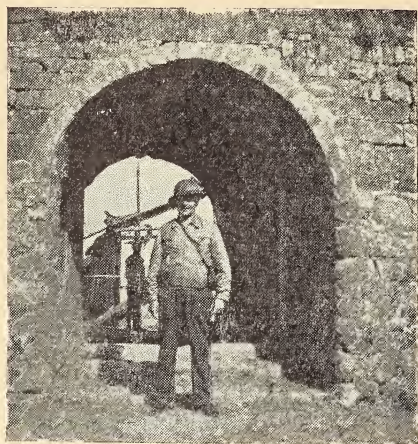
The mutineers were gathered in the beautiful town plaza which exists to this day on the north side of the parish church. As the General approached the park, he cried out: "Silence! Form ranks!"

The immediate reaction was nothing short of marvellous. There were around seven hundred soldiers in the plaza and upon the approach of General Miches, more than five hundred of them fell on one knee and a chorus went up: "la bendicion, padrino . . ." (your blessing, godfather . . .).

Having made the accustomed reply, "may God bless you all", he gave himself over to a harangue, addressed to his many godchildren and their fellow-soldiers. They tell me that this address cannot be printed for obvious reasons.

It had the desired effect. A few moments later, the battalion formed ranks in silence and marched off according to the orders previously received from the military authorities.





## *An Umbrella for a Rainy Day*

(Father Sharkey spent the first six months of 1948 on a tour of our missions in China and Japan.)

BY HUGH SHARKEY S. F. M.

**I**S there a doctor in the house? If so, he will readily understand the predicament in which the sisters at Lishui find themselves. A modest hospital was built for them just before the Sino-Japanese war, and although it escaped the bombings, it is lost to the Sisters. In their charity they gave it to our priests for a residence, after the total destruction of our missionaries' house at Lishui.

Temporarily (we hope) the good Sisters are using a dilapidated building for their hospital, which is always crowded to the doors. Sisters and patients both suffer greatly during the winter and when it rains beds are continually being shifted from one spot to another to escape the deluge. It is not unusual on a rainy day or I should say during a rainy month, (it rains for a month at a time), to see the patients sitting up in their beds with an umbrella in their hands.

Surely the plight of the Grey

Sisters in Lishui will touch the hearts of our readers and bring them (the Sisters) their much-needed hospital.

### **Friends Of Father John Kelly Attention**

Father Kelly is located at Pukiang, one of the most isolated sections



Father Sharkey with star pupils of our Lishui school.

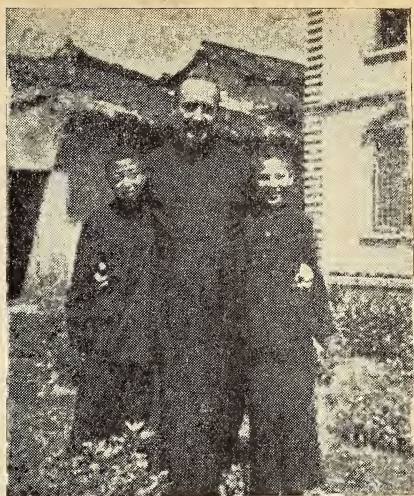


of our Prefecture. He has a nice church, a fine Catholic congregation, an utterly miserable house, great hopes and no means of transportation but the local bus — pardon me, while I relive the horror of a few rides on said dirty, crowded, undependable, etc. etc. bus.

A motorcycle — we will settle for one, though we were thinking of a Jeep, would be a real God-send to Father Kelly. He could more frequently visit the numerous missions in his parish and when necessary (which is often the case) he could travel to Kinhwa and Lishui in some small degree of comfort and in a matter of hours rather than days.

## Spiritually The Picture Is Bright

In my travels through China and in Occupied Japan, it became continually evident that "this was the hour of God" and that the prestige and the hopes of the Church in both these pagan countries were never brighter. There is a great harvest, but there are few to reap it. There are countless millions searching for the truth, who have none to preach to them. Even the pitifully few missionaries who are in the field, have



Two of Father Murphy's friends at Lanchi, with our author.

not the financial assistance they need to rebuild their bombed-out missions or even to clothe and feed themselves decently.

This is a plea for help for your own Canadian priests and Sisters, who brave all dangers, heart-break and loneliness, disease and dirt and disappointment, to spend and be spent for Christ and for souls. You will help, won't you?

## I Was A Millionaire

Have you ever held in your hand the sum of ten million dollars, which you yourself owned? Don't spread the news around, but I did. I had to go to China to be a multi-millionaire and then came the horrible disillusionment, for the ten million Chinese dollars amounted to just about eight or nine dollars in our money.

In a Shanghai restaurant my meal cheque amounted to \$600,000 and the tip to the waiter was \$200,000 and added to that was my ricksha fare which ran to about \$100,000. See what I mean— there goes your million dollars.



A pagan priest, in his ceremonial dress.

# BURSES

for

## EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

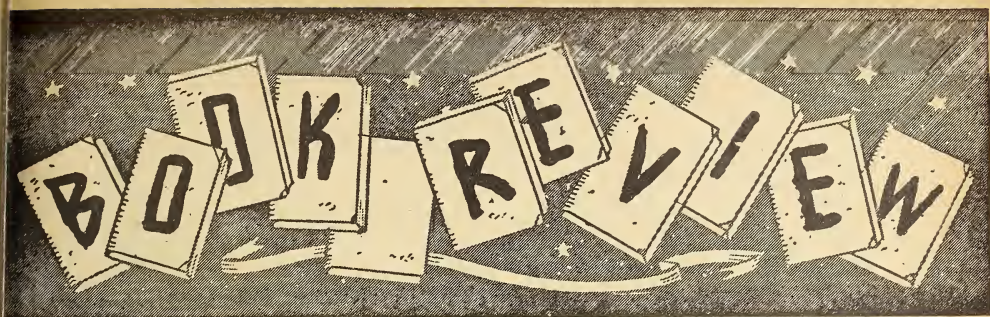
St. Madeline Sophie Barat .....	\$2,676.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,449.50
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	2,214.23
St. Jude .....	1,471.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,252.07
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,222.00
Sacred Heart Burse No. 2 .....	1,073.16
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
Comforter of Afflicted .....	805.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	647.62
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	543.43
Holy Souls Burse No. 2 .....	524.16
Immaculate Conception Burse No. 2 .....	466.60
St. Anthony Burse No. 2 .....	318.00
Msgr. McKeon Burse .....	225.00
St. Anne Burse .....	211.00
Rev. Dr. Foley Burse .....	208.00
St. Christopher Burse .....	207.20

Will you give your Christmas present to the Missions?

*Address all communications to:*

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY  
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO





**THE IMAGE OF HIS MAKER**, by Robert E. Brennan, O.P. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto 1. 339 pp. \$3.75.

The author of **GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY** and **THOMISTIC PSYCHOLOGY** has now favoured us with a less technical work on the same subject. It is a presentation for the person unacquainted with the terminology of the textbook, gradually introducing the subject-matter until at its end the general reader would be quite capable of holding his own with any good text in this field.

The elements of physiology which must be known in psychology are explained very clearly. The senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch are well described and their role in understanding is well outlined. Even better is the treatment accorded our internal senses: The Common Senses, Imagination, Memory, Instinct. It is a practical approach, using the common experiences of daily life and answering many of our favourite questions. If

one may single out a favourite, the pages on memory have the most appeal in the first half of the book.

Father Brennan's example to help us understand the working of the emotions or passions is the Passion of Christ. It is a striking way of showing that the word "passion" in our time has been restricted unduly. Every human being has passions or emotions and the more one understands their nature the better control one may expect to develop. Love, hatred; desire, disgust; joy, sorrow; hope, despair; courage, fear and anger are found in every life. This book is an excellent explanation of their functions. Mind and free-will, habits and virtues, character and temperament, personality and the soul's origin and nature, all these provide fascinating pages since there is no subject we are more curious about than ourselves.

**THE GUEST ROOM BOOK**, by Frank Sheed. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto 1. 334 pp. \$3.00.

Frequent lectures given in this country by Mr. Sheed have accustomed Canadian audiences to expect serious thoughts presented in a light-hearted way. He tries to see things as they are but an irrepressible humour will allow no pessimism. This book is a collection of writings covering almost every field: it has poetry and prose, essays and fiction,

satire and a murder story. The book reflects Mr. Sheed's outlook. Interested in a variety of things, he brings us selections from J. B. Morton, Belloc, Chesterton, Noyes, Knox, Gill and many others. It has an answer for every taste, but gaiety is the dominant note.

The title of the book explains his purpose: to provide, in one volume,

for the needs of all the different kinds of guests you might have. For your convenience he divides guests into highbrows, middle-brows and lowbrows. Having everything in one volume allows every guest to pose as a highbrow and still have access to the hilarity provided for the rest of us!

Herein you will find entertainment which you will not fear providing for any guest, be he king or peasant, poet or philosopher. One note of caution: read the thing yourself in a hurry or you will never willingly leave it in your guestroom! Or else buy two copies.

**WHY A RELIGIOUS BROTHER?** by Father Forrest, 15c; **WHY YOU SHOULD BE A CATHOLIC**, by Father Rumble, 15c; **I MUST OBEY THE CHURCH**, by Father Rumble, 15c; **THE MARRIAGE SERVICE AND NUPTIAL MASS**, 15c; **WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BAPTIZING INFANTS**, 5c; **A CHART OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH**, \$1.00.

Pamphlets from Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.

These pamphlets are all in the brightly illustrated vein we have come to expect from Radio Replies Press. They explain the views of the Church in the most readable form possible and are of the greatest value in explaining the Faith either to young Catholics or those who wish to be introduced to the Catholic Church. For school teachers, and all others having an opportunity to ex-

plain our religion, these are heartily recommended.



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## BOOKS WANTED

**The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass** (Ladder of Sanctity) by Dom Eugene Vandeur.

**My Ideal, Jesus, Son of Mary.** (According to the spirit of William Joseph Chamanade). By Emil Neubert.

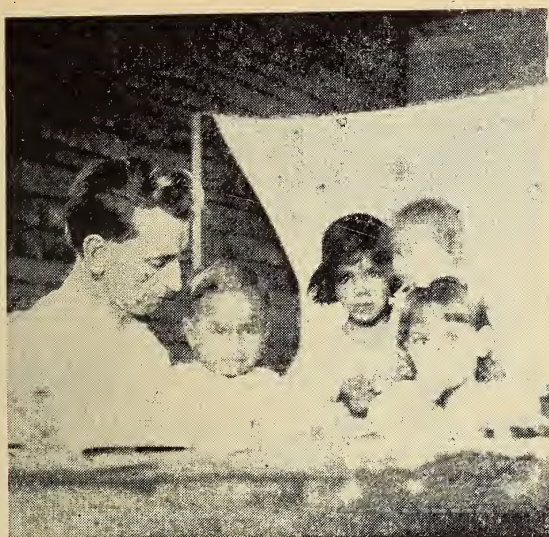
**Devotion to the Heart of Jesus**, by Dalgairns.

**Novissima Verba**, by St. Therese.

**Spiritual Renaissance**, by Petitot.

**Spiritual Life**, by St. Jane Francis Chantal.





# Bimbo

BY

A. CHAFE

S. F. M.

Early this year the Brothers of De La Salle in the Capital City gave us the discarded altar of their Community Chapel. We decided to erect it in the chapel at Palabe. Bimbo organized his neighbours, took up a collection, and brought in a carpenter to put other parts of the church in keeping with the lovely little altar. Father Hart went out and directed and helped in putting the finishing touches to the chapel and the altar. All looked lovely — for a Campo Chapel. And because I think Palabe is “the apple of Father Hart’s eye” amongst our many Campos I thought it would be nice to do something special for Bimbo and Palabe, so I invited the Archbishop to come out for the blessing of the new altar. It was on a Sunday and the Archbishop had a preaching engagement in the City at eleven a.m. He would certainly come if we could get him back to town in time. So we arranged that the Archbishop would bless the altar and say an early Mass especially for the children of Palabe.

It was a gala occasion, and the chapel overflowed with children. The dear Archbishop, who loves so much to be with his simple country flocks, was almost tempted to forego his engagement in the Capital and stay for the later Mass for the adults. But we got him back to the City on time and Father Hart went ahead with the remainder of the day’s programme. Bimbo and some other faithful stalwarts of the Faith, including the donor of the chapel land, were presented to the Archbishop. As the Archbishop left the chapel



Bimbo came and put his arms around Father Hart and said: "Padre, I have had the happiest day of my life; I have seen the dream of years come true."

When we were approaching the chapel that Sunday morning with the Archbishop we passed Bimbo on the road, walking, with a parcel in his arms. He had been to the Capital on foot the night before to collect a beautiful set of mahogany candlesticks which he himself paid for to adorn the new altar, and was now returning with his precious gift. It shows you just the sort of man Bimbo is. And he's a poor hardworking farmer.

Life has had another happiness for Bimbo since then. A very real happiness. For to Palabe fell the honour of being the Campo where

we first introduced the devotion of the Five First Saturdays in honour of Our Lady of Fatima. And a group of Children of Mary is organized there, and the girls can sing by memory a High Mass, and it is the Campo where we have the most men and boys regularly assisting at the Sacraments. For Father Hart sees to it that Palabe gets lots of visits. Some day, maybe, we shall be able to build in Palabe a church really worthy of the Faith of its simple residents where, for years to come, God and His Blessed Mother will be honoured in the hearts of those good people.

"Bimbo" will likely never know this article is written about him — but I take pride in presenting him to "take a bow" before the readers of "China."

## THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE

A PIN and a needle being temporarily unemployed and finding themselves in the same sewing basket began to argue, as is usually the case with idlers. "I would like to know" said the pin to the needle "what in the world you're good for without a head?" "And what good is your head without an eye?" replied the needle.

"O.K. then, what good is your eye, if it's always blocked up with something?" said the pin. "Well, I'm more active and can work harder than you can" said the needle.

"Yes, but you won't last very long, because you always have to have someone behind, pushing you" said the pin.

"And you pins nearly always die humpbacked" said the needle.

"Huh! you're so proud, you can't even bend without breaking your spine" said the pin. "Look here you! I'll knock your block off, if you keep on insulting me" said the needle.

"And as for me, I'll knock out your only eye, if you so much as dare to touch me" said the pin. While they were still arguing, a little girl came in, and in trying to sew some thick tough cloth with the needle, she broke the eye and threw it out in the street. Then she tied the strong thread to the neck of the pin and in attempting to sew this way, jerked off the head of the pin. In disgust she threw it also in the street where it lay alongside the needle.

"Hello", said the latter. "So! we're together again?" "Yes, but we haven't any more reason to argue, bad luck has made us bedfellows" said the pin.

"It's a shame this didn't happen before" said the needle. "How many men there are who like us begin to argue about the things they own, until they lose them and who never seem to realize that they are really brothers, until they are lying in the dust, like us."





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

"This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Yes, dear members, the feast of Christmas has come again. Once more we celebrate that happy day on which the Divine child was born. Once more, people all over the world are singing "Silent night, Holy night," as they walk through the snow toward the church to receive the Divine Son of Mary, in their hearts in Holy Communion.

Christmas indeed is a happy occasion. For not only does Christmas mean that the Christ child was born to save the world, but also, to many of us, it means the decorating of the Xmas tree, and the happy occasion of opening our presents on Christmas morn. But, dear buds, have you ever stopped to think of the poor little children in China; many of them have never heard of the Christ child, who came down from Heaven, that we may have the opportunity of being with Him forever. Many, also, have never had the glorious occasion of receiving Him in Holy Communion, on His birthday. Indeed, many of them have

never seen a colourfully decorated Christmas tree, nor had the happy opportunity of opening their Xmas presents.

As you kneel at the Communion rail on Xmas morn, to receive that same Divine child who was born over nineteen hundred years ago in a little cave in Bethlehem, would you not remember the poor little children in China! As you return to your place from after receiving Him, talk to Jesus, and ask Him to have pity on these poor children. He will listen to you. And I am sure if you do this, He will extend your wishes, and repay you a hundred-fold for being so kind to these little pagans in far off China. Also, as you kneel before the crib, remember to say a little prayer for the missionaries who have sacrificed the joys of spending Christmas at home to bring the joyful tidings of "Noel" to the pagan countries.

May the Christ child of Bethlehem bless you all, and may you have a "Very Merry Christmas."

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.

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## QUICKIE QUIZZ

Name the three Epiphany Kings

Prize given for best letter answering this.

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# A Message from Santa!

"A Happy and Holy Christmas to all you Buds of St. Theresa's Rose Garden! I hope you like your presents. Have you thought about your New Year's Resolution? How about this: BE A BETTER BUD IN '49!



## New Members and Pen Pals

### HAMILTON, ONT.

Alaimo, Charles, 10, 44 Sheaffe Ave.; Allard, Aurel, 13, 113 Catherine N.; Argo, Vincent, 11, 231 Park N.; Arnone, George, 12, 30 Wood; Baginski, Anthony, 15, 62 Ferrie St. W.; Beauchamp, Marvia, 11, 48 Barton; Billone, Peter, 10, 257 Bay N.; Black, James, 13, 204 Park N.; Brosek, Joseph, 13, 19 Oxford; Callura, Joseph, 13, 181 Cannon; Caravaggio, Alvin, 9, 42 Strachan W.; Carubba, Anthony, 13, 201 Park N.; Giavarella, Ralph, 10, 152 Park N.; Condari, Philip, 10, 106 Caroline; Cox, Allan, 9, 175 McNab N.; Cox, James, 10, 175 McNab; Cummings, Ed., 11, 174 Mary St.; De Francesco, Victor, 12, 129 Park N.; Dem-yan, Wm., 13, 210 Bay St.; Faguy, Armand, 13, 32 Burlington; Fama, Philip, 10, 82 Barton W.; Farrauto, Charles, 11, 181 Park; Fenton, Donald, 204 Park N.; Figiola, Joseph, 10, 251 McNab; Franco, Louis, 10, 251 Bay N.; Fuller, Frank, 14, 204 Park; Gargarella, Leonard, 9, 51 Macaulay; Garrison, Billy, 11, 20 Murray; Goutreau, Blair, 10, 22 Grieg; Hamza, Gerald, 11, 281 John N.; Hannon, Wayne, 10, 442 Bay St.; Harding, Bill, 13, 275 Mary St.; Hogya, Nicholas, 10, 319 McNab; Hopf, Nancy, 7, 97 Niagara St.; Hore, Kenneth, 10, 300 Catherine N.; Hussar, John, 13, 337 James St. N.; Innocenti, John, 10, 204 Park; Ippo-lite, Alphonse, 11, 12 Napier; Jarabeck, Joseph, 10, 45 Murray St.; Jeffrey, Billy, 13, 189 Park; Kropp, Fred., 14, 204 Park N.; Langton, Douglas, 9, 32 Picton W.; Liberty, Robert, 10, 25 Robert St.; McGahey, Douglas, 10, 65½ Catherine; Marchesi, Sam, 9, 207 Park N.; Marson, Robert, 10, 26 Mill St.; Mattina, Louis, 11, 220 McNab; Montelpare, Fernando, 11, 43 MacAllum St.; Mulvale, John, 9, 115 Bay St.; Napoli, Fred., 11, 247 McNab; Nardella, John, 11, 12 Barton W.; O'Connell, Daniel, 12, 115 Catherine N.; O'Donnell, Hugh, 11, 204 Park N.; O'Connor, Tom, 13, 23 Wood; O'Neale, Larry, 11, 204 Park; Pan-chuk, Ed., 11, 214 Ray; Prince, Lorne, 11, 136 McNab; Riley, James, 12, 128 John; Roy, Earl, 13, 87 Vine; Rizzo, Armando, 11, 246 Hughson N.; Santha, James, 10, 117 Barton; Sardo, Joseph, 10, 201 Bay N.; Scime, Joseph,

11, 232 Park; Segate, Louis, 10, 53 Picton W.; Segato, Louis, 10, 53 Picton W.; Smith, Gordon, 11, 23 Strachan; Stone, John, 12, 204 Park N.; Thibeault, Bob, 11, 246 McNab; Tou-kovao, John, 14, 181 Queen; Trach, George, 10, 17 Hess; Ward, Daniel, 12, 12 Ferrie; Welhouser, James, 13, 204 Park N.; Yawney, Richard, 11, 204 Park N.

Morrissey, Lorraine, 13, East Royalty, P.E.I.; Goodine, Margaret Elizabeth, 9, R.R. No. 5, St. Stephen, N.B.; Power, Mary, 29 Bank Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.

McDonald, Marie, 8, Badger, Nfld.; McDonald, Helen, 6, Badger, Nfld.; Post, Ethel, 9, Kil-laloe, Ont.; Smiley, Nancy, 57 Glasgow St., Kitchener, Ont.; Connolly, Margaret, 10, Buchan's, Nfld.; Gardner, Douglas, 14, 13 Bot-wood Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; McGaughy, Theresa, 13, Kinkora, P.E.I.; Southwell, James, Box 70, Carbonear, Nfld.; Gellately, Mary Frances, 7, 22 Spencer St., St. John's, Nfld.; Fallu, Pauline, 11, Box 81, Blind River, Ont.; Sloan, James, Glassburn, Ant. Co. N.S.; Southwell, Betty, 8, Box 70, Carbonear, Nfld.; Denomy, Sylvia, 10, 527 Davisville Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Norman, Mary, 12, Ship's Harbour, Placentia Bay, Nfld.

### BRANCH, NFLD.

Power, Peter Damian, 6; Power, Celina Marie, 11; Power Marie Pierre, 12.

Byrne, Josephine, 10, Buchans, Nfld.; Rose, Margaret, 12, 2 Queen St., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Andrews, Barbara, 9, 29 Monchy Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Power, Bernard, Regina, Colinet Isld., St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Rvan, Marie, 11, North Hr., St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Making, Bessie, 12, St. Stephens, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Molloye, Kevin, 6, St. Stephen's, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; St. Croix, Mary, 10, St. Vincent's, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Squires, Ann, 73 Signal Hill Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Young, Barbara, 8, Box 33, St. Georges, Nfld.; Martin, Betty, Torbay North, Nfld.; Quigley, Gertrude, 16, Torbay, Nfld.



## WINNERS OF QUICKIE QUIZZ

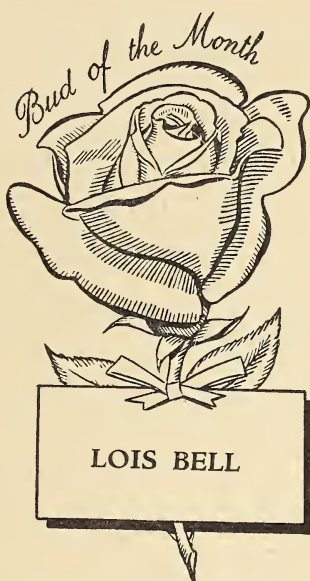
Louise Murphy of Mount Forest, Ontario, wrote the best answer to our September Quizz: Why a Confirmation name?

Doreen Finora, 118 Grove St., Guelph, Ont., wrote the best answer to the October question on the rosary.

Thanks for your letters, Buds, and I hope you liked your prizes.



That's not a hitchhiker! He is Ronnie Hickey, of Peterboro, Ontario, a champion stamp collector for the missions. Thank you for your help, Ronnie.



Lois Bell of 55 Toronto Street, Guelph, Ontario, is our Christmas Bud! Thanks for your interesting letter which shows that you are a real active Bud. I hope you have a happy and holy Christmas, Lois.



Mark the First  
Saturdays  
of every month  
of 1949 so as  
not to forget  
Our Lady of  
Fatima!

# Items of Interest

## Annual Bazaar

On November 24th, a very successful bazaar was held at our Mission on Simcoe Street in Toronto. To the great number of volunteers who helped make this prosperous issue possible we are deeply grateful; their assistance was invaluable.

The grand drawing was held at this bazaar and the Maritimes led the list of winners. Congratulations to all the lucky people and thanks to all who supported the event.

1st prize—Mixmaster won by Mrs. John McNeil, 30 Bay St., Glace Bay, N.S.

2nd prize—Lounge chair won by Mrs. R. A. Chisholm, 30 Stairs Place, Halifax, N.S.

3rd prize—Chest of silver won by Miss I. Ireland, 181 Glenholm Ave., Toronto, Ont.

4th prize—Coffee table won by L. A. Cherrier, 69 Victoria North, Hamilton, Ont.

5th prize—Mantel radio won by Ruth Kennedy, 165 McDougall St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

6th prize—Kenwood blanket won by Miss Rita Carey, Alexandria, Ont.

7th prize—Electric Iron won by R. B. MacLean, St. Ninian St., Antigonish, N.S.

8th prize—Electric kettle won by Mrs. F. Slack, 74 Garden St., Brockville, Ont.

9th prize—Silver comport won by L. B. Brown, 52 Glen Stewart, Toronto, Ont.

10th prize—Electric toaster won by Mr. Kevin Kavanagh, Grand Falls, N.B.

1st seller's prize—Occasional blue leather chair won by Mrs. E. L. Costello, 34 Manor Rd., West, Toronto, Ont.

2nd seller's prize—Chromium and glass comport set won by Mr. A. Thompson, 200 Rockland Rd., St. John, N.B.

The above two prizes were drawn for separately, giving all sellers a chance to win a prize.

## Departure for Japan

On December 7th, Rev. Michael Dwyer, S.F.M., Rev. Joseph Kearns,

S.F.M. and Rev. James MacIntosh, S.F.M., will leave Canada for our new Mission in Japan. There they will join Rev. Allan McRae, S.F.M. who is already studying the Japanese language. The Prayers of our readers are requested for the success of this new endeavour.

## Prayer for Our Dead

Mr. Frank Quinn, Windsor, Ont.

Mr. Albert W. O'Reilly, St. John's, Nfld.

Mr. McKinnon, McKinnon Harbour, C.B.

Rev. J. P. Whelan, Haileybury, Ont.

Rev. E. P. Goetz, Wallaceburg, Ont.

## Golden Jubilee

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John E. McRae, D.C.L., D.P. Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission, this year celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood. He was Ordained in St. Margaret's Church, Glen Nevis, in 1898 by Bishop Alexander Macdonell. Then he went to Rome where he took his doctorate in Canon Law. Returning to his diocese he served as Rector of the Cathedral until he was appointed pastor at St. Andrew's in 1908. After many years in that capacity he came to Scarboro Bluffs in 1924 to assume the direction of the first Canadian English-speaking foreign mission society. He has been here ever since and is now our Superior General. To Monsignor McRae we offer the sincere congratulations of all the members of the Society and all its friends. Ad Multos Annos!





MR. WONG

*says*

Benevolence is the characteristic element of humanity, and the great exercise of it is in loving relatives.



In this yuletide season our many readers will celebrate the sacred feasts in the company of the family circle. As you gather round the festive board, we ask you to think of our missionaries in distant lands, whose work so much depends on your help. They think and pray for you, and one and all wish you the compliments of the season.



"Dear Infant Jesus, help us bring faith in You to all the peoples of the world, so that we may enjoy that true peace which is found not around conference tables but on our knees at Your feet!"



# CHINA

Carboro Bluffs, Ontario

JANUARY 1949







Priests' Retreat at Lishui, October, 1948. Seated: Revs. C. Murphy; H. McGettigan; J. Kelly; Monsignor Fraser; A. Venadam; L. Bereswill, C.M., the Retreat Master; P. Kam; R. Reeves; C. Strang. Standing: A. Clement; J. B. Hsu; B. Fu; E. Moriarty; H. Murphy; M. Carey; A. MacIntosh; L. Hudswell; S. Mo.



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# Some Pages

from

## My Diary

*(Father Steele is now in the Dominican Republic; these pages are part of the story of his return from China via the Holy Land and Rome four years ago.)*



HARVEY STEELE, S.F.M.

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**E**ARLY in the morning we winged our way over the Persian Gulf, making brief refueling stops in old Persia (Iran and Iraq), and on to the capital of Egypt. It was a long day in the air, some seventeen hours and we picked up four and one-half hours on our course West. Passing over the Holyland at midnight we missed what is usually a very lovely view because of a hail storm.

A few interesting days in Cairo visiting the relics of Old Egyptian civilizations, the pyramids, sphinx, tombs of the ancient Kings etc. There seems to be a dispute in history as to how the Sphinx lost its nose, our authoritative guide told us that the Bedoins were responsible in one of their many battles. These days were

spent with English and American soldiers on holidays, strangers to me; it was pleasant to meet a number of Canadian Friars from Quebec who look after the big St. Joseph's parish.

My travelling pass called for a straight trip through to Casablanca, but I had a great desire to see the Holyland. Thanks to Fr. Schneider base Chaplain at Payne airfield we cleared a lot of red tape and I was permitted a stop-over of two weeks. A short flight back east again to Ledda, and then a short bus trip to the modern Jewish city of Tel Aviv, and its busy 250,000 inhabitants. From Tel Aviv we climbed by bus for two hours to the Holy City of Jerusalem which is some three thousand feet above sea level. The bus was filled

with a wide variety of tongues, G.I.'s, English Tommies from many parts of the world, and Jews speaking Yiddish, the continental languages, yes and even the Brooklyn and Bronx were represented.

Some indescribable thrill possess one, to realize that he is in this Holy City, the city so dear to our Divine Master. Stopping at the modern Y.M.C.A. where most of the passengers remained, I learned that the Franciscans had a Guest House beside the Holy Sepulchre, and there I remained for the next ten days. Most of the guests in the Hotel were permanent residents. Polish refugees of the wealthier classes from Poland. Without delay I went into the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre adjoining the Hotel and met the universally known Brother Francis, O.F.M. from Texas, who for many years looked after pilgrims to the Holyland. With him were three American priests, army Chaplains from General Mark Clark's 5th. army in Italy. It was late afternoon, and they were taking off by taxi to Mount Olivet and asked me to go along. They were finishing their Holyland tour and I was beginning. It was sunset as we looked over the Holy City from the spot that our Blessed Lord wept over the doomed city. It was a very beautiful sight as the sun's fading rays danced on the multi-colored roof tops. In the West we could see the Dead Sea in the distance. The Mohammedan criers were ascending their turrets, it was sunset, to call their faithful to prayer as they do twice a day. After paying the admission charge, we entered a nearby Mosque owned and controlled by the Mohammedans; Christians call it the Church of the Ascension. Six stone shelves serve as altars twice a year when Catholics are permitted to offer the Holy Sacrifice on this hallowed spot. The guide showed us a large slab of stone with a very clean-cut foot-print embedded in the stone. He said it was the last foot

print of Christ on earth . . . we four priests very devotedly knelt down and kissed the spot. Later that night the Friars who know their Holyland history said there was absolutely nothing to authenticate this foot print. These Arabs are good business men, and do appreciate the historical Christ if not the Divine Christ. They do admit that Christ was one of the great prophets but not the greatest.

Hilaire Belloc says that Mohammedanism is the most virile of all the heresies in history. A very short time in the Holyland is enough to convince one of this fact. Walking back to the side of Olivet, I asked the guide what his religion thought of the Virgin Mary, "we respect her very much" he told me as he passed the palm of his hand over his face. "Why do you pass your hand over your face like that?" I asked. "We always do that in respect, when the Holy name of Christ is spoken."

Again we looked over the Holy City. Facing the old Temple, the sides of the valley and Olivet are marked with thousands of Jewish graves, Jews who had died in all parts of the world. It is a great desire

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## C H I N A

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**No. 1**





Brother Francis, O.F.M., guardian of Holy Sepulchre, with Father Steele.

among devout Jews to lie facing the East, facing the Old Temple, awaiting the coming of the Messiah. The sun had gone to rest, we walked down Palm Sunday road to our taxi, and in less than half an hour we were back in the Holy City. The genial Brother Francis arranged for me to say Mass at 5.00 A.M. at the tomb of the Resurrection, the first of many privileged Masses. Catholics of the Latin rite are only permitted the use of the tomb two hours daily from 5-7 A.M. I went to bed in my hotel the Casa Nova dreaming dreams of the morrow and the many privileges that were to be mine in the days ahead.

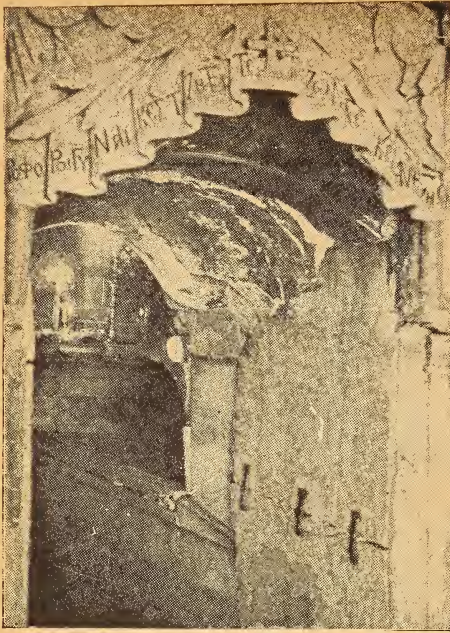
Early next morning I celebrated Holy Mass in the Tomb of the Resurrection, the fourteenth Station of the Via Dolorosa, or the Chapel of the Angel as it is called. A Catholic Arab served my Mass. The tomb is very small, no more than four people can enter at one time. At seven each morning the Friars celebrate a high Mass, the chapel is so small the Sub-Deacon must remain standing at the entrance. The Mass of the Resur-

rection with Easter preface is always said.

After a Friar's breakfast with an Austrian O.F.M. we taxied less than half an hour out to Bethlehem to the Basilica of Saint Helena, erected on that most holy spot where the Child Jesus was born. After a brief visitation of the many things to see, Brother Camillus, O.F.M. who had been in charge of the Grotto of the Nativity for some eighteen years told me that I could celebrate Mass the following day at 8.30. Brother Camillus had a distinct Texan accent, and longed to see the Lone Star State again. He had the peculiar habit as I then thought of constantly winking at you while conversing. When I asked him why he was winking at me. He laughed and told me it was a habit that grew on him during the many years because of associating with so many Arabs, who almost universally have this habit. In some cases that one eye after a time becomes almost closed. I noticed in the Catholic press Xmas past where he is still ringing the chimes in St. Catherine's Church for the midnight Mass, and no doubt still longing to see dear old Texas. Fr. Murphy, C.M. from Chicago, a Colonel with the 5th army in



The 8th Station.



Entrance to Sepulchre where Our Saviour's Body was buried.

Italy and myself spent the rest of the morning shopping in Bethlehem. It might be called the city of pearl, because a greater part of its people earn their living by making religious articles from mother of pearl.

The afternoon of that first day was spent in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre seeing the many things and places of interest, Mount Calvary, the pillar of the scourging, the spot where the true Cross was found by St. Helena etc. Calvary is about twenty feet high, solid rock. One of the most interesting things about it to my mind is the complete break in the rock from top to bottom, about two inches in width which occurred when Christ died on its summit. A small altar rests above the spot where the Cross stood but it is never used for religious purposes. Beside it a few feet away are two altars upon which Masses are celebrated daily. One of these is enshrined with a statue of our Lady

of the Seven Dolors, and containing many precious gifts from all parts of the world. All day long from early morning until six P.M. when the doors are locked there is a constant stream of religious of various rites celebrating their divine rites. Amidst these Coptic and Armenian priests etc. are droves of soldiers of the many allied nations. Very often with these groups of soldiers would be a guide, an Arab, and many of them non-Christians. One day this sad description was being given by a guide to a group of soldiers as they stood on Calvary in front of the altar of our Lady. Said the guide, "This is where the mother of God committed suicide"!

It was Quinquagesima Sunday, 1945, in the cave of Bethlehem and because it was Sunday the little cave was filled to its capacity, probably fifty people. A little Polish soldier served my Mass, a Mass I shall long remember, more thrilling by far than was my first Mass. "Hic De Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est 1717" surrounds a vermillion star on the spot in the floor of the cave where the Child was born.

Sunday afternoon was spent visiting the many historic places around the Holy city and walking the Via Dolorosa. It was a full day without accident except that I almost fell into the Pool of Bethesda in the yard of the White Fathers' large seminary. The pool is fully 50 feet in depth, and below the surface of the yard about twenty-five feet. Going down the steps I did like many others I was told, went down two steps too far and noticed that the water was pouring into my G.I. boots. With all due apologies to Father Dobel I was learning again a lot of scripture in a way it would never be forgotten.

Early Monday morning our taxi was on the road north through Galilee and finally to Nazareth. After celebrating Mass in the home of the Holy Family, we moved on to



Tiberias to eat the celeb-  
dinner fresh from the sea, the fish  
that St. Peter and the Apostles sought  
so often. So many miracles and  
scenes in the life of our Divine Master  
took place around Tiberias, that it  
can be called the "lake of Jesus".

A day spent at the quaint little  
home town of St. Elizabeth and John  
the Baptist, Ein Karim, just outside  
of Jerusalem a few kilometers. I  
always had the impression, myself to  
blame, that John the Baptist went far  
from home to live in the deserts in  
preparation for his mission, like per-  
haps our foreign missionaries. Accord-  
ing to the Friar authorities he lived  
but a mile or so away from his home  
town in the desert nearby.

Our destination Tuesday afternoon  
was Jericho and the Dead Sea. Many  
scenes in the life of Christ took place  
along this road; along this road a  
few miles down from Jericho, nearby  
the ruins of the beautiful home An-  
thony built for Cleopatra; history  
says she did not like the place and  
refused to live there.

Ash Wednesday February 14th. I  
celebrated Mass at the altar of Cruci-  
fixion on Mount Calvary. Two more  
full days learning scripture, and  
finally back on the road west to our  
plane and into Egypt's capital.

Rome was far away but nearer I  
thought than it ever would be again



Father (Colonel) O'Brien of Chicago,  
Brother Camillus, O.F.M., guardian of  
cave of Bethlehem, and Father Steele.

and I wanted to see it. I had no  
special interest in Casablanca nor  
Brazil, the route I was supposed to  
take home. Thanks to the good Amer-  
ican Fathers with me I had my travel-  
ling pass changed to read, "Washing-  
ton via Naples". Our first two at-  
tempts to leave Egypt proved failures.  
We flew above the city four hours  
each night using up gas and back  
to Egyptian soil again, hydraulic  
trouble was the reason. The third  
night at 1 A.M. we were winging our  
way across north Africa, brief stops  
at Tobruck and Bengazi, over the  
isle of Crete, where 10,000 Germans  
were cut off by the Allies, on to the  
rugged shores of Greece, and after a  
brief stop at Athens, up the heel of  
Italy to Naples. It was a long tire-  
some day, and again it was the same  
hydraulic trouble that kept us circling  
Vesuvius for almost an hour, using  
up our gas before landing. Naples  
was cold, poverty stricken and badly  
beaten, it was not a pleasant place to  
stay in. Without delay I hitch-hiked  
north on another U.S. transport to  
the Eternal City.

Maryknoll hospitality again with  
Frs. Deitz and Collins. Fr. Tennien  
was travelling in the air always a  
week ahead of me and I never caught  
up with him until reaching New



York. I missed him by five days in Rome, four days I think it was in Jerusalem. Rome was a contrast to Naples, modern, clean and undamaged but filled with thousands of hungry people. To see the Eternal City, but principally the Holy Father was the object of my trip. His Holiness had been in bed some days with a very bad cold, so again as in Palestine I spent the next two weeks waiting and trying to take in the many historic sights that Rome offers, the Vatican in particular.

Time was passing and I was beginning to worry about my passage which might be cancelled. I had French leave only. Finally the Holy Father's health was improved but there were not to be any more public audiences for some time. Could I see the Holy Father privately? Thanks to the great kindness of His Eminence The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, this was arranged. The gracious Cardinal was interested to hear first hand news of the Church in China and likewise his Secretary, Archbishop Constanini, who lived in China for ten years as Apostolic Delegate.

My appointment with the Holy Father read, "His Holiness will see you in private audience at 12.45 P.M." I left for St. Peter's as I thought early enough to climb the many stairs and was half way up when a running Monsignor doing a hundred yard dash came down the stairs . . . in broken English, he asked, "are you Fr. Steele"? Through ranks of Swiss guards we hurried and then at the last minute I said "I have here a box of religious articles from the Holyland which I would like the Holy Father to. bless". Things were punctual in the Vatican, it was 12.45 P.M. I was too long in China, where minutes and even hours have little value. Black and red cassocks were flying in every direction searching for a screw-driver to open that box. Screw-drivers and tools of the like

of the Servo plan . . . in those crimsony paper d reception rooms.

so many great privileges and in Rome itself, the great climax was those five minutes all alone with the visible representative of Christ on earth, His Holiness Pope Pius XII. I was one among six to have that privilege that day. The Pope was still an unwell man, very thin and weak. His Holiness spoke of the tiring war, the American soldiers under my care in China, our Society and its members, and finally repeating it twice "I want to send My blessing to the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society and its members and students, and to your father and mother". I knelt down to kiss the ring of Peter, and deep within me I realized as I never did before how near our Holy Father is to Christ, and how we members of the mystical Body should so often pray for the visible Representative of Christ on earth.

The following morning I celebrated Mass in Gesu at the altar enshrining the arm of St. Francis Xavier, and took my leave from the eternal City by army truck for Naples. After spending a week or more awaiting our ship, it was goodbye to the Isle of Capri and Italy. Boston was our next stop and finally the Motherhouse of Scarboro Foreign Mission Society on Easter Sunday 1945.







Revs. C. Murphy and A. MacIntosh  
with 30 tons of relief supplies for Lishui  
Diocese, October, 1947.

# Panorama Prefectural

by

C. B. MURPHY

S. F. M.

HERE in Chekiang the people call me Chou Shen Fo—Father Chou, pronounced somewhat like the Joe of G.I. When my Chinese Professor endowed me with that name over ten years ago it didn't mean a thing to the embryonic Missionary, for I knew not the significance of the word, but as I progressed in the knowledge of Cathay's tongue under the excellent tutelage of Mister Lee, I was to learn that it was one of the Hundred family names of China—a famous one at that! Presently however, it sounded euphonious to the ears, and for the time being that was sufficient for one struggling so hard to conquer the plentiful tones and the manifold strokes of the dialect of Peking. One could hardly expect the Chinese to call us by our foreign names for the simple reason that Chinese tongues just could not pronounce such names

as McGillivray, McGettigan, McKernan or Moriarty. They'd have difficulty even, with a name like Murphy, and with three Murphys in the prefecture, the poor Chinese wouldn't know whether they were coming or going—the Chinese I mean of course, not the Murphys!

The name Chou owes its fame to one Duke Chou who lived centuries ago in the early glory of the Dynasties, long since obscured into oblivion and History Books by the birth of a Republic. Chou K'ung or Duke Chou was really a fine old fellow, who lived to be about eight hundred years, so the story goes . . . may the Lord preserve me from such a sentence on this mortal coil; but Chou K'ung was a wise old sage and went around doing good and giving sound advice to all the people. In the Chinese dictionary then you will find that the verb Chou means "to go



"Mr. Foreigner give us a 'cum-shaw' (a tip). This at Hangchow R.R. yard, Shanghai-Kinwha.

around," which when applied to the present owner is quite apt.

Upon my return to the Orient in October of '47, I was appointed pastor of our newest and poorest parish in Iwu. There never had been a resident priest in that town before, so we began from scratch. This, however, is not the time nor the place to describe Iwu. That will come in due course. Suffice it here to say that for several months I was house hunting, and that game is as difficult to win at in China as in any place in America. I finally succeeded in renting five rooms where St. Anne's Parish was established.

However I would like now to tell you about our headquarters, the new diocesan See. Lishui . . . Beautiful Waters, nestles as most cities in Chekiang do at the foot of a range of mountains, on the bank of a pure, crystal-like river whence it derives its name. Of course we must not lose sight of the fact that in writing we are allowed a bit of poetic license when speaking of cleanliness in the Far East, but it does *look* clean anyway! Approaching the city from the north is a dirt road wide enough for a truck—even wide enough for two

trucks, if one is not a nervous driver. You pass along the city wall in approaching the mission compound. The spire of Sacred Heart Church can be seen for some distance towering high above the tiled roofs of Chinese homes, pagan temples and widows' arches. It is a pretty sight to behold just as the sun sinks in the west behind the rugged mountains with the cross of Christianity emblazoned against the crimson ceiling of pagan China.

The streets within the city are cobble stoned . . . horrible things to walk on, but in order to make the going a bit easier, the Chinese always lay long narrow pieces of stone or granite, running the length of the street in the center, facilitating walking on a rainy day, or riding a bicycle through town. In China the Chinese usually walk single file, and that probably is the reason why.

On one side of the street near the Little Water gate, is the Church, priest's residence, and boys' school; while on the other side the sisters' convent, the hospital and grounds are situated. Both compounds are surrounded by walls about ten or twelve feet high and over a foot thick, made of pounded mud or bricks. Immediately in front of the main door to the church was situated ever since the mission was opened in Lishui an old temple dressing room, which was used by the actors during their plays held at the temple directly opposite the Church. Always the different pastors tried to buy that small bit of land in order to beautify the mission grounds, but with no success, because it belonged to many families, and never could they all agree to sell at one time. Finally Father Venadam, managed to talk them all into selling. He succeeded in getting thirty families to sign, for that was the number of owners, and in so doing he is considered to have accomplished quite a feat. Now there will be a nice entrance and gateway to the Church!



The Priests' compound; Church, house and school, is quite large. The Church was built by the French Lazarist Fathers in 1917. It is constructed of grey brick along Gothic lines, and is quite a beautiful looking edifice. The foundation is very strong as witnessed during the war years when it was mercilessly bombed by the Japanese. It is gracefully arched, and has a large bell-tower. During the occupation the bombed Church was used by the Nipponese as a stable for their horses, and the beautiful camphor wood altar which Monsignor McGrath had made, was used to tie the beasts to, who gnawed at the wood to such an extent that Father Venadam had practically to renew the whole thing. Since the Priests and Sisters have returned to Lishui, the Church has been restored to its former beauty, even enhancing it by changing some of the former long narrow slits of windows to beautiful Rose windows, and by building a new sacristy in the place where the old one had formerly stood.

Father Venadam is not much at writing letters, and so his friends at home rarely hear about him or his



Sr. Martin of Lungchuan makes ready for a sick-call with her Chinese nurse.

good works in Lishui or Lungchuan where he held fort during the invasion. In that latter place he remained behind after ordering all the Fathers and Sisters out of Chekiang while the Japanese were in that vicinity. Lungchuan is high in the mountains, very much farther south in the province, and the Japanese never did reach there. However, provisions were hard to get, and the living was not the easiest in the world of war-torn China. Many Government officials and big Chinese business men made Lungchuan their headquarters, and seeing the zeal and good works of Father Venadam, decided to give the Church some of the nicest property in the city, when they were about to leave that region.

The School in the priests' compound was left intact during the war notwithstanding the severe attacks. It is a three storey building and was built by Father Boudreau when he was in Lishui. Now there are some two hundred and fifty children attending, boys and girls both, although originally it was meant to be for boys only. It is a Government registered school, so it is well equipped scholas-



The Laundry women of Lishui Catholic Mission starch things on a galvanized table top.

tically as well as religiously. Most of the teachers are Catholics, so that the spirit of the school is predominantly catholic, and it is our hope that many of the pagan children who attend will one day come into the Church. Some day we hope to open a Catholic High School which will take care of the youths who graduate from the junior school. Education in China has taken hold of the rank and file, and the church is ever anxious to keep abreast of the times. The hope of Catholicism in this province depends upon the young people of today, all of whom are seeking an education. Good leaders, conscientious citizens are as essential to the well being of a country, as they are to the growth and stability of the Church.

The hospital, which is only a temporary makeshift affair, has been doing magnificent work under the supervision of the Sisters. They have native lay nurses, male and female, and the daily number of treatments as well as their hospital bed patients is the largest of any hospital in the city. Wonderful women, those Canadian girls, who have sacrificed everything at home in order to come over here to care for the sick and needy of Chekiang. Formerly the place was a school, but since returning, the Superior Sr. Angela, and Sister Mary Catherine the supervisor, both saw the urgent need of the hospital, and agreed that the girls school for the time being should be sacrificed in order that broken lives be mended and epidemics be forestalled. They converted the buildings, poor as they were, into wards and private rooms. They are clean and comfortable, and the patients prefer the Sisters' treatment to any of the other public or private hospitals in the district. The Sisters feel that the sacrificing of the School has been more than justified for the present. Not only do the Sisters run the Hospital, but they also do clinical work in Lishui, as well as

the other missions within reasonable travelling distance, and even farther than that. They travel by jeep, rickshaw, boat and even take long sick calls on foot when it is impossible to get any other means of conveyance. The newly arrived Sisters are struggling with the language at the headquarters, but at the same time they are helping out in the dispensary, as well as accompanying the older Sisters on their sick calls.

Thus you see some of the inner workings of the Church in Lishui. Exhaustive— by no means, but it may serve a bit better to give you a general picture of what your Priests and Sisters are doing away over here and far away from home. They are your endeavour in bringing the Gospel to the Pagans of Chekiang province. Priests and Sisters in years to come will be telling you of the work of the Pioneers of Scarboro and Pembroke, and their stories will be the stories that are now being enacted daily on the missions among our Chinese Christians and pagans. They will be stories of love and devotion and heroism unsurpassed — stories from Beautiful Waters in the mountains of Chekiang.





# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**N**INETEEN hundred and forty-nine! We begin another year with mixed feelings. For some there is hope, for many there is fear, for most there is indifference. Which group is right?

## THE INDIFFERENT

Let's take the largest group: the indifferent. One year is much like another. They all have twelve months. January begins the process and it ends with December; they're all the same. No use getting worked up about things. The individual can make no change in the total picture so there is no cause for concern. China will fall before Communist armies this year and so will Greece but I can't do anything about it so 1949 is just another year; I'm indifferent.

There will be a large number of Europeans trying to enter the United States and Canada this year. They say there's more to eat on this side. I don't know if it's true or not. People are the same everywhere. There must be enough to eat over there if they'll work for it. Plenty of jobs here; must be the same there. What's the difference? Anyway nobody from here wants to go over there; why should they be allowed to come over to our country. Its ours and we'll keep them out! D.P.'s should improve

CHINA

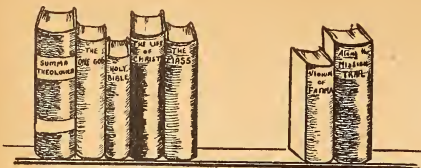
their own countries instead of coming over to try to run ours.

The Arabs and Jews will continue their fight this year. Wonder who will win eventually? It's no concern for anybody outside of Palestine, so why get worked up over a new year? Let them settle it. It's nothing but trouble if you meddle. Let well enough alone. We have problems enough without worrying about Palestine. Anyway did the British not settle that long ago? It's none of my business. Let's get on with the new year.

Riots in India will increase in violence and number this year. What's the matter with those people anyway? Always in trouble over there. They say they have funny ideas about sacred cows and other animals. Ghandi was a good man. They should all be like him. There would be no trouble then.

The Berlin crisis will continue; perhaps it will lead to war. You can't trust those Russians. They sure are hard to understand. And we were so good to them against the Nazis. Oh well; I can't do anything about that either so why worry.

Inflation will continue and likely get worse. Do those financiers in Ottawa, New York, London, etc., know what they're doing? Everybody will be bankrupt if this continues. Too bad they don't take things more seriously. That's their job to look



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after prices and things like that. Of course I don't want them to start rationing again but they will have to stop rising prices. I'm glad it's not my job to worry about those things. I'll make out somehow.

What about the atom bomb in '49? Maybe they should drop a few in some spot where a lot of people will be reminded of what it can do. I'll bet a couple on the Kremlin would make certain people sit up and take notice. Theologians say it's immoral but I'm no theologian; I can't see anything wrong with it. Serve 'em right I'd say.

*What must we think of this sort of reasoning? Its utter nonsense because utter selfishness. Such indifference can explain nothing, can answer nothing, can solve nothing. Beware of belonging to this group in 1949 or any other year.*

## THE FEARFUL

Here come the worrywarts! They see nothing but trouble in 1949. There will be floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, higher prices, lower wages, riots in India, Berlin, Peiping, Cairo, Jerusalem, and elsewhere. More revolutions will take place in South America, Ireland will battle England in its final struggle for independence, and Communism will win an election in Finland. The stockmarket will crash, uranium will be discovered in the Ural mountains and you-know-who will learn how to make the atom bomb.

American dollars will become a rarity for Canadians and automobiles will be hard to get all year . . . unless you are willing to pay four times what they are worth. Customs officials will be tougher than ever at the border and heavy fines will be imposed on any Canadian with the smell of U.S. tobacco on his breath. The Hydro shortage will be such that Ontario people will have electricity only between 2 and 3 a.m. Food will increase in price until finally, unable to sell it, they will stop making the stuff.

More airplanes will crash and a grand investigation, perhaps even a Royal Commission will decide that all aircraft will be grounded indefinitely, with the sole exception of the military. With automobiles so difficult to obtain, no airplanes, the next worry will be gasoline. Perhaps the supplies will dry up!

Canadians will be sicker in '49; and there will be no hospital space. Everybody will suffer and there is no hope. New drugs will be discovered and after use, it will be learned that they are all harmful; all the patients





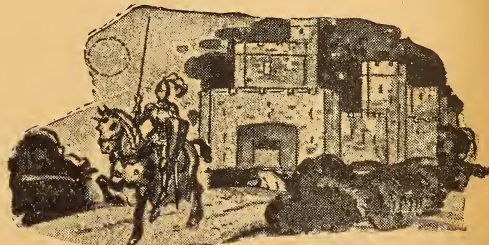
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## CHRISTIAN HOPE

A new year is another lap in life's race. It can be good or bad. Three votes will decide that: (1) God will vote for a good year (2) the Devil will vote for a bad year (3) I will cast the deciding ballot. To help my free-will, there will be the assistance of grace. Nobody else enters this vital decision. Nobody can force my hand except God, and He does not choose to. I am master of my fate.

In 1949 there will be three theological virtues: faith, hope and charity, just like any other year. There is no reason to believe that the moral virtues: prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance, no reason to believe they will be cancelled. There will still be ten commandments and six precepts of the Church. We will have seven sacraments; no more and no less. There will still be the four last things: heaven, hell, death and judgement. Each man will have to die once; no more, no less. His fate will be decided this coming year as in every other year: by faith and good works. Briefly, there will be Jesus Christ, yesterday, today and the same forever.

Let's just work as though it all depended on us, pray as though it all depended on God, and go ahead with the new year, not as indifferent or fearful but in faith, in hope and in charity towards all.



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will die or if they live, it will be as incurable paralytics.

Of course there will be war. Atom bombs on all cities, biological warfare with the latest methods for poisoning everybody's food, all water supplies, etc. can be expected to be used by both sides. The human race will become extinct, that is if we are lucky!

Religious persecutions will get into high gear. In every country in the world the forces of atheism will hang all clergymen of every denomination and penalties for mentioning any religious word (example: if anyone who sneezes is heard thereafter to say "God bless me") will be meted out. All our churches will burn and all schools will fall down. A strange plague will kill the Pope, the Cardinals and all the hierarchy. Anti-christ will appear and all will be lost.

*How bad can things get? Most of our troubles never happen. The sun will continue to shine, rise in the East, set in the West. There may be earthquakes but no more than usual; the same goes for hurricanes, floods, fires, riots and revolutions and air-plane crashes. If war comes, one weapon as simple as a rifle can kill me no "deader" than an atom bomb. It's not the method of dying which matters. Such fear and worry is fruitless.*

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# Put Down Your Buckets Where You Are!

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An M.E.B. (Mission Education Bureau) message from our students to all high schools

**D**ID you ever hear the story of Avarus Moneybags? He lived in a little hut on the top of a steep hill from which he could see all the surrounding country. You've never seen a pigeon on a tree have you? That's because they want good visibility in case of danger. Well Avarus was some pigeon! He feared so much for his money that he wanted good visibility in all directions lest anybody have any ideas about separating him from his hoard. The people in the valley were quite poor, and he kept carefully away from them. Avarus never spent any of his wealth—he just kept it and loved handling it, letting the coins trickle through his fingers!

Of all the folks who lived in the valley there was not one who had a good word for old Avarus. Their lonely neighbor was not hospitable, not charitable, not a contributor to any community project (You knew, I suppose, that a community chest means putting all your begs in one asket) and ignored anybody he met on the road on his infrequent trips into town for supplies. Avarus would

do nothing to make others happy so nobody was interested in sharing happiness with him either.

Whenever I hear this story I think of the judgement people made concerning old Avarus Moneybags. They did not like him because he was unnatural: he had good things, or could easily get them, yet he did not want them either for himself or for others. The normal thing is to spread good cheer, kindness and happiness to one's family, friends, neighbors. This man would never do that; hence he did not have a friend in the whole world.

This tale has a lesson for Canadians. We have a store of good things: happy homes, good friends, enough to eat, and so forth. We are glad that we do have these things and we would like to know that others have them too.

*But, WAIT A MINUTE!* We have friends, homes, food *and so forth*. That last phrase *and so forth* covers a lot of territory. What might it mean? Well, let's compare our situation with that of others throughout the world. Millions do not know why they are living; we say that they don't



know what it's all about. Consider the meaning of life for a pagan. He's like a contractor who is given a large stock of materials and told to build something; but nothing is said concerning the nature of the building, its purpose, size or type . . . he might build anything from a dog kennel to a castle! The chances of his building exactly what was hoped for are rather poor. From reason alone the pagan knows that he must "build" his life but not knowing the purpose of his life he will probably not do a very good job. Although he may be the most intelligent philosopher paganism ever produced, the final answer of his wisdom is only the first word in the penny catechism.

If he only knew what he is, what his eternal destiny is, that would make a great difference. That blueprint of life would help him enormously but he simply has not got it. YOU HAVE! God has given you this grace because He is The Way, The Truth and The Life. As The Way, He gives you the divine blueprint. As The Truth, He taught you how to read it. As The Life, He gives you the Sacramental system. You have the railroad fare and can ride "first-class" to eternity, because you are a member of the true Church. No need to stumble around looking for the Information Booth; you already possess the answer.

Too many people today believe that it is enough to have *some* faith and do what *they* think is sufficient to get to heaven. This attitude puts God in the position of an employer who is told by his *employee* what sort of work will be done, under what conditions and for how much pay. If He is The Way, then its *His* way and not ours. The Way for us is His Church, a divine institution. That is why we are so fortunate as to belong to it. No stumbling around; no fruitless arguments as to what we are, where we are going, what is required of us. We have the Information

Booth . . . because He is The Truth.

The distinctive element of religion is sacrifice. What have the pagans got to compare with the Mass? There can be nothing to compare with this because it is *His Way*, the way to adore God, to thank Him, to ask His blessing and atone for sin. Without it there is death; the death which paganism is. With the Mass there is Life, because in the Mass there is God.

You have a treasure in the Mass. And everyone can see you because as a Catholic you are wellknown. In fact you live on a hill; the hill of Calvary. Are you like Avarus Moneybags? Is this treasure to be kept as a hidden hoard? Or will you share your happiness? Maybe you did not realize what you have. Let me tell you about some sailors who were becalmed long ago. Their ship was in the south Atlantic and with no wind, their sails hung idly by while they ran out of fresh water. A steamship came along and they signalled frantically for fresh water. Back came the answer: "Put down your buckets where you are"! It so happened that they were out of sight of land but the water around them was from the Amazon river, and *fresh*, not salt water. There was a treasure all around them, and they didn't know it.

As a Catholic, you dwell in the bark of Peter. From this ship you must lower your buckets and draw up the treasure of grace all around you. For you alone? NO! But to give it to others, the pagans without that Life.



# An Epiphany Message

FROM  
M. CAREY  
S.F.M.



FOR Catholic missionaries in Oriental countries, the Epiphany story is as unfinished as Schubert's Symphony. This tale has great dramatic appeal for the people of the Far East because they feel they have a share in its origin and fulfilment. In the Christmas and Epiphany record they were present in the persons of the Magi. Were these men not Orientals and pagans? The call of the Gentiles was realized in them and their modern counterparts feel that Christianity is not an imported religion since they have such a bond with the original.

For Catholics everywhere, the story is an inspiring and instructive one since it tells us how to become missionaries. "We have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him". This was the call from God and their prompt response. "Go teach ye all nations", this was the divine commission to preach the gospel. The question that Orientals want answered is simply: what happened when the Magi returned into their own country?

The scriptures are silent on this point. St. Matthew is the only one

who even tells us about the Wise Men from the East. And his account closes with these words: "And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their country." What happened to them after that? The sacred writer is silent. Of course his purpose was not to tell the story of the Magi but the story of Christ. But Orientals cannot help wondering about the sequel to this visit. Can anyone imagine that these men returned to their homes and placidly ignored the wonders they had seen and heard? That long, difficult and even dangerous journey to Jerusalem was not an everyday affair. What would the people back home think? The great men had set out to follow a star. Now they returned. Can anyone imagine that these proud, rich, energetic pilgrims would come home quietly, without arousing any curiosity, and forget all about Jesus, Mary and Joseph? Was there no further interest on their part concerning salvation?

Anyone with even a little bit of oriental psychology will know that such an ending would be impossible.



In the East, everybody knows everybody else's business. When a caravan of such a size would leave anywhere, the greatest curiosity would be aroused and this same interest would be sustained until everyone knew the results of their search. As soon as they would appear on the return journey, hundreds of questions would run through the minds of the stay-at-homes. What did the star mean? Was it leading to a famous king? Did he live in a great castle or palace? Was there a great army to protect him? What was he like? Did they see him? Was he a prophet? Was he the Messiah? Why did the star appear? Were they satisfied that the journey was worthwhile? Were there any adventures along the way or on the return portion of the trip?

If one of the Wise Men had been an elderly Chinese, I can just picture the scene as he would stop for a cup of tea at a wayside inn. "Hello ancient master! What news have the wise ears heard?" "These dim eyes have indeed looked on strange places and remarkable people. Wonderful and stirring events have lately taken place in the West and this ignorant and unworthy one was there to witness them."

Crowds would quickly collect as the Sage would unfold the Christmas story. Dust-stained travellers pushing carts, carriers with bundles laid down to ease aching shoulders, housewives wiping greasy hands on dirty aprons, barefooted boys leading cattle back home from the fields, hungry farmers plying chopsticks and a group of gamblers wrangling over pennies, all of these would be very interested in the account of the journey taken by the wise old man. The barber and street hawker would cease their shouts to listen. Even the village elders would come quickly when the crowd began to gather. There were no newspapers then, nor any means of information except what travellers would bring with them.

When such a traveller as one of the Magi would be about, his whole trip would be a series of public lectures, giving an account of his journey at every stop until he reached his home. Then it would be worse than ever! As long as he lived he would tell and retell what he had learned, instructing those about him concerning the salvation of mankind through the Infant Saviour.

Is it not strange that history has no record of these Magi? Did the seeds they sowed wither and perish? It seems incredible that the miracle of the star was worked for such a meagre result. It seems much more likely that many would likely be fore-runners for St. Thomas the Apostle who, according to history, reached India at least in his apostolic journeys. Theirs was not the journey of tourists, but rather of pilgrims. And their return was surely a voyage of missionaries.

Today another light is needed in the Orient, another star. The star will lead modern pagans to Christ and its light is the light of faith. In this month of January 1949 the light is threatened; it may be dimmed and for a time it may be almost extinguished. Total blackness can never come because the light is from a divine source but it may become wellnigh invisible. Prayer and sacrifice will light this beacon to the necessary brightness, and our foreign missioners can become modern Magi, preparing the way for Christ.





# The Prudent Pause

BY  
R. J. PELOW  
S.F.M.

(A Thought for  
January)

SIR Eustace Peachtree is not a character from a comic opera but the author of a book, *The Dangers of This Mortall Life*, which appeared somewhere around the time Cardinal Richelieu died. In it Sir Eustace pointed out that when the Romans heard thunder on their left they believed the gods had something special for them to hear. "Then did the prudent pause and lay down their affaire to study what omen Jove intended." Today the prudent still pause with the advent of a New Year and study what lies behind, about and before them. Because they do so they can be called prudent in the Christian concept of that much-neglected virtue.

A prudent person is neither a "dreamer" who must always have someone to take care of him, nor a "busy-body" who must always be taking care of someone else. The former has been said to suggest perambulators, while the latter suggests he is a victim of glands. Both are annoying, neither mature. What we

expect in an adult is effective, responsible action proceeding to the end for which man is created. In other words, we look for prudence which inclines our intellect to choose the best means for attaining our aims by subordinating them to our ultimate end—God. It is not a case of being an "arm-chair quarterback" who calls the play that should have been without leaving his seat. It is a question of getting things done, not doing anything and everything that comes to mind. It is effective direction. It means recalling past experiences and results, considering the present situation, and planning our future activity.

Prudence we must all strive for if we are to become mature Catholics. Our purpose in life is to serve God here and then enjoy Him in Heaven where we attain full maturity as His heirs. With the New Year it is time for us to pause and take account of our progress in prudence. Pray for prudence and practise it in daily life. "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and simple as doves."



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# Father Strang's Letter:-

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Nov. 15, 1948

**I** DARESAY you are reading a lot about China in the newspapers these days so I thought you would be interested in knowing how it affects us.

First, about the war: in Shanghai and other big cities, there is quite a bit of panic but most of that is due to the economic situation. Still the possibility of the capitulation of these cities is very real. Nanking may fall this year. The National government seems to be determined to continue and if they can do so, things will not be too bad, no matter what happens. But, if the government collapses everybody fears widespread chaos, lawlessness and riots.

Everyday there are planes arriving in Shanghai with evacuees from the North. Some of these are missionary language-students from Peking, others have fled before the Reds and others have been expelled by the Reds. For the past several months, the Red policy has been a more lenient one. There are no longer any executions or even ill-treatment. Foreigners are given a few months to get out and if they do not, then they are imprisoned.

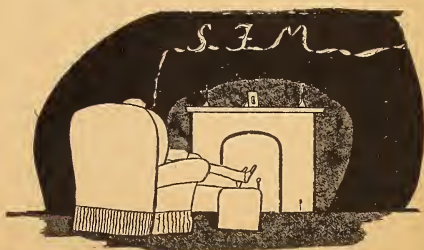
As for the Reds coming this way—many whose judgement I respect seem to think unlikely for a long time. They argue: the Reds are divided among themselves and that will show to our advantage when they have a bigger territory to govern. Even if they take Nanking and the country just South of the Yangtse, it will take them a long time to mop up, longer still to organize and they will probably be content with that amount

of gain for the time being. To capture cities like Shanghai is just a headache these days and the Reds or any other foreign power will be loath to take charge. As far as Chekiang province is considered, there is little inducement to capture it; it is not even a good route to the South. This is very heartening especially after the military and economic upheaval of two weeks ago (that would make it early November).

I have been in Shanghai for the past two weeks to buy things for the installation of Bishop Turner but prices were out of the question. We will have to limit ourselves to a little less than the essentials for some time to come. However I managed to obtain some Mass wine, some white sugar and a few cases of canned milk, all from Father McGoey.

Shanghai is full of displaced missionaries, many of them planning to return to their native countries. Everyone fears a food shortage this winter. In the interior things may be better.

In a nutshell: our territory *may* not be occupied; if so, there is little concern for personal safety. We will run out of money soon. There may be a serious shortage of food. Bandits here are a little more daring than formerly. On the whole everyone is well and morale is high. The general attitude is that we will stay as long as we can. It is God's work and we are determined to continue with it; if we are forced out, then that is His will. Get the boys and girls back home to pray for us and those under our care.



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# Our Lady of F GRACE T I M A

BY  
J. E. GAULT  
S.F.M.



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**I**T WAS Christmas Eve and the Providential year of 1492 was drawing to its fruitful conclusion. The good ship "Santa Maria" found itself on the rocks off the northern coast of the island of Haiti or Hispaniola (Little Spain) as the shipwrecked navigator was later to call it. Very soon the occupants realized that the only course to be followed was to abandon ship.

Thus, on the feast of Our Saviour's Nativity, the great Admiral, Christopher Columbus, was constrained to establish the first European settlement in the Western World. Most fittingly, it was given the name "La Navidad".

This incident not only gave birth to Christianity and European civilization in the Americas but it also gave birth to the remarkable Marian devotion which has, ever since, characterized the Catholics of this large Caribbean island. You may be sure that that night the strains of the "Salve Regina" rolled over the Atlantic's waves and far into the tropical jungles.

To-day, the Islanders invoke Our Blessed Lady under the very special title of "Nuestra Senora de Alta-gracia" (Our Lady of Grace). The picture depicting Mary under this invocation is really the Nativity scene. It shows the Holy Infant, lying on



a bed of straw, in the foreground. His Mother, immediately behind, is gazing upon Him in adoration. While St. Joseph appears in the background.

Modern Santo Domingo forms two-thirds of Christianity's island-cradle on this side of Earth. In this country, the month of January is set aside, each year, for extraordinary manifestations of devotion to Our Lady of Grace. This January should witness a demonstration unequalled in Dominican history. Why? Because, during the past several months, Marian devotion has received a powerful stimulus due to the nationwide tour of the "Pilgrim Virgin" of Fatima. One of our own Scarborough priests, Patrick Moore, S.F.M., is conducting the pilgrimage in all the important centres and even in many of the outlying mission stations.

As already mentioned, devotion to Mary entered Santo Domingo with Columbus and his men. Not only did they bequeath the devotion but also, to a large extent, the very method of manifesting it.

During Christopher's return voyage to Spain, after America's discovery, there was fear that his little ship might never reach the Gulf of Cadiz. Consequently, besides the customary singing of the "Salve Regina" each evening, Mary's protection was sought in special ways. These took the form of promises, to be fulfilled upon safe arrival. Thus, it fell to the lot of Columbus himself to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Castile, carrying with him a five pound wax candle. Another promise was that all should walk, barefoot, to the shrine of Our Lady nearest to the point of their first disembarkation.

Towards the middle of January, thousands of Dominicans will imitate the example of the Great Admiral and his sailors. Then, one will see, at almost any hour of the night, golden points of light, like lost stars, slowly descending the dark mountain

slopes. They will indicate groups of pilgrims, carrying torches, on their way to the famous shrine of Our Lady of Grace in Higüey, a village near the eastern tip of the island.

The beautiful, warm, dry, January days will see these groups, now joined my many others, making their way along the roads leading to Higüey. These "romerías" or pilgrimages present an interesting, though somewhat bewildering, sight to a Canadian. One would really have to witness them in order to have a true appreciation. So they go, some on foot (barefoot at that, carrying their shoes, either through a motive of penance or economy). Others on horses, mules or donkeys. Many of the animals appear as though they are heading for the last round-up.

Almost everyone carries with him some gift for the Virgin. It may be only a cent or two but copper seems valuable to one who seldom possesses silver. These gifts of money are frequently tied in a cloth which, in turn, is tied around the member which has been cured or which one hopes will be cured through the intercession of Our Lady. Other gifts take the form of small silver images of the bodily parts which are afflicted in some way. Still other gifts, like that of Columbus, are made of wax, which has been moulded into various shapes and sizes. There will be candles as tall as the bearer. There will be crude images of the human head, hand, leg or entire body.

Some pilgrims take literally the Scriptural exhortation to do penance in sack cloth and ashes. They make the long, weary journey clothed in a suit or dress made from old sacks, some of which still bear the imprinted name of an American sugar company. I have seen, on occasion, a well-to-do lady, dressed in silk blouse and stockings with a potato sack for a skirt.

There are also beggar-pilgrims who have not sufficient money to buy their



next meal. They beg from town to town. Generally, they carry on their heads small, box-like shrines of Our Lady of Grace.

As everywhere else, the pilgrims take with them the sick, the blind, the lame, etc. in the hope that Mary will obtain their restoration to health.

At any cost, all must reach Higüey by January 21st, which is the feast day of Our Lady of "Altagracia".

Foreigners of Anglo-Saxon descent are not always impressed by these expressions of devotion to Mary. They consider them to be superstitious, excessively emotional and childish. It cannot be denied that many of these pilgrims, due to blameless ignorance, lack true devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

For instance, a certain young man from one of the parish's outlying missions approached me with a problem. During the course of the conversation I discovered that he did not have a very high opinion of God and that the Blessed Virgin was the centre of his religion. When Protestants reproached him for the belief he staunchly defended it. Immediately, I explained the true Catholic

teaching in regard to Mary. He was dismayed for a few moments but did not doubt the Padre's words. On the contrary, from that moment on, he did more for the glory of God and the salvation of souls than any other parishioner. He is still going strong.

Another evidence of this erroneous mentality is found in the popularity of Our Lady's Mass each Saturday but especially on the first Saturday of every month. In one parish where a large, silver-framed picture of Our Lady of Grace is venerated after Mass every first Saturday, the local church is crowded to overflowing with devotees from every nook and corner of the parish. The following day, Sunday, not one quarter of those people will fulfill the obligation of assisting at Holy Mass.

Cases similar to these can be multiplied many times over. You may ask: "In the face of all this, why do the Scarboro priests further promote Marian devotion?"

Because devotion to Our Lady is the rallying call for these people. It is the one sure means by which the priest can gather souls about him in large numbers, in order to teach them the truths of our holy Faith which include true devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Not all have false notions in this regard and those who have are brought, in time, to a knowledge of the truth, in this way. If the priest were to preach against Marian devotion, he would not only throw away his most important contact with the people but he would also preach falsehood. Certainly, all erroneous devotion must be done away with but would one condemn patriotism because, in its name, many have resorted to pillage, torture and murder?

Another reason for promoting devotion to Our Lady, even among those who have distorted notions of it, is to be found in this consideration. Dominican love for Mary is a fortress against Protestant indoctrination. The majority of them refuse



to accept Protestantism because Protestantism refuses to accept Mary.

The danger implied, namely that such devotees might consider the Blessed Virgin to be divine, is certainly not to be compared to the danger implied once they accept modern Protestantism. Namely, that of denying the Divinity of Christ. If Christ be not God, then is our Faith vain and our preaching vain.

On the other hand, the attributing of divine life to Mary, if properly understood, is a Catholic truth. Does not every Catholic, who is in the state of Grace, share in the divine life? St. Peter says that Grace makes us "partakers of the divine nature" (II Peter, I, 4). It certainly does not make us equal to God but it does cause us to become Godlike beings. If you and I are capable of such a marvel, how much more Mary who is "full of Grace", who is the Mother of Grace. Any wonder, then, that the Dominicans, who invoke Our Lady under this special title, should hold her in such high esteem?

Moreover, if a child, who has not had any opportunity of learning the truth, exaggerates his mother's ability, power, influence, etc., we do not demand that he be taken from her and placed in an orphanage. No, we bide our time, awaiting the child's development under proper training and teaching. Eventually, he will come to know his mother's true position in his life. Mary has kept the spark of Faith alive in Santo Domingo. If we do our part she will see to it that that spark becomes a flaming beacon.

The present tour of the "Pilgrim Virgin of Fatima" is doing much to dispel all erroneous notions about Our Lady. It is attracting souls by the tens of thousands and these souls are being taught true devotion to the Blessed Virgin by zealous priests. Many no longer satisfy their devotion to her by walking in procession, by kissing her image, by placing

offerings at her feet. Rather, they now do it in the way most pleasing to her. That is, by confessing their sins with contrite heart and by receiving Her Divine Son in Holy Communion. In other words, by placing themselves in the state of Grace, by becoming sharers in the Divine Life in imitation of her, their supernatural Mother.

There is an intimate connection between the two Marian invocations which are so dear to the Dominican people to-day. In 1943, Our Lady appeared to the only living witness of the Fatima Apparitions and told her: "To live in the Grace of God, is the penance which God requires of men." Most certainly, then, Our Lady of Fatima is also Our Lady of Grace.

In 1917, at Fatima, Mary asked no more of us than did Her Divine Son when He said to the people of Palestine: "Except you do penance, you shall all likewise perish," (Luke, XIII, 5), and "that they must always pray and not lose heart," (Luke, XVIII, 1).

This month, in the Dominican Republic, will be one of extraordinary Marian devotion. Whilst its mountains and valleys, its highways and jungle paths, its towns and villages, its parish churches and humble mission chapels, are resounding with enthusiastic cries of "que viva la Virgen de Altagracia" (long live the Mother of Grace) and "que viva la Virgen de Fatima" (long live Our Lady of Fatima), let us not be remiss in our devotion to her and unattentative to her call to prayer and penance. Columbus sought her aid in the discovery of the New World. Let us seek her aid in the discovery of the World of Grace.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Happy New Year! 1949 lies ahead of you to make a good or a bad year in your lives. The result will be decided by a vote; in fact by three votes: God will vote for a good year, the devil for a bad year . . . and you will cast the deciding vote!

This is the first year in school for many of you; others are finishing; most are somewhere in between. But for all of us its another lap in the race of life. We never know until our last moment how many laps there are but we do know that to win the race we have to be ahead at the end. The ENEMY is the devil; and his first job is to make us forget he exists.

It will be the devil's job this year to make you forget your homework, your prayers, your frequent sacrifices, your duty to your parents and teachers and God. How do you think he will make out? Well he has a lot of opposition. On your side there is Our Lord and His Mother, also your guardian Angel and your patron saint, and we must include your parents, brothers and sisters, the pastor of your parish and teachers in

the school and your friends. That's quite a list isn't it? So you see the opponents of the devil are numerous and strong. What will they fight about? YOU.

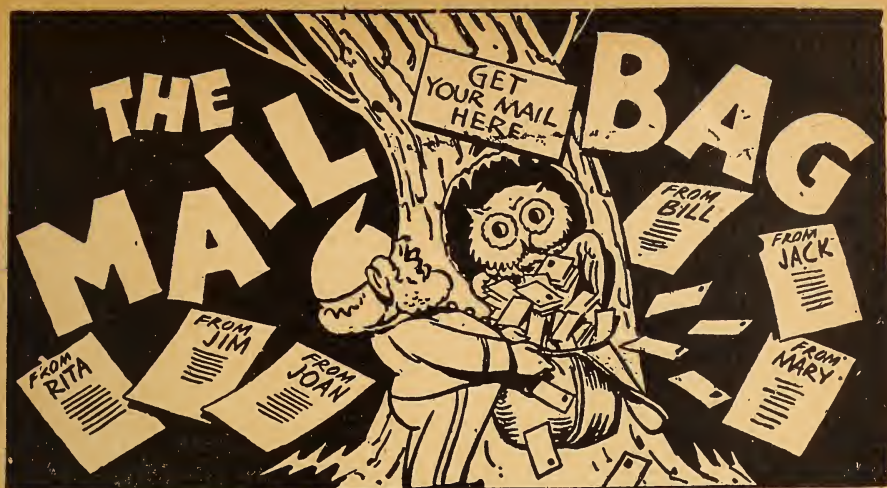
This battle will go on day after day all year long. The devil is a spirit so he never gets tired. But perhaps you may. It could happen that after a few weeks or months you will wonder if its worthwhile to keep on doing what the catechism says. Perhaps you will forget what you are taught. Perhaps bad companions may lead you astray. Then it will be a losing battle and the new year will be a loss. How can you avoid this?

I think you should start 1949 with a good resolution; a strong resolution. That will go a long way. Write it down somewhere so that you can see it often. Maybe a little note over your bed which you will see every night and every morning. Write something like this: "I WILL BE A GOOD BUD IN 1949 AND WILL PRAY TO ST. THERESA EVERY DAY FOR HELP". Best wishes and keep that resolution.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.





Dear Father Jim:

*I was hurt in an accident on August 9th and broke my leg in two places! I was in hospital nearly a month. I am hoping to get back to school soon, when they get the cast off my leg. Please say a prayer for me. I have five sisters and two brothers. I am ten years old.*

*Harriet Houlihan,  
Codrington, Ontario.*

Dear Harriet:

This answer is slow but I received your letter some time ago and remembered to say the prayers alright. I hope you are better now. I prayed to St. Theresa to heal the leg real soon because you were such a good missioner and that your letter brought a gift in money and stamps as well. You pray for me and I'll pray for you; how is that for a good trade eh? Thanks a lot Harriet.

Dear Father Jim:

*Here is a cheque which I have asked my Mother to write for me out of my savings. I will now start again and try to fill my Rose Garden mite box for the missions. Merry Christmas Father.*

*Mary Jo Patterson,  
19 Young Street,  
Welland, Ontario.*

Dear Mary Jo:

Three cheers for Mary Jo. That's a real sacrifice when you probably thought of buying a Christmas gift for yourself! It will help a lot as the conditions overseas on the missions require a great deal of money just now. God bless you for your generosity.

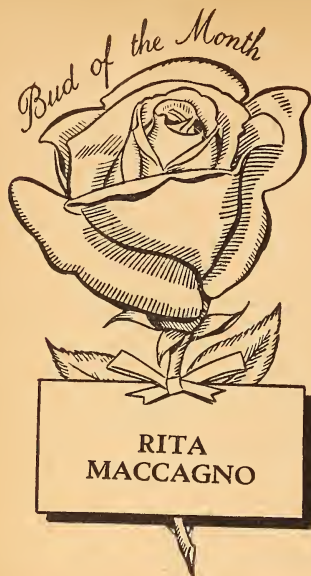
Dear Father Jim:

*I am sending you my mite box contents and some stamps. I would like to have some twelve year pen pal. The first thing I do when CHINA comes is to read our section: the Rose Garden. Why don't you tell us more about the boys and girls in the Dominican Republic?*

*Sue Hughes,  
549 Union Street,  
Fredericton, N.B.*

Dear Sue:

Its just neglect I guess. I didn't know how many Buds were interested in our second mission in the Dominican Republic. Now we have a new one again! Our third place is in Nagasaki, Japan! That's a long way from Canada too. Father Dwyer and Father MacIntosh and also Father Kearns left here just before Christmas for Japan. Don't forget them in your prayers.



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Season's greetings and congratulations to Rita who lives at Lac La Biche, Alberta. She has been saving pennies for the missions and deserves great credit for her fine mission spirit.



RITA MACCAGNO,  
our youngest Bud!

The Dominican Republic is near Cuba. In fact its on the island just East of Cuba. We have almost 25 priests there and hope to send many more. They are badly needed as there are 2,500,000 people and they are all Catholics but never had much chance to learn about the faith. Maybe someday you will be a teacher down there. How do you think you would like that? Thanks for your present and interesting letter.

*Dear Father Jim:*

*I would like to join the Rose Garden. Please send me a mite box and I will do all I can to help the Missions. I have collected some stamps for to send you.*

*Sandra Ward,  
44 Tragina Ave. S.,  
Hamilton, Ont.*

Welcome to the Rose Garden, Sandra. Already you are giving great support for the Mission cause. Continue to beseech Our Mother in Heaven so that she will continue to help us.

*Dear Father Jim:*

*Here I am sending the money from my mite box and I want it to buy a catechism for some little Chinese boy or girl. I am 11 years old.*

*Anne Doyle,  
Rathburn, Ontario.*

Hello Anne:

Thank you for the money for the catechism. Did you ever see one in Chinese? It looks like a laundry ticket with funny writing all over it! However, we have to remember that our writing looks just as funny to the Chinese children as theirs does to us. I'll bet the Lord of Heaven (that's what the Chinese call God) doesn't care whether the book is in any language at all; he just wants us to know the answers in it. I hope you know yours; but then I'm sure you do.



## NOTICE TO ALL BUDS

Will you continue to save stamps for me in 1949? It will be a big help to me again this year. If you would be so kind, just send them to:

NAZARETH HOUSE,  
St. Mary's, Ontario.



Jimmy Rutherford, a champion stamp collector from Peterborough, Ontario.

## New Members and Pen Pals

Corbett, Mary, 16, 116 Henry St., Sydney, N.S.; Chisholm, Shirley, 11, St. Andrews West, Ont.; Blake, Maureen, 14, 222 Grafton St., Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Lacroix, Leila, 12, La Passe, Ont.; McEchern, Eva, Ballantyne's Cove, Antigonish, N.S.; McInnis, Wilena, Box 23, Antigonish, N.S.; McPhie, Joan, Ballantyne's Cove, Antigonish, N.S.; Burns, Theresa, 13, St. Patrick's Home, 279 Gloucester St., Ottawa, Ont.; Levesque, Henry, 12, 4587 Hutchison St., Montreal, 8, Que.; McNulty, Lois, 14, Mount St. Patrick, Ont.; Murray, Harvey, 10, 540 McIntyre St. W., North Bay, Ont.; Meyer, Josephine, 11, 250 Abbotsford St., Gyrne Rd., New Westminster, B.C.; Hughes, Margaret Sue, 11, 549 Union St., Fredericton, N.B.

### WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Farril, Madeline, 1347 Victoria Rd.; Hrycinick, Bernice, 1725 Dominion Blvd.; Hrycinick, Margaret, 1725 Dominion Blvd.; Poisson, Audrey, 12, 1763 Westminster Blvd.; Reducka, Josephine, 1817 Victoria Rd.; Sorrell, Barbara, 1766 Dominion Blvd.; Whelan, Colleen, 9, 1763 Westminster Blvd.

### ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

Aylward, Isabel, 12, Signal Hill; Earle, James, 13, Blackhead Rd. c/o West End P.O. Halley, Joan, 12, 22 Walsh's Sq.; Kenny, Maureen, 12, 19 Walsh's Square; Moores, Madonna, 15, Blackhead Rd.; Murphy, Joan, 12, Forest Rd.; Wellman, Gloria, 2 Bee Orchis Terrace, Queen Road.

### ST. ANDREW'S, NFLD.

Doyle, Pauline, 15; Hibbs, Annie, 14; McDonald, Mary, 14; McIsaac, Delphine, 16; McIsaac, Muriel, 12; McIsaac, Ruth, 14.

Mason, Gabriel, 6, Avondale, Con. Bay, Nfld.; Mason, Anna Mae, 14; Avondale, Con. Bay, Nfld.; Woodford, Josephine, 10, Harbour Main, Nfld.; Flynn, Kathleen, 11, Norris Arm, N.D. Bay, Nfld.; Flynn, Kathleen, 11, Norris Arm, Nfld.; Coxworthy, Margaret, 12,

Bell Island, Box 28; Whiffen, Bernice, 11, Bell Island, Front, Nfld.; Carroll, Anita, 13, Wabana, Bell Island, Nfld.; Keough, Catherine, 15; Plate Cove East, Bon. Bay, Nfld.; Neville, Sheila, 12, North River, Con. Bay, Nfld.; Neville, Veronica, 8, North River, Con. Bay, Nfld.; Walsh, Walter, 14, Chapel's Cove, Con. Bay, Nfld.; White, Patricia, 11, Staff House, Deer Lake, Nfld.; Kelly, Regina, 10, Gambo, Nfld.; Ryan, Barbara, 10, Gr. Codroy, West Coast, Nfld.; Colombe, Florence, Box 9, St. George's, Nfld.; Ryan, Ann Marie, 9, O'Regans, Doyle's Station, No. R. 26, Nfld.; Ryan, Margaret, O'Regans, Doyle's Station, No. R. 26, Nfld.; Carroll, Leo, 6, Bell Island, Nfld.; Webb, Barbara, 11, 6 Burkes Rd. Corner Brook, Nfld.; McCarthy, Kay, 15, Station Rd. Corner Brook, Nfld.; McCarthy, Jerry, 10, Station Rd. Corner Brook, Nfld.; MacDonald, Margaret, 9, Port au Port, Nfld.; Marche, Geraldine, 15, Port au Port, Nfld.; Leach, Richard, Box 646, Sydney Mines, N.S.; Gallant, Annie, 14, North Market St. Summerside, P.E.I.; McAlduff, Frances, Blue Acres, New Glasgow, N.S.; Clifford, Mary, Collins Bay, Ont.; Boral, Teresa, 11215 87th St. Edmonton, Alta.; Olsen, Rosemary, Erindale, Ontario; Kearney, Bobbie, 300 Spring St., Cobourg, Ont.; Kearney, Joseph, 300 Spring St., Cobourg, Ont.; Roberts, Donna M. Ballantyne's Cove, Antigonish, N.S.; Darragh, Helen, 14, Cayuga, Ont.; Kern, Marilyn, 14, 2904 Espy Ave. Pittsburgh, 16, Pa. U.S.A.; Doiron, Jim, Blooming Point, P.E.I.; Quesnelle, Aurel Edward, 9%, Gen. Del. Sudbury, Ont.; Laporte, Carmel, 10, 318 Lesperence Rd. Tecumseh, Ont.; Pitre, Kenneth, 10, 125 Shawnee Rd. Tecumseh, Ont.; Rochon, Suzanne, 11, 101 Rue Ste. Anne, Tecumseh, Ont.; Rush, Brian, 10, 65 Rochford St. Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Keeling, Mary, 13, Florence, N.S.; Butcher, Sybil, 9, East River Rd., Grand Island, N.Y. U.S.A.; Tully, Noreen, 9, R.R. 4, Lindsay, Ont.; Strauss, Dolores, St. Jacobs, Ontario; Lavin, Eileen, Petawawa, Ont.; Goertler, Ann, 1310 Tennessee Ave. Pitts 16, Pa.

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# Items of Interest

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胡伯亮

## NOTED PIANIST CONVERT

On December 7th Paul Hu, of Shanghai, was received into the Church in a simple ceremony held in the Chapel of St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission, Toronto. After four months of instructions, Mr. Hu was baptized by Rev. L. Beal, S.F.M., the pastor, Drs. Paul and Janet McGoeys acting as Sponsors.

Our newest member of the Mission attended private schools in Shanghai, later graduating from the National Central University and the Municipal Normal School. Then he taught Mathematics, Physics and Music in Chungking Sze.

In April of 1948, Mr. Hu was enrolled as a student at the Toronto Conservatory of Music where he has made remarkable progress. It is interesting to note that his mother teaches music in Shanghai. His father is Minister of Public Health in that same city.

Mr. Paul Hu attended many discussion groups whilst he was a University student and usually the Catholic faith was ridiculed. He had occasion to hear the First Lady of China speak appreciatively of the work done by Catholic Missionaries and this praise led him to investigate the whole question in the public libraries. His further studies then led him into the Church.

Our heartiest congratulations go to Mr. Hu on his entrance into the Church and we also wish him great success in his musical career.





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Carbboro Bluffs, Ontario

FEBRUARY 1949





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# Cristina

By

Very Rev. A. Chafe  
S.F.M.



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**I**F you'd lived in the Parish of Los Alcarrizos, in the Dominican Republic, and anybody spoke to you about "Cristina" you'd probably know right well whom they meant. Cristina is in a class all to herself. She's a grand old soul, and would that we had many more like her.

She's not young anymore. Probably in her 60's. She's decidedly coloured. She lives contentedly with her husband in a poor makeshift of a house (according to our home standards). But she's the most active member in her little community, a Campo, (country district) called Peralejo.

The Church owes a great deal to Cristina's lively Faith. She has been responsible for converting a whole section from complete religious apathy to a vigorous practice of their Religion. When Father

Larry Hart and I "took over" this parish less than three years ago, on our first visit to Peralejo, Cristina was the only one who went to Communion. We've had as many as a hundred Communions on recent visits. And much of it due to Cristina's apostolate.

Her home is off the highway a piece, but right along the main road that runs from the Capital to Santiago (the Republic's second City, in the North) Cristina has erected a little hut where she sells candy and pastry of her own making. I suppose it gives her a few cents profit daily, and more when any kind of a Fiesta is being celebrated in the neighbourhood.

Cristina believes in showing respect to the priest. His every counsel is a command to her. And she spreads the good word around in her own vigorous fashion. That

means many, many visits to houses within a radius of miles, checking up on the home life, persuading people to have their unions legalized by marriage, advising parents to get their children baptized without further delay, and urging the men and the boys especially to come to their little thatched-roof chapel whenever the Padre comes for Mass. And when Father Hart decided to organize a group of Children of Mary, Cristina was very happy. She saw to it that each of them prepared their nice white dresses, got their blue cincture, and wore their medals. And woe betide any who, after entering the ranks of the elect, became suspected of any conduct unbecoming a Child of Mary. They had Cristina to deal with, then. And they love her as their own mother and are utterly at her service in everything. She is, of course, most proud of them. So proud, in fact, that the Padre can expect to see a group of Cristina's Children of Mary at every religious function celebrated within 15 miles of Peralejo — and they journey on foot, too, becomingly proud of their Children of Mary uniform.

To her credit Cristina has many notable "converts". Especially the fine young man who deals in charcoal and makes a fair living from his industry. He scarcely ever misses Mass and goes to the Sacraments regularly since Cristina "had a talk with him". And then one day the same young man won a sizeable prize in the National weekly Lottery. Spend it all on drink or other vices? Except that Cristina had come into his life he might have done just that. But now, with part of the prize he improves the manner of doing business, and with another part he pays for an addition to the too-small little chapel, and is very happy to have so contributed. And he, in turn, has brought other men

to the practice of their Faith, too.

There's one notable occasion which will always remain fresh in my memory when Cristina really "came to the front". To celebrate a Fiesta we had arranged that the good people of Peralejo would be given the preference as a reward for their enthusiasm. It was to be no ordinary celebration, either. We advertised the fact that Peralejo would have the honour of a visit from Archbishop Pittini right to their own little chapel in its pretty sylvan setting. More than that: with the Archbishop would be Monsignor McRae, the "head man" of all the Scarboro priests; and, as if that wasn't honour enough, we would have with us, too, the Mother General of the American Dominican Sisters, from Adrian, Michigan, whose Sisters at the "Colegio Santo Domingo", in the Capital, had visited Peralejo on several occasions to help us with the teaching of catechism, etc.

Once the word spread round — and Cristina saw to it that it did spread far and wide — an enormous crowd came to the Fiesta from near and distant sections. The little chapel

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## CHINA

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*Established 1919*

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No. 2





was altogether inadequate to accommodate a fraction of the number present. So it took but little time to erect an altar under a large tree and the congregation extended from the Celebrant's heels (literally) out into the paths and fields on all sides of the altar. Seated in state near the altar, as Father Hart said the Mass, were the honoured guests and visitors.

When the time came for the sermon, I, as Pastor, mounted my "pulpit" — a rickety chair held by two young fellows — and proceeded to do my best, in my poor Spanish, to do honour to the occasion. I hadn't got very far when up spoke Cristina — and when I say she "spoke up" I don't mean that it was in a whisper, believe me — and asked me, very politely, if I'd mind if she'd take over the speaking. Was I flabbergasted? I was NOT! I was very glad. And so after I had gotten a nod of approval from the Archbishop, Cristina took over. Her whole soul went into her words; it was an outburst of apostolic zeal such as I could never hope to equal; her words were addressed especially to the men and boys present, and what she didn't say to them about the condition of their souls, and the way they ought to live henceforth with such fine priests willing to work and slave for them, etc., etc., wouldn't be worth talking about.

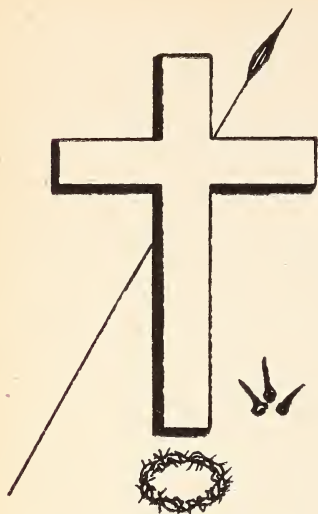
It took her about ten minutes,

and at the end she was rewarded by a tremendous ovation of hand-clapping in which the good Archbishop heartily joined. Don't be scandalized — it is not uncommon, especially in an "open-air" function, for those poor people to demonstrate their appreciation of what was said. I only wish any of my sermons could stir up the listeners as did the sermon by Cristina! Peralejo is now one of our most boasted-about Campos.

In July, Father Hart "secretly" arranged to have a Mass in Peralejo on the feast of St. Cristina just to honour the good soul who has revitalized the Faith there. Her children of Mary, and many others, were "in the know", but poor Cristina knew not a thing about it as she worked away at her little roadside 'shop' and the Padres drew up in their car. She 'could have been knocked down with a feather' she was so surprised when Father Hart stepped out of the car and announced he was come to say Mass for her. I was going further along the road to another campo for Mass, but right on the spot we presented her with some souvenirs for her feastday, and a happier woman could not be found in the whole Dominican Republic. Good old faithful Cristina! It is souls like her that make it so eminently worthwhile working in the Campos of Santo Domingo.

What's her surname, you may ask? I'll be darned if I know — all I ever heard her called was just plain "CRISTINA"!





# Why Be Just

By

R. J. Pelow, S.F.M.

*A Thought for February*

SENATOR SPELLBOUND paused in his eloquent after-dinner speech for a sip of water. You could hear a pin drop—as is usual when everyone is sleeping so peacefully. Some pearls of wisdom about the necessity of justice between employer and employee in the toy industry had fallen from the lips of the eminent speaker. Yet strangely enough, later on, when asked about the situation in the bubble-gum industry he seemed lost for words. The Senator was president of a bubble-gum corporation.

The world is full of Senator Spellbounds. Justice for them is a virtue obliging someone else to see to their duties, and is never considered as applying to the Senator. In reality, since we are social animals it concerns each one of us, unless we live alone on a desert island. Justice is a most neighbourly virtue. It inclines us to give to others what is their due, and pertains to all of us in society unless we do not qualify as rational animals. Apes, bees and termites have no need of justice because

they cannot have social life and are not part of a social structure. They have only one path to plod along towards their goal; men are not tied down to one path and there must be some order established by justice which governs their mutual relations or peace will be unknown.

That is why the Popes are continually pleading for justice—in international relations, within a nation, within a community, with the family. When there is justice there is peace because there is order. In being just we recognize our neighbours as persons with rights which we must respect and society as something to which we have certain obligations. We carefully respect the right of ownership which our neighbours possess, we respect his good name, we do not slander him, nor do we indulge in rash judgments. Each of us may have reason for an honest appraisal of our own attitude towards this virtue of justice so important in the business of life. Never counterfeit justice lest you debase your moral currency.





L. Hudswell, E. Lyons and C. Strang,  
all S.F.M.

# Pihu Diary

By

C. Strang, S.F.M.

*(These notes were  
written last summer)*

## Married

Cheng Su-ying, only daughter of local catechist, Feb. 2nd, at Fuchow to Lu Tsing-hsing, of Lanchi co-worker in the Foochow government office. Su-ying was one of our better and cleverer convent girls and was put through advanced normal school by Father Venadam. She was one of the first of our girls to decide for herself whom she would marry, became engaged to Jackie Wu, a local Catholic Eurasian. But Jackie landed up in Burma during the war, got back only as far as Hongkong after it. Su-ying waited patiently in Foochow, working in the government office, but so was Lu . . .

## Convalidated

Marriage of Yeh Ning Wha and Wang Tsung Tsing. They got married during priest's absence in the war. She (Ning Wha) is practically blind, he wholly so. She was a burden on her parents; he needed a companion; she could not do much work, he was a wandering minstrel. She learned to strum Chinese guitar;

he lilted local folklore. They lead each other through the streets and along the narrow paths between the rice paddies; their only guidance: feeling their way with a long stick. With their marriage blessed, they promise to add prayers and hymns to their repertoire.

## Died

Chang Wha Tsu, 65, by drowning when he left home one evening to go fishing in the rain-swollen freshet. Pagan friends and relatives say he was taken by the water devil. Chang was an eccentric and well-to-do Christian who tried to bribe all the villagers into becoming Christians, succeeded only in getting his own family and family of his brother. Made altar and pews and converted his upstairs into a chapel. Collected and repaired clocks (in a place where clocks virtually unheard of). Father Clement and many Christians from Jade Lakes climbed the ten miles of mountain for his funeral, which took place eight months after his death. Pagan relatives are trying to get as much of the estate as they can from his widow.

He leaves one married daughter, whose husband is reckoned as his son, and one unmarried daughter.

## Died

Lin Tsu-san, patriarch and former catechist, of old age. One of his sons, an apostate, tried to arrange a pagan funeral for him, but Christian brother was adamant and obtained Christian burial, complete with Requiem Mass, but not before the apostate had necromancer pick a "lucky" place for the grave. The "lucky" day he had picked, was changed, and many Christians (some of whom were instructed by him) attended the Mass and funeral and said prayers for the dead in his home. The grave was generously sprinkled with holy water and incensed to drive out the devil.

## Died

Toddy, our cocker spaniel, killed by a hit-and-run truck driver. His carcass was bought for food by passer-by. When Toddy was about to be butchered, his muscles relaxed which frightened his new owner, who imagined his own father's soul was in the dead body. So he did not slaughter, but made a coffin, offered food to the spirit in the carcass and buried it with joss-sticks and solemn ceremony next to his father's grave on the family lot.

## Boatgirl

an orphan Catholic girl, 13 years old, by Chiang Kuo Chuan, erstwhile Catholic who has many years been barred from the sacraments because of taking a second (and third) wife. Chiang's first wife, who is a devout Catholic took pity on her when her widowed mother died and tried to rear her. Father McGoeys used to help her when he was appointed here, and ever since they all call her his girl. This year the Sisters promised to help by employing her in the hospital, but Mr. Chiang was unwilling; he has her making and selling bean-curd. She gets up around mid-night every

night to make it—as soon as it is made she has to take it to the market and sell it.

## Real Estate

### Cover the Ground with Silver

Over fifteen years ago when Father Boudreau was buying the property piece by piece so that he could build the Pihu Church and house, the man who owned the corner lot held out. He held out for plenty. He wanted the lot (it was a small one) covered with silver dollars, but even for a small lot that would be a lot of money, even in these days of rampant inflation, when prices are tens of thousands times higher. So this bit of the corner was walled out and the church was built. All these years the owner has been using it to store filthy manure.

This year we got a chance to buy it; the former owner is dead and his cousin-heir can use some cash. But even then bothersome bickering would have to be gone through, were it not that another relative who has much face (prestige) put pressure on him. This relative did this because the Sisters in Lishui were taking care of his only son who has dropsy.

### Three Million Covers All

So everything was plain sailing. They would sell the property at cost



A treadmill. As the ox walks his circle, water is drawn up the trough.



price, converted in rice—a hundred pounds, plus costs of deeds etc., with a few hundred thousand dollars thrown in to pay witnesses etc. At current prices that came to just about three million dollars. The only thing remaining was to carry away the manure pots (three of them). That they would do when the weather got fine. Came the fine weather, and the manure and pots were carried away. But not far away, just to the vacant lot in front of the mission and right under the priest's window. Then came more dickering and remonstrations, and finally the pots were carried away again—just about twenty feet, and with that the incident is considered closed.

## MEDICINE

### Cast Out into the Sick

More converts are made through dispensing medicine than through any other medium. In one respect, missionaries, in "casting out into the deep" use it as bait for fishing for souls, at the same time they do not discriminate between converts, would-be-ones, or hopeless ones—it always remains essentially a work of charity, so Catholics and protestants, joss-stick makers and atheists all receive equal consideration and care. So a constant stream of the sick and the ailing is constantly wending its way to the hundreds of missions through the land, and everyone comes away the better in body and in soul, even though some may not be fully cured and may not then receive the gift of faith.

### The Thousand Ills

A motly lot, they present themselves, these victims of suffering humanity with its thousand ills to which they fall heir; the orient has its own special kind, peculiar to the climate or fostered by ignorance, dire poverty, appalling carelessness, dirth of cleanliness, utter lack of sanitation. Many



Another Christian to take his place in the sun.

people in Canada may have worms—practically everybody here has—the protruding stomachs of the children give evidence of half cooked food or dirty water used in cooking. Infection of wounds is not uncommon here, even amongst the missionaries, if wound and cuts are not immediately attended to they soon turn into ugly sores. Amongst the Chinese when a wound becomes infectious they apply their own herbs, which however good they may be are rendered useless and even harmful by making a poultice out of them with mud from the garden. Children with sore heads plaster this mud all over their hair, swollen legs are made all the bigger by slabs of clay cemented with leaves. More than half the care in curing such cases is in washing off this filthy poultice. As at home, headaches come from being too long in the sun, weakness from lack of tonics and vitamins, sore eyes from working by feeble light or from the smoke from the chimneyless stove, which permeates the whole house during cooking time.

### Plus a Thousand of Their Own

Then there is the ever present malaria which even the missionaries with their mosquito nets and wire netting and medicine contract very



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often. As a rule it is nothing which quinine or atibrin will not cure, yet we lost our first missionary through this disease. The Chinese call it the half-day-devil-sickness, for the fever usually comes for twelve hours every second day, and for want of laboratory study, they substitute satanic influence for the mosquito-born germ. Incidentally the verb they use is "ta", to strike—they are "struck or hit by the half-day-devil sickness".

### The Survival of the Fittest

Mild plagues appear with surprising rarity; there is never (well, hardly ever) any precaution taken to prevent maladies from spreading; neglect of incipient disease is appalling—ignorance, poverty and filth are so prevalent that it is a constant source of wonder that the four hundred million continue to exist.

Is it the survival of the fittest? When people recover from the most frightful diseases without proper medicine and in circumstances that combine to aggravate it, is it because during their infancy the patients build up a resistance that we, who

never had the need, never cultivated? Infant mortality is so very high and because of these omnipresent dangers (again "the devil") a child who comes through them alive could subsequently get through almost anything?

Certain it is that they respond very quickly to favourable conditions. Even the mere cleaning of an open infection sore is often sufficient to effect a cure, without ointment or injections or sulpha drugs, but when these three bear down together on the most repulsive sore, it invariably quickly heals up, though because of impure blood, etc. it may break out again somewhere else.

### The Million Ills of Paganism

So with pills and powders, bottles and hypos, missionaries are paying the biggest part by far in tending to the thousand ills of the Chinese sick and ailing, and, if in doing that, they can also cure souls of the millions of Chinese with the millions of ills that come from idolatry and paganism—to say nothing of the thousands of infant baptisms that they dispense too, why then it is a "bait" that never harms anyone, but does good all round, bringing blessing on those you gave the medicine (or the money with which to buy it) on those who dispense it and oh what good to the bodies and souls of those who receive it.





# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**A** H, FEBRUARY! The month of St. Valentine and of St. Blaise, the latter famous for blessing of throats. And what could be more appropriate in Canada than a saint to help us combat the weather. Have you ever stepped out of a nice warm bed and hopped briskly across the room to stop an alarm clock? If you have not, then you know nothing about February.

There are several schools of thought relative to that vital issue: what to do about the alarm clock. Some very strong minded people simply place it on a small table close to their beds, reach an arm out into the cold air at the tocsin's sound and firmly turn it off. Then after an appropriate interval, they rise, pray and dress (or dress and pray depending on the temperature). According to a recent Gallup Poll, there are very few of our citizens who can and will do this.

The more common view is that it is fatal to place the alarm clock within reach. The result is inevitable: the thing is turned off and one is still asleep! This situation is very difficult to explain to the boss when one arrives at work some two hours late. The boss himself uses the first method: place the clock at the far end of the room. By the time you have reached it you are awake; or anyway you are awake before getting

back into bed! This method has never been known to fail—in February.

Quite a few years ago, in fact shortly after alarm clocks were invented, an ingenious trick was hit upon by some unknown hero. This consists in the simple expedient of turning the clock twenty minutes ahead. Then you set the hands for seven o'clock and go peacefully to sleep. Next morning the alarm goes off at seven and you have an option: either get up and prepare for work in low gear, or, slowly roll over for the twenty minutes' bonus! Dr. Gallup tells me there are more Canadians using this than any other method.

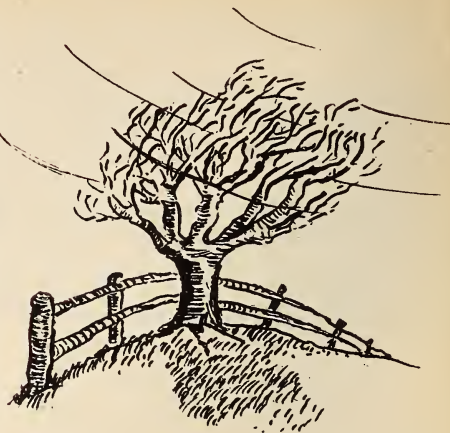
A friend of mine who has great trouble in the early morning has solved his problem by using three alarm clocks! These are set to go off at two-minute intervals! By the time he gets the first one stopped, the second one begins to ring. This one is barely under control when the third one sounds its alarm. Having stopped the third one, he is thoroughly awake! About two years ago even this failed him. His latest move is to hide the three clocks around the room in different places every night! By the time they are all found he is not only awake but too mad to be able to fall back asleep!

## SIREN SUITS

It could well be that in the history books of the next century Winston Churchill may be mentioned for his invention known as the siren suit. It is a full length garment similar to the ones very small children wear, except that it has its dimensions suitable for adults. One slips into it feet first and a zipper up the front closes the siren suit right up to the throat leaving only the hands and head in the clear. With appropriate lining this could well be a portable eider down. In fact I can think of nothing better for the quick dressing necessary on a February morn. Once one has left the bed, very quick action is necessary to survive! He who hesitates is frost. And since quick thinking is all but impossible at such early hours, the most readily donned garment is indispensable. Siren suits are the answer to February and I for one think there should be a Winston Churchill day in that month which also honours Lincoln.

## HOME VULCANIZERS

Another thing which is now a necessity is a household vulcanizing machine to repair leaks in galoshes!

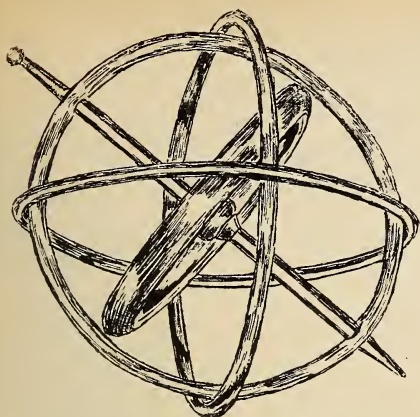


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Can there be anything more discomfitting than a leak in your galoshes? A tiny squeak is the first sign of impending trouble. It is easily distinguishable from the healthy noise of new rubber gripping icy streets. But when one is walking around on one of those February days which begins so cold, have a warm period around noon and then end with cold again, the hazard to be faced is an







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occasional step into a puddle. Then the insidious leak in the galoshes gets in its dirty work! First the squeak! And then you recall that you have neglected having your shoes half-soled and one of them is not water-proof. Of course it is always the same foot which has a hole in the shoe and the leak in the galosh; nature has a way of pairing these incidents and there is nothing you can do about *that*. It's just February, that's all. It's usually when ready to leave the house early in the morning that you notice this and that is where my vulcanizing machine comes in: in a trice, in the very twinkling of an eye, you can vulcanize your galoshes and face the day ahead.

## A PLEA FOR EAR-MUFFS

Women's hats come in all shapes and forms. Some of these are designed for wintry blasts inasmuch as they cover the ears. But what about the men? Since Daniel Boone and Joe Cyr have died men on this continent have been helpless in the matter of protecting their ears in cold weather. On a really frosty morning every tenth man has a white spot (which grows or spreads directly as the time spent in the open air) some place on his ear or ears which be-

tokens freezing. It is considered the fair thing to tell the individual concerned, and snow is then applied until the friction brings a rich red back instead of the white. Doctors say this process is useless, but we men have been doing it this way for over three hundred years and are not likely to stop now. The logical solution is a man's hat which will cover the ears. And since this appears to be too radical to accept all at once, the next best would be ear-muffs.

Hitherto only skiers have been allowed the privilege, but the C.C.F. has promised to adopt this measure in their next platform and they can count on my vote. It is an awkward solution we have at the moment: all the men must walk down the streets with hands over their ears, elbows held high in the air. This cuts down proper vision and also prevents hearing auto-horns and is a definite factor in the large number of pedestrians being injured during February. The motion before the house is therefore: Resolved that men be allowed to wear ear-muffs during February at least. Later on we might get this extended to the whole winter season.

*In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.*

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**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario





In a crowded cinema a young woman brushed past a man about to take a seat. Before he recovered his balance the young woman and her husband had taken the only two seats available in that part of the cinema.

"Sorry," said the husband: We just beat you."

"That's O.K.," said the man pushed out. "I hope you and your mother enjoy the show."

\* \* \*

"Your wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?" asked Robinson.

"Yes, very," replied Smith. "She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it."

\* \* \*

A man went to a mental specialist. "What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

The patient responded by vigorously brushing imaginary things off his arm, explaining, "See? I have dragons on my sleeves."

The specialist, backing away, screamed, "Well, you don't have to brush them off onto me!"

\* \* \*

Tommy had been away from school for some days and came back with his throat bound in red flannel. He presented a note:

"Please do not let Tommy learn any more French. His throat is so sore that he can hardly speak English."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Henpecked (sarcastically): "I suppose you have been to see a sick

friend — holding his hand all evening!"

Husband (absently): "If I'd been holding his hand, I'd have made money."

\* \* \*

MacPherson was strolling down the street when he noticed what he thought was the familiar figure of a friend. Quickening his steps he came up to the man and slapped him on the back. To his amazement and confusion he then saw that he had greeted an utter stranger.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically. "I thought you were an old friend of mine, Mackintosh by name."

The stranger recovered his wind and replied, with considerable heat: "And supposing I were Mackintosh, do you have to hit me so hard!"

"What do you care," retorted Macpherson, "how hard I hit Mackintosh."

\* \* \*

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when a certain prominent labour leader tumbled up his front steps and banged on the front door. He had lost his key.

His wife opened an upstairs window and, leaning out, demanded: "Where, might I ask, have you been till this hour of the morning?"

"Why, why, at a meeting c-c-considering a strike," muttered the late-returning labour official.

"Well, his wife shouted down to him, "you just go back to the meeting and consider this a lockout!"

# Sacred Heart Mission

*in association with*

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Would you not like to share in the following privileges:

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- 3) Mass celebrated on the First Friday of each month  
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- 4) Mass to be offered for the repose of the soul of a benefactor
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- 6) Special merit accorded to all who share in providing

If so, an opportunity is now given you to do so, by becoming a member for an annual fee of \$2.00. Your help is urgently needed by priests.

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For the past year we have had groups making vestments, etc., and if you have spare time to give to this work, I shall be pleased to have a call from you. However, you may become a member, and share in all of the above named privileges, by simply sending \$2.00, even though you are not prepared to join a sewing group.

**WILL YOU JOIN NOW?**

Yours very truly,

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(Mrs.) Margaret Pocock, President

Per Miss K. Merryfield

Convener of Organization



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# Japanese Christianity

By

J. E. Gault, S.F.M.

“FROM the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is offered to My name a clean oblation.” (Malachias; I, 10-11). Not long after the Sacrifice on Calvary had been accomplished, the Apostles set out to fulfil this Old Testament prophecy.

Legend tells us that St. Thomas carried the Gospel into India and the Chaldean breviary relates that he went as far as China. However, a shroud of doubt covers these exploits of Thomas.

During the seventh century, China did receive Christianity. Unfortunately, it was received under the heretical form known as Nestorianism.

It was not until the thirteenth century that the Pope sent envoys to the Great Khan. These succeeded in establishing the Church. In fact, John of Monte Corvino became the Archbishop of Peking and churches were built in various large Chinese centres.

There is, however, no record of Christianity having reached Japan at this early date. It seems that the first

inkling of this country's existence was given to Europeans during this period. The colourful Venetian merchant, Marco Polo, while living in Cathay (Northwest China), heard about the fabulous island of Zipangu in the Sea of Chin. This was Japan. Although he had never visited it, he had many marvellous things to relate about it, which he had obtained from hearsay.

With Islam's rise to power, the Far East was cut off from all direct contact with Christian Europe. This both prevented missionaries from carrying the Gospel to the vast populations of Asia and kept western merchants from sharing in the almost limitless wealth resulting from trade. Hence, Christianity did not enter Japan from China as did Buddhism and Confucianism. On the contrary, the Church became extinct in China and was reintroduced by way of Japan, some two hundred years later.

Once the Tartar road was closed to the West, Europeans began to consider ways and means of gaining access to Asia by going behind Islam. Columbus, firmly believing the earth to be a globe, decided that the short-



est way was by sailing west over the Atlantic ocean. Needless to say, he failed in his attempt because the Americas stood in his way.

Another great explorer of the time, Vasco de Gama, staked his hope of success on circumventing Africa. Consequently, in the year 1498, he joyfully announced his arrival in India.

Several years later, another joyful event was announced but not to the world. Only in the light of future happenings did this event become of world interest. It was the birth of St. Francis Xavier on April 7, 1506. At this time, Columbus had but a month of life remaining and Vasco de Gama was sailing the Indian ocean, protecting the interests of the newly established Portuguese trade with the Far East.

In later life, this new-born babe was destined to accomplish Columbus' fond hope of carrying the torch of Faith, once again, to the Orient while following the trail blazed by Vasco de Gama. The final chapter of this courageous undertaking would be the establishment of the Church in Japan.

St. Francis' missionary vocation was quite an abrupt affair. Due to ill health, he had become secretary to the first Jesuit General, St. Ignatius Loyola. Then King John of Portugal requested that Ignatius send priests to the new European settlements in India. Things so developed that Xavier was given a day's notice be-



fore setting out for Portugal and eventually to Goa, the capital of Portuguese India, which he reached in the year 1542.

At this very time, certain Portuguese merchants were discovering the Japanese islands. They were the first Europeans ever to enter that country.

Without further ado let us turn to the final chapter of the Saint's life, which, as above mentioned, has to do with Japan.

During the course of 1548, St. Francis was visiting Malacca on the Malay peninsula. There he came into contact with the Japanese for the first time. There were three of them, a certain Angero ("a man of great intelligence and sagacity"), and his two servants. They accompanied the Saint upon his return to Goa where, after receiving due instructions, they became Christians. These were the first Japanese Catholics.

The imparting of knowledge, however, was not a one-sided matter. These natives of Zipangu related many stories about their homeland. Soon, our Missionary was fired with a great desire to go to this country in the Sea of Chin to establish the Faith of Christ. In due time, the first mission band was organized. It consisted of the Saint himself, two Portuguese companions and the three Japanese converts.

Circumstances were most favorable. Francis had been able to obtain much valuable information about this new mission territory before entering it



and he was able to enter it in the company of friends and disciples who already knew the customs and language of the country.

A letter, written by Xavier during his voyage, shows what great hopes he had for Japan. It reads: "We all go in very high spirits and confidence, hoping that some remarkable fruit will come from our voyage . . . and if, when I reach those islands at the end of the earth, I come to think clearly that more return for our labours may be justly expected there, I mean to call you all to join me."

The Saint's first plan had been to obtain the good graces of the country's supreme ruler. However, upon arrival he changed tactics. Instead, he obtained permission from two feudal lords to preach in their territories. It was one of these districts which later became the fortress of Jesuit missions in Japan.

During St. Francis Xavier's sojourn of two years and three months he succeeded in building a strong foundation for Catholicism among the Japanese people. When, in November, 1551, he departed for China, there was a nucleus of approximately 3,000 Christians among whom were some former Buddhist monks. Hav-



Two modes of transportation, old and new. Somehow the old is never replaced, in China anyway.

ing thus established the Church, he handed it over to the care of his companion, Father Cosme de Torres.

Under Xavier's successors, this new mission made steady progress. In spite of periodical persecutions the number of Catholics continued to increase, while churches, schools and charitable institutions were multiplied.

Although the Jesuits were at first alone to grapple with the gigantic task they were soon joined by the Spanish Dominicans and Franciscans from the Philippines. This resulted in one of the saddest incidents in the history of the Japanese Church. Rivalry sprang up between the Religious Orders. This was due, largely, to nationalism. Spain and Portugal, although one in Faith, were commercial rivals throughout the Far East.

This, along with other factors, finally brought about violent persecution and the end of missionary activity in Japan. Perhaps a more immediate cause can be found in an unfortunate event which took place in 1596. A Spanish ship became stranded somewhere off the Japanese coast. The crew sought refuge in a nearby community. Apparently, they were not too well treated by the local



Please save stamps for the missions; send them to Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario.



authorities because one Spaniard, in anger, boasted that Spain's powerful king was using the missionaries as a means of gaining a foothold in Japan with the hope of eventually conquering it. A persecution followed which resulted in many deaths and great destruction of Church property. The most horrible incident was the crucifixion of six Franciscans, three Jesuits and seventeen native-Christians.

The dusk of a Christian day in Japan was quickly gathering. It had been a bright day, for at its peak there had been 750,000 Christians in the land. In 1614, persecution broke out in all its fury. A decree was issued against Catholicism and all local authorities were obliged to see to its meticulous execution. Missionaries were commanded, under penalty of death for refusal, to leave the country. Thousands were put to the most ingenious tortures before welcome death came to their relief.

The sun sank quickly, leaving a deep crimson afterglow. In 1637, some 30,000 Catholics revolted against the persecuting government. They fortified themselves within the castle

of Shimabara and defied their persecutors. The ensuing battle between the defenders and the Japanese troops was desperate but short. All 30,000 were put to death.

Thereafter, for over two hundred years, no missionary work was done in Japan and Christianity appeared to be dead. Actually, it did not die but only slept till the dawn of another day. During the long night the Christians waited patiently and without the administration of priests they passed on the Faith from generation to generation. When the glorious reawakening came during the latter half of the nineteenth century they were ready to start another great day.



## PRAYER FOR SEMINARIANS

**O** JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, and think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from the miserable things of this world; but above all, teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.



# Lanchi Blind Man

By

Harold Murphy  
S.F.M.

I WAS sitting in my room reading when I heard this tapping sound. It seemed to come from the Church. I went to investigate.

In the dusk I could see a figure kneeling upright on the floor just inside the door of the Church. I waited outside for about ten minutes and then I could make out what seemed to be an old man with a stick tapping his way down the steps of the Church. I was curious so I spoke to him, took his arm and invited him to come inside. He muttered a word of thanks and together we went to my room.

He went into the room just ahead of me and quickly sat down in a chair near the door. I went over to my desk, turned up the lamp, sat down and turned to have my first look at the visitor. His head was bowed. He seemed to be looking at his feet. I noticed that his clothes were those of a rich man and the man seemed to be larger and healthier than I had judged him outside. And then he lifted his head and I saw his face.

Horror is the only word for what I felt. His face showed him to be far from an old man. The cheeks had the fine red tinge of health and years

of good living. The features were those of a handsome man — the thorough-bred aristocratic type. But in place of his eyes were two gaping holes of nothingness!

There were no dark glasses to hide this horror. The two holes were so deep and large that they gave this handsome face the look of a skull. I gasped and the skull smiled!

"They cut them out, Shen Fu," it said. "The Reds cut them out—with a penknife."

For at least one minute I could think of nothing to say. Then in as tender and as fatherly a voice, I could summon, I asked him,

"Was it because you are a Catholic?"

"No!" he said. "No! Not because I am a Catholic! I am alive today because I am a Catholic. They cut my eyes out because of what I saw them do and they left me like this because—the devils—because they knew that being a Catholic I would not kill myself. They knew that death was what I wanted—what I begged for—prayed for—and they also knew that suicide was against my Faith! They laughed as they taunted

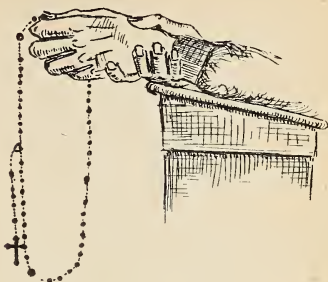


me with this. And then they cut my eyes out!"

Just then a group of young men came into my room, one of them a reporter from the local newspaper. When everyone was seated and cigarettes were lit, my blind visitor told us his story. He talked for two hours and here is a summary of what he said—a free translation of what my reporter friend wrote for his newspaper.

Six weeks ago I was a happy, prosperous man, the father of four children, the head catechist of a large Catholic Mission in the province of Hupei. My Pastor—a Chinese Father—was kindness itself to me. My wife and I looked forward to more children and a very happy future.

Then the Reds came. They arrived almost without notice. They entered the Mission and shot everyone there except the priest and I. We were thrown into prison. Three days later the priest was taken out and dragged through the streets until he was dead. I was ordered to set an example for the people by apostatizing. In my grief and anger at my pastor's horrible death, I cursed them and told them that they could kill me by inches



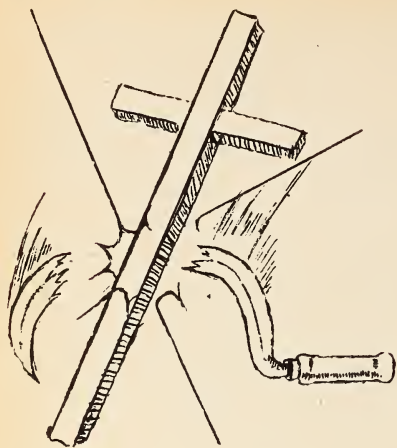
but I would never deny my Holy Faith! They dragged my wife and four children before me and one by one murdered them with bayonets.

It was then I tried to force them to kill me. I even spit on the leader's face. And it was then too, that they realized how much I wanted to die and decided that I would live on and on—and that the last sight I would ever remember would be the scene—the nightmare—of my dear wife and darling children being brutally murdered. So on an order from the leader, I was thrown back over the back of a chair and one of the devils sat on my chest, drew out his jack-knife and hacked my eyes out. Then they turned me loose.

At first the pain was so horrible I couldn't think clearly. I just kept staggering on and on—bumping into things—stumbling and falling—until finally I found myself outside of the city on a country road. I knew a river was nearby and I tried to find it. When I did find the water it was night time. But I didn't know that!

I stayed by the river for hours and hours—and Shen Fu—may God forgive me—all I could think of was suicide. Once I waded into the stream up to my waist. The thought of a nice quiet painless death like drowning was so inviting—so enticing—that only the Grace of God saved me from that crime. Once when I was





about to plunge on into the water, I recalled the words of one of the Communists. Someone had said that it would be silly to cut my eyes out as I would only kill myself later anyway. Then this fellow said,

“No! He will not kill himself. He is a Catholic. The fool thinks that to kill himself is forbidden by his God!”

There as I stood waist deep in the river these words of the Red Murderer came back to me and then and there I dropped down to my knees—with the water near my chin—I began to say the Our Father. I said it slowly, word by word,—and then made my way back to shore.

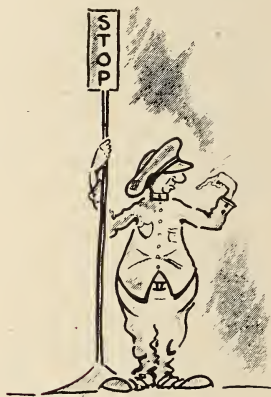
At sunrise a farmer found me there on the shore—on my knees—praying!

He took me to his home and washed off the blood that was all over me.

Since then I have come far. I have a brother in the government in Nanking. I am on the way there now to let him take care of me.

In six weeks I have lost everything worth while in this world—but, you know Shen Fu, since that night on the river shore I have felt a peace of soul. I cannot describe it. It is something like the feeling we Catholics get when going to Holy Communion. I have this feeling all the time now. I do not seem to be able to pray enough. I am only happy when I am praying! It is really wonderful!

And I know that my dear Pastor and my beloved wife and children are now waiting for me in Heaven. I know that some day I will join them in Eternal Life!



### Last Will and Testament of John Doe.

“I leave, bequeath and devise to the Scarboro Foreign  
Missions .....

Such a bequest will help reconstruct the damages of war in  
mission lands and train young men to spread the Faith.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Did you ever hear the story of the Selfish Giant? I hope you like it even though it is not true because it has a real moral or lesson for us.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful garden owned by a Giant. All the children used to play there and they were not afraid because nobody had seen the Giant in several years and in fact they thought he must have died. It was a large garden and was filled with trees in blossom, beautiful flowers and cheerful birds which sang and sang all day long. The children were very happy in this playground until one day the Giant came back!

"Who has given you permission to play in my garden?" he roared. And in absolute fear all the youngsters ran away and hid. Then the Giant built a high wall around the garden and put a big sign on the gate:

**TRESPASSERS WILL  
BE PROSECUTED!**

After that there was no more happiness in the garden. No childish laughter, no birds, no blossoms and the flowers all died. There was nothing but the great Giant roaring about inside the wall, very lonely and unhappy. He was a selfish Giant.

After all the flowers died and the leaves on the trees all fell and the

blossoms disappeared, Winter saw this garden and thought his time had come. His friends Snow and Frost and Hail soon heard the news and all three of them descended upon the Giant's garden. It seemed that there was never going to be anything but Winter. One day a flower came up through the snow, took a look around, and went back to sleep when it saw no other flowers or blossoms or even birds. The Giant stayed in his house most of the time and wondered if Spring would ever come!

One morning the Giant woke up hearing the sound of a bird. It was the sweetest sound he ever heard and he rushed over to the window to hear all the better. When he looked out he saw it on a tree branch and as he watched, some blossoms came out to hear the bird as well. The Giant looked around the garden and saw that there was a crack in the wall and a troop of children was coming in to play. Soon all the branches of the trees were bending down and taking little children up into the air. Flowers appeared, birds sang and the snow was quickly melting. The Giant ran downstairs to join in the fun but when he came through the front door all the children ran away in fear of him.

However, the Giant saw one Little

Boy crying in the corner of the garden. Like all the other children He wanted to climb up into the branches but He could not reach even the lowest branches; He was too small. The tree was doing its best to help, even leaning low to make it easier but no use; He just couldn't make it.

Seeing this the Giant stole up behind Him and gently lifted Him up into the tree and sat Him on a strong branch. The Little Boy was so happy He threw His arms around the Giant and kissed him. The great big Giant was so happy, big tears of joy ran down his cheeks. When the other children saw this, they all came back into the garden and began to play with the Giant! Now everybody was happy and all day long the boys and girls played with their big friend who told them they must come every day from then on. It was their garden, he told them, and to prove that he meant what he said, the Giant took a great big axe and knocked down the wall! Now there were children and flowers and birds and blossoms all having a wonderful time. At the end of that first day, the Giant tried to find the Little Boy who was too small to climb into the tree but He was gone and nobody knew His name. They had never seen Him before and did not know where He lived.

Years of great happiness went by and every day children would come into the garden to play with their friend the Giant. Finally he grew old and one winter's day, before the children came to play, the Giant saw his old friend the Little Boy standing under that same corner tree. In great joy the Giant ran to greet Him. When he came close though he stopped in great anger. The Little Boy had

wounds on His hands and Feet and there was blood on the snow.

"Who dared hurt Thee?" the Giant cried. "Tell me and I will take my sword and slay him!"

"These are the wounds of Love", the Little Boy answered. "One day you let me play in your garden. Today I will let you come to live in My garden which is Paradise."

And that afternoon when the boys and girls came to play in the garden they found the Giant dead, lying under a great heap of blossoms.

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.



This is Ethel Post of Killaloe, Ontario. What do you think of the deer? Pretty tame, eh? Ethel says it's in the Algonquin National Park, not far from her home.



## QUICKIE QUIZZ

What does Sexagesima mean?

Prize given for best letter answering this.







Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you a donation from my mite box to help the Chinese children. I pray hard for them every night. Please place my name on the pen pal list.

Patsy Villeneuve,  
Maxville, Ont.

Prayers and alms for the Missions! It is beyond me to thank you, Patsy, but at least I will see that your name is on the pen pal list. Good luck till I hear from you again.

Dear Father Jim:

My mother gets the CHINA regularly. I would like to join the Rose Buds. One of your old magazines said you need used stamps so I am going to send you some.

Marguerite LaPointe,  
Port Colborne, Ontario.

Dear Marguerite:

Yes indeed, I am always glad to receive stamps. Just send them to Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario. There our novices will take care of them. Thanks very much for helping.

Dear Father Jim:

May we join the Rose Garden?

Mary and Jo Cotton,  
145 Bedford Park Avenue,  
Toronto 12, Ontario.

Hello Mary and Jo:

Thanks to both of you and Mummy too for your fine gift to the Lord of Heaven. In China that will be a wonderful help. God bless all of you. That's a real Christmas present and the Babe of Bethlehem will not forget you.

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing an offering for the Chinese missions. I hope and pray the missionaries will be successful and safe in their work. For those intentions I pray every day.

Peggy O'Rourke,  
55 East Valley,  
Corner Brook, Nfld.

Dear Peggy:

Glad to see you are thinking about the priests and sisters in China. Yes, they are in danger but I believe the prayers of all the Buds in our Rose Garden can save them. Ask Our Lady to protect them. Thanks also Peggy for your present to the missions.

Dear Father Jim:

For the third time I am sending you a present for the missions, especially for the pagan children.

Mary Bridget Snook,  
St. Alban's, Nfld.

Dear Mary Bridget:

That's a fine Irish name you have and your Irish heart is as big as St. Patrick's! Generosity like yours will always be rewarded. Thank you very much.

Dear Father Jim:

*The last time I wrote I received a letter from a penpal. I hope she will see this one as she owes me a letter! I am enclosing a gift for the missions.*

Emma Harnett,  
South Branch,  
Kent Co., N.B.

Hello Emma:

Yes I remembered your name as one of our benefactors. Your present will help a little Chinese girl. Merci.

Dear Father Jim:

*I am 13 years old. Please send me a mite box to help the pagan children of China. Here are some stamps too.*

Frances Littlejohn,  
7 Goodwood Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Frances:

We have many Buds in Toronto and all of them are interested in helping the missions. You don't know how happy it makes me to know I can count on your help Frances. Keep up the good work.

Dear Father Jim:

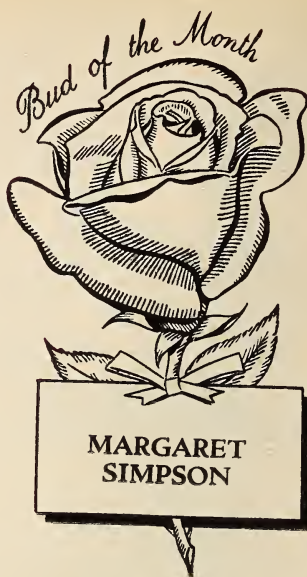
*I am 12. Could I have some penpals from the Maritimes and Newfoundland? I also want a mite box.*

Lucille Torpey,  
585 Elm Street,  
Peterborough, Ont.

Dear Lucille:

Glad to hear from you and will you save some stamps for me? Just used stamps of all kinds. I can use them to help the missions so don't forget to save, eh?

Come on you Buds from down East! Here's a penpal for you.



Margaret Simpson is a new Canadian and a new Catholic and already she is interested in foreign missions. To this new Bud who is already helping us with her prayers and sacrifices, a hearty thank you and welcome.

---

Dear Father Jim:

*I would like to join the other Buds in the Rose Garden. And please add my name to the penpal list and send me a mite box. I pray for the pagan Chinese children and also for Father Jim.*

Martha Jane Wickert, age 13,  
202 S. Marks Street,  
Fort William, Ontario.

Dear Martha Jane:

Well, thanks for remembering me in your prayers. I wish more Buds thought of that. It's a fine thing to do and I need your help.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Lapierre, Anita, 12, 13½ Thomas St.; Latorre, Santana, 13, 20 Raymond St.; Levasseur, Denise, 12, 10 Byron St.; Mason, Shirley, 11, 3 Clark St.; May, Patricia, 12, 27 Church St.; MacIsaac, Edwina, 11, St. Catharines School; McKee, Mary Niva, 12, 24 Russell Ave.; McKinnon, Norma, 12, 17 Willis Ave.; McQuillen, Maureen, 12, 84 Pleasant Ave.; O'Mara, Marcelline, 11, K.R. No. 2; Ouellette, Barbara, 11, 71 North St.; Piech, Jane, 12, 12½ Thorold Rd.; Playford, Alice, 15, 15 Shakespeare St.; Playford, Nora, 13, 15 Shakespeare St.; Poirier, Frances, 12, 10 Ann St.; Pollard, Carole A., 11, 331 Queenston St.; Ryan, Beverley, 11, 44 Eastchester Ave.; Ryan, Joanne, 12, 44 Eastchester Ave.; Souly, Sheila, 11, 303 Queenston St.; Sullivan, Helen, 12, 186 James St.; Troyan, Patricia, 11, 205 York St.; Ward, Jacqueline, 12, 18 Haig St.; Wohler, Barbara, 11, 122 Merritt St.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADDRESSES

Kern, Lois, 12, 2904 Espy Ave. Pitts 16, Pa.; Kinevy, Pat. 1931 Plainview Ave. Pitts 26, Pa. Lemay Marguerite, 231 N. Brodie St., Fort William, Ont.; Ladouceur, Rene, 15, c/o Deep River P.O., Deep River, Ont.; Ladouceur, Helen, 14, Gen. Del. Chalk River; Mary Anne Joe, 17, St. Mary's Hospital, Inverness, N.S.; Di Pota, Joan, 13, 24 Wade Ave. Buffalo, N.Y. U.S.A.; O'Shea, Robert, 15, 51 Fellswoy E. Malden, Mass. Forgit, Virginia, 14, 38A St. Franklin, Mass.; Moakler, Catherine, 11, 5905-4 Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. U.S.A.; Moakler, James, 8, 5905-4 Ave. Brooklyn, N.Y. U.S.A.; Kelly, Walter, J. 15, 7941 Chappel Ave., Chicago 17, Ill., U.S.A.; Haines, Bettie, 14, 2645 Westgate Dr. Houston 6, Texas; Semple, Elsie, 15, 47 Ballycolman Ave. Strabane, Co., Tyrone, N. Ireland; Semple, Rosemary, 13, 47 Ballycolman Ave. Strabane, Co., Tyrone, N. Ireland; Morrison, Daniel, 10, 707 Biloland Drive Ruchill, Glasgow, Scotland; Fernandes, Francis, 11, Coelho Lane, Falneer, Mangalore South Kanara, India; Fernandes, Phyllis, 14, Coelho Lane, Falneer, Mangalore South Kanara, India; Gillespie, Margaret, 12, 59 Grosvenor St. Toronto, Ont.; Mooney, Myrtle, 8, Pt. La Haye, St. Mary's, Nfld.; Taglietti, Betty, 12, 386 London Rd. Sarnia, Ont.; Bishop, Anna, 15, La Haye, St. Mary's, Nfld.

## TORONTO, ONTARIO

Haffey, Joan, 14, 195 Strathmore Blvd. Toronto, Ont.; McMahon, Bernadette, 8, 219 Margueretta St.; Smith, Joanna, 10, 161 Priscilla Ave.

## HR. GRACE, Nfld.

Coady, Irene, 10, Linus, 14, Harvey St.

## HR MAIN, Nfld.

Anthony, Catherine, 11; Cleary, Richard, 13; Costello, Edward, 9; Costigan, Joseph, 12; Dalton, Annie, 13; Fewer, Lawrence, 9; Furey, Lillian, 12; John, 10, James, 10; Hawco, Margaret, 12; Hicks, Alice, 10; Hicks, Margaret, 12; Hurley, Anita, 10; Joy, Clara, 15, Holdins Rd.; Joy, Patrick, 13; Kennedy, Angeline, 12; Kennedy, Madeline, 13; Lacour, Martina, 9; Mason, Geraldine,

13; Murphy, Pauline, 16; Murphy, Patrick, 13; Murphy, Geraldine, 13; Murphy, Vera, 12; Michael, Terry, 15; Walsh, Mark, 13; Woodford, Regina, 13; Clarence H. 8; James, 10, Clarence, 9, Jennie, 15.

**MARYVALE BRIGUS, Nfld.**  
Croke, Susie, 9; Croke, Joan, 12, Conception Bay.

**MELROSE, Nfld.**  
Humphrie, Mary A. 12.

**NORTH RIVER, Nfld.**  
Neville, Thomas, 15.

**PORT AU PORT, Nfld.**  
Hynes, Rose Mary, 11.

**RENEWES, Nfld.**  
Conway, Peter, 11; Reddy, Lucy, 8  
**ST. ALBAN'S BAY D'ESPOI, Nfld.**  
Snook, Mary Bridgett; Davis, Lizzie.

**ST. ANDREW'S, Nfld.**  
Doyle, Doreen, 9; Isaac, Ernest Mae, 11; McIsaac, Jimmie, 11; Joseph 9.

**ST. GEORGE'S, Nfld.**  
Lasaga, Patsy, 11.

**ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.**  
Carey, Lena, 12, Black Head Rd.; Dobbin, Din, 13, 42 Kings Bridge Rd.; Dobbin, Maureen, 10, 42 Kings Bridge Rd.; Driken, Helen, 15, Portugal Cove; Earle, William, 9, Cop. Battery Rd.

**BRANCH, PLACENTIA EAST, Nfld.**  
English, Effie, 10; English, Mona, 11.

**BONNAVISTA SOUTH, Nfld.**  
Keough, Madonna, 11, Broad Cove.

**BUCHANS, Nfld.**  
Powers, Ronald, 14.

**CALVERT, Nfld.**  
Boland, Joseph, 12; Ryan, Edmund, 10.

**CARBONEAR, Nfld.**  
Kavanagh, Jessie, 12, South Side.

**CONCEPTION BAY, Nfld.**  
Hawco, Margaret, Chapel's Cove.

**COACHMAN'S COVE, Nfld.**  
Foley, Betty, 7; Kennedy, Bessie, 15.  
**COLLIERS MAIN ROAD C.B., Nfld.**  
Griffin Bride, 13; McDonald, Eileen, 15.  
**COLLIERS OLD ROAD C.B., Nfld.**  
McDonald, Mary, 15.

## BOOKS WANTED

Wickham: The Unrealists

Gill: Autobiography

Berdyaev: End of Our Time

Scupoli: Spiritual Combat



Please send Newfoundland stamps to  
Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario



Boston Unit, Mission League of the Little Flower.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

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### Fatima Tour

The Pilgrim Virgin, famous statue of Our Lady of Fatima which is now touring the United States, is in Tucson, Arizona, as we go to press. Subsequently the statue will visit Fresno and San Diego, California. Fifteen months have now passed since the Fatima replica crossed the American border at Buffalo and Monsignor McGrath assures us that everywhere the reception has been a most impressive witness of faith in the power of prayer to Our Lady to bring peace. All readers of CHINA who observe the First Saturday devotions are

asked to continue their prayers for peace through the intercession of Our Lady of Fatima.

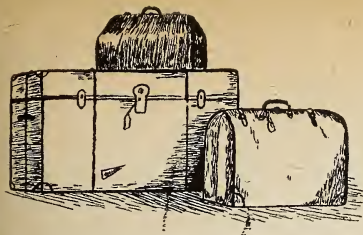
### Japan

Our new mission field reports that language studies are engrossing the missionaries. The harvest is white and everyone is anxious to make a beginning in spreading the faith.

### Pray for Our Dead

Simon Fitzpatrick, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Mrs. Fred Savage, Moncton, N.B.  
 Rt. Rev. M. J. Cole, Halifax, N.S.  
 Mrs. John White, Toronto, Ont.  
 Mrs. Mary Anne White, Windsor, Nfld.





# Latest Addresses in China

- THE MOST REV. K. TURNER, D.D., S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang, China.
- VERY REV. A. VENADAM, V.G., S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang, China.
- REV. A. MacINTOSH, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang, China.
- REV. H. McGETTIGAN, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang, China.
- REV. T. MORRISSEY, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Tungyang, Chekiang, China.
- REV. C. STRANG, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Pihu, Chekiang, China.
- REV. E. MORIARTY, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Kinhwa, Chekiang, China.
- REV. R. REEVES, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Sungyang, Chekiang, China.
- REV. L. HUDSWELL, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Lungchuan, Chekiang, China.
- REV. A. CLEMENT, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Pukiang, Chekiang, China.
- REV. CHAS. B. MURPHY, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Iwu, Chekiang, China.
- REV. HAROLD MURPHY, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Lanchi, Chekiang, China.
- REV. E. LYONS, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Mission, Tangki, Chekiang, China.
- REV. J. McGOEY, S.F.M.,**  
Catholic Welfare Com-  
mittee, 361 Yingze  
Rd., Shanghai, China.



## THE ADDRESS

CANADA

4 CENTS 4

Rev. Father Rector,  
Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

## THE LETTER

Rev. Father Rector,  
Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Dear Father:

Please send me further information about the requirements for admission to your Society. For some time I have been considering the work of the foreign missions and would like to know more about what is expected of an applicant.

Sincerely,

Patrick Murphy,  
Address

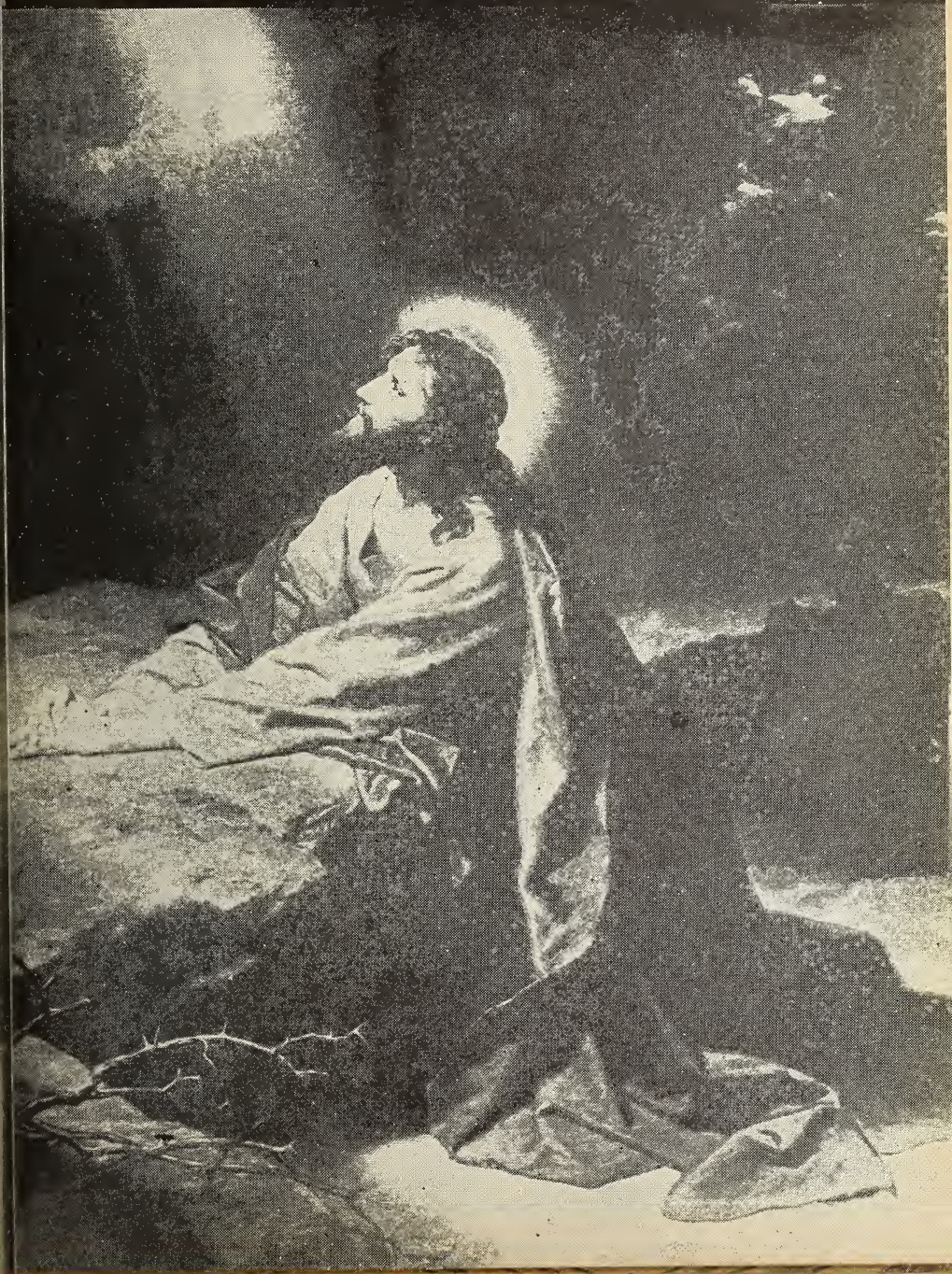


# CANADA

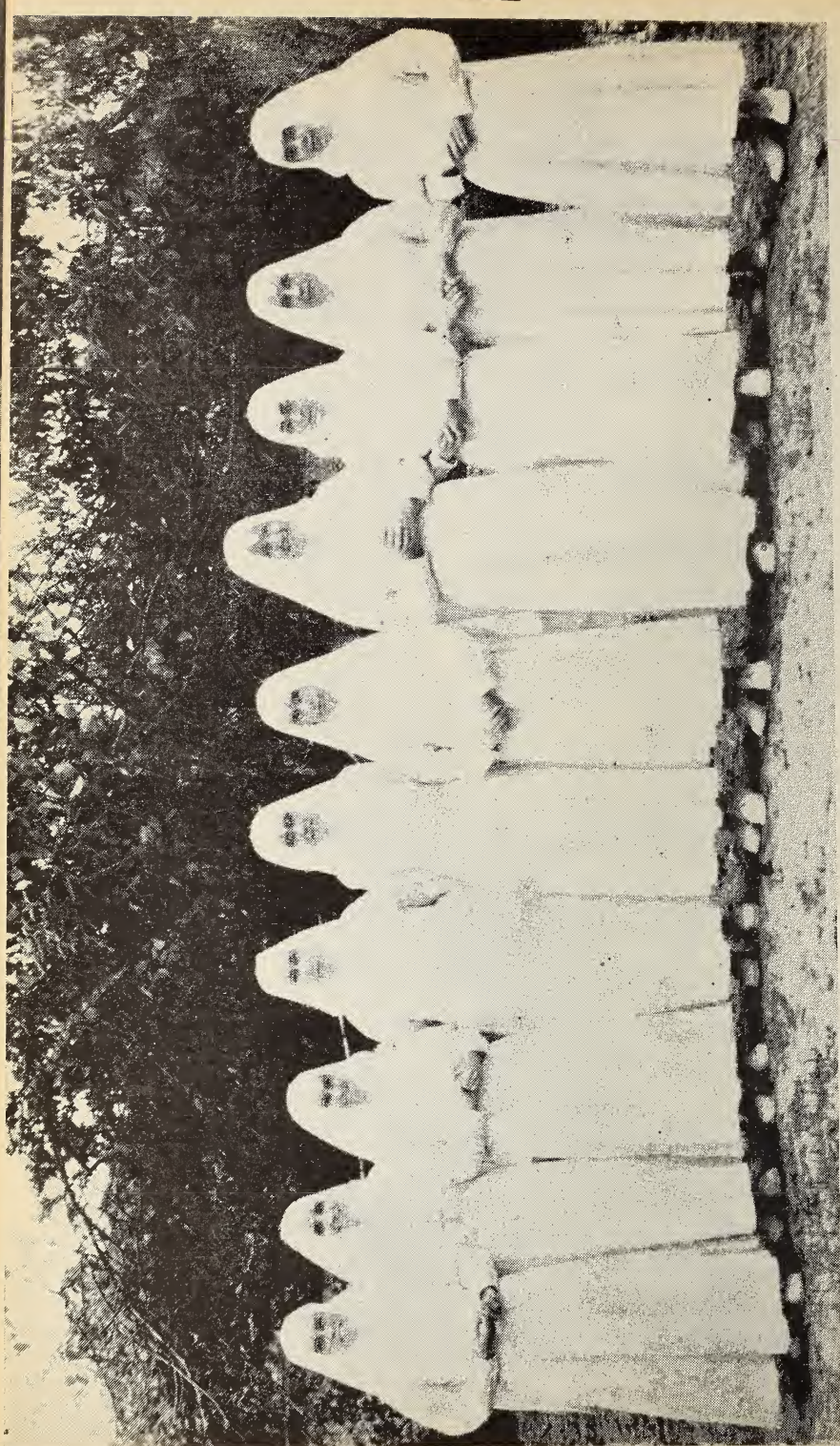


Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

MARCH 1949







Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception now in Lishui Diocese

Sr. M. Vianney, Lishui; Sr. M. Genevieve, Superior at Lungchuan; Sr. St. Nicholas, Lungchuan; Sr. M. Catherine, Lishui; Sr. St. Angela, Superior at Kinhwa; Sr. Mary, Superior at Lishui; Sr. St. Martin, Kinhwa; Sr. M. Esther, Lungchuan; Sr. St. Matthew, Lishui; Sr. St. Joan, Lungchuan.



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# A Missionary Journey

## Through the Hills of Chekiang



By

Thomas McQuaid  
S.F.M.

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**T**ODAY at one o'clock, I set off for Pihu. A Christian from this place, (somewhere in the Chekiang Mountains) (Feb. 26/46), Shanglias, had come to Pihu in the morning to lead me here. He carried my two blankets, my little briefcase and the Mass-kit. At 5 o'clock we arrived here. We stopped once for about 10 minutes. Practically all the walk was either up or down the mountains. This is a very poor province—all rocks. On the mountain sides are little fields about half an acre in size—sometimes smaller. At present most of the fields have fall wheat in them. The people are out hoeing it just like we hoe roots in Canada. When the wheat is harvested in May they will sow rice which is their main crop, and chief food.

I am now in a fairly comfortable little room off the "chapel". In the downstairs there is a family living. I am writing by candlelight. They led me here from the restaurant through the dark by the light of some splinters.

I enjoyed my supper. First some hot Chinese wine. Ordinarily I cannot drink it but after a long walk when a fellow is tired it goes good. About six bowls of stuff are placed on the table. One little bowl has slices of dried sweet potato. Another has strips of something made out of rice — very tasty; two bowls of a sort of macaroni made from rice; a bowl of pork in little pieces; a bowl of a sort of spinach. At all those we poked with our chopsticks. Then I was presented with a bowl of potatoes; these were really well-prepared and beside them was another bowl with two little hamburgers. It's a funny thing—when I'm at home I can't eat Chinese food unless it's prepared foreign style. When I am away from our home station I really enjoy the Chinese meals. After all the above mentioned items I finished with a bowl and half of rice, eating a little of the spinach with it. The rice is just plain rice—not sweetened such as do in Canada. It is for the Chinese what bread and potatoes are

for us back home. All the time there were about ten people standing around the table watching the two of us (catechist and myself) eating. After supper we came back to this building.

After eating I stayed downstairs for awhile letting about 20 children and half as many adults stare at the foreigner. The language of those who have never gone to school is a complete puzzle to me. All the Christians came up to the chapel and we held night prayers together. Then Confessions were heard; there will be Mass here tomorrow. Tomorrow night the same process will begin all over again in another mission.

I did not bring a pen with me as it would be impossible to get ink—and a fountain pen does not seem to go very far before requiring refilling. They use a brush which they dip in ink. However, the ink is seldom in liquid form. It's a stick-of-ink. They dissolve a bit of it in water and dip the brush in it just as we would dip a pen point. But the ink they use would clog my fountain pen. Anyway they dissolve just a wee bit in a shallow dish. That's why this is scribbled in pencil; besides this handicap I must hurry this letter as my candle is almost burnt out. Hope you can make it out.

**Wed. Feb. 27; 11.15 a.m.**

I am overlooking the tillable land of this village as I sit at my desk writing this letter. I just asked "Hai fu", the guide of yesterday, to take me to see his grain. He has three little plots, in all less than an acre. In two of these he has fall wheat, the third has something which looks just like mustard; it can be eaten as a vegetable when it is small. At present it is in blossom; later the seed is used to make oil. As I have no dictionary with me I can't tell what the English word is. All the

land I can see is divided into similar little plots. "Hai fu" has about three more little plots rented out to other people. In all he has about 4 acres from which he gets enough to keep him, his wife and three children for seven months of the year.

On either side of this cropped land (land under cultivation?) are the mountains. It is also privately owned land. One of the chief sources of income from it is a tree from the seeds of which is made tea oil, used in cooking and also for lights. At present it sells for \$600 a pound, i.e., about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a wine bottle. I use it in my sanctuary lamp in Pihu. On the mountainsides are little plots of ground in which are grown vegetables or potatoes. "Hai fu" has 2 or 3 such plots in front of his house. His potatoes are just above ground. By the way, I just bought 9 lbs. of potatoes here this morning. You would laugh if you saw them; they are so small we would not even pick them off the ground back home. And now they are all withered and have sprouts on them. They cost \$100 for 2 lbs. The exchange is now about \$2,000. That means the 9 lbs. of potatoes cost me about 25

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## C H I N A

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*Established 1919*

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*Address all communications to*

**RT. REV. J. E. McRAE**

Superior General, Scarborough Foreign  
Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont.

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**Vol. XXX**

**No. 3**



cents, rather expensive. The ones we feed the pigs back home are really high class compared with these. Still they taste alright by the time the cook gets them on the table for me. Potatoes here never grow much more than twice the size they are now.

This morning there were 9 people at Communion. It is almost 6 months since a priest was here. After I have dinner at "Hai fu's" he is taking me to another village; no priest has been there for 3 years. There used to be about 30 Christians there; he tells me we will be lucky if 5 can be rounded up now. We'll see. After Mass this morning I took Communion to one Christian who is unable to walk.

#### 4.45 the same day

The walk today was not so long; about two hours, arriving here at 3 o'clock. This place, I think, is called Shihlungyu. In this section, a home is combined with a barn under one roof. For instance, as I stand beside the table writing this in the room which serves as a chapel, there is a farmer's fanning mill right beside me. The sleeping room for the priest is a little room just off this one. My bed for tonight is made of what we might call four bin boards. On top of them, (they are resting on two little benches) my host has spread several good sheaves of rice straw, with one or two extras for a pillow. On top of this I will put my two blankets, folded such that one half of them are under and the other half over me. This rice straw was taken from the room right next door where it is stored. As I said my Office in this would-be chapel, a fine big hen and rooster walked around seeing if they could pick up anything to eat. In my room are several big baskets filled with unshelled rice, I expect. It is now getting just a little dark for writing; the call for supper will likely soon come. I fear the Christians

CHINA



Chinese banquet.

who show up here will be few in number, but I will know better in the morning.

#### Thursday 11 a.m.

Here I am back where I started from yesterday. This time I am writing on "Hai fu's" dining room table. It is more of a dining room and parlour combined. It has a plain mud floor, swept clean. These rooms remind me something of a "lean", usually open in front (although this particular place happens to have doors) and people from the street seem to drop in as they please. Last night by the time we had finished supper there were at least 20 standing or sitting around the table watching. At home we consider it a little impolite to stare; not so here. They will stand by the hour and watch.

In all there were five confessions and Communions at Shihlungyu. Said Mass there about seven. The Christians were few but in all the crowd must have numbered about twenty-five. The chapel is about the size of our kitchen. Yesterday I mentioned the fanning mill on one side of the altar. While I was saying Mass this morning there were about ten children who stood around it watching every move I made. Per-

haps it was the first time they saw a priest offering Mass. A little while ago I asked "Hai fu's" oldest boy, aged eleven, to write his name and the names of his sisters. His surname, Tang, means *soup*. In this family the girls have names the same as flowers.

### Thursday 3.30 p.m.

You have heard the expression: He is up in the clouds. Well, today that's just where I am, actually though. About two o'clock we left Shihlungyu and for the greater part of an hour we climbed upwards to the village of Huangliao, practically on top of the mountain. The arrangement is almost the same everywhere. The chapel is the upstairs of a home with a small room off this chapel to serve as priest's quarters. There is a good bed and a nice little table. Like most of the beds in this area it is made of wood; the part a fellow sleeps on is just like a storm door. It sounds a little hard but one can sleep quite well on it. At Pihu I place my big Canadian quilt under me. Last night I had the rice straw. Tonight if I do not receive any extra bedding I will just wrap my blankets around me.

For over half our journey this afternoon it was raining but as we had umbrellas it didn't bother us except that we got our feet wet. As we walked along I noticed the mountain sides had fairly large pine trees. The rain and clouds prevent



Winnowing beans to separate beans from chaff. This is done in March or early April.

seeing any more than about thirty rods. If it were clear, the view from this window would be really beautiful. All down the mountain sides are little plots—some possibly a quarter of an acre in size, some less than half of that again—all shapes and colours. The ones planted with fall wheat are a bright green; others are bright yellow having that grain I mentioned earlier which looks like mustard. Many little fields are dark brown as there is nothing planted in them; they are being prepared for rice. The owners of these little fields all live together in this village. To look at the fields from here, it appears impossible to walk to them but there are narrow paths if you look closely.

In the village we were in last night practically all the people were of two families—perhaps it is the same here; something like clans. I see my paper is getting scarce. As we have two more places to visit I shall save some space for them.

### Friday 4 p.m.

Fifty minutes uphill and another thirty down brought us to this place called Kuangli. God was kind to us.





As we left at two o'clock it was raining quite heavily but soon quit and it rained very little more until we arrived here. Then it came down heavily again.

At Huangliao the Christians are scarce—a man, wife and little daughter along with some other person came to the Sacraments. For the little girl it was a great day as it was her First Confession and Communion. After breakfast I baptized the youngest girl of that family—a little over a year old. Since we arrived here we have discovered that what was formerly the chapel no longer exists. The room is still here, of course, but the seats have all been stolen by soldiers. The priest's room is still intact; the furniture is quite good. There is a really fancy looking bed; a sort of dresser, a table and two chairs. This time the room is downstairs just off the family living room (which doubles as dining room). Today as I had dinner at Huangliao I realized all the more just how much a room resembles a lean-to. As we sat eating, under another table beside us a big black pig was having his dinner. The owner told us it was worth \$40,000. He thinks it would dress a hundred lbs. of pork and the latter sells at \$400 a pound.

Just now they asked me if I could eat duck eggs as hen's eggs cannot be bought here. They always think they must have something extra for the priest, they are so kind. I could easily get along with exactly what



they eat. "Hai fu" tells them all I eat eggs at home so they think I need them everywhere I go. He tells them also how well I like potatoes; the owner of the house says they have nothing to eat but they *do* have potatoes. It is the Chinese custom, even though the table is groaning under the weight of food: "We have nothing to offer you".

Two lads have been staring at me all the while I have been writing this. I looked up just now to think of something to tell you and they decided they had better move on! I must have looked rough or tough. After them a young mother with babe in arms has replaced them as sidewalk foreman (or should it be forewoman). My room smells like a granary and indeed it looks like one.

### March 2nd, Saturday night

This is the end of the road; a place called Chiukam. It only remains now for us to get back to our starting place. That we will try to do after Mass and breakfast tomorrow morning. In some ways this is the best spot yet. For one thing I have a lamp—just like I might



have back in dear old Canada. I am not sure what kind of oil is burning but it throws a good light. I believe this is the first time I've used a lamp like this since I left the homeland.

At our last stop there were only four for the Sacraments and after Mass I baptized the little girl. It was ten-thirty when we left there and it was raining. I tied the two blankets on my back as it is hard for Hai fu to keep everything under his umbrella. At three-thirty we arrived here. We stopped at a pagan temple for dinner: two bowls of rice and two eggs. Our feet were a little damp but otherwise we were O.K. We had to climb the highest hill we have yet struck. It took a half-hour steady climb.

This seems to be a rather wealthy home in which the chapel and priest's room are located. He has two or three foreign clocks, something very few here can afford. The sun is their time-piece. By the way, I was badly wrong about the furniture in the room I had last night. It doesn't belong to the mission at all—in fact they had me in what is really the bridal-suite! No wonder it was better than ordinary.

Said Mass this morning on a table we arranged in the lean-to. A fine crowd of pagans watched the whole procedure.



Principal Mo and four bright pupils of our Lishui school.

### Sunday 7.30 p.m.

Long, long ago I remember reading a story about Pat and Mike. They were walking to a certain place and asked how far it was. "Five miles" they were told. After walking for quite awhile they asked again and the reply was: "Five miles".—"Begorra", said Pat to Mike, "we're holding our own, anyway". Well this morning at 9.30 we left Chiukam. We were told it was 25 li (about 8 or 9 miles). After one hour's walk we were told it was still 30 li ahead!

The congregation was small this morning: the owner of the house where we had the chapel, with his wife and daughter. The war has scattered many families the sons being drafted into the army and then the rest of the family moving to some spot where they might eke out an existence. I must say the Christians I met on this trip seemed very good ones; that is a great consolation. One good one is worth ten indifferent ones.

By one o'clock, after a rather easy walk as much of it was downgrade, we reached our first stop. The stone steps had been slippery after the two-



day rain and required special care. We were plenty tired and hungry. A couple of bowls of rice, two eggs and a little vegetable put us into shape for the rest of the journey—about ten miles, but since it was straight along a level gravel highway it was a pleasure after the mountain climbing.

It was exactly six o'clock when we reached the house. As we had not arrived at one o'clock as I had said, our cook decided we were not coming at all and had everything barred up. By about seven I sat down to a supper of potatoes, fried fresh pork, bread and some kind of vegetable. Now I intend taking it easy for a

day or so before preparing next Sunday's sermon. During this month of March I hope your patron St. Joseph will obtain great blessings for you.



## Two Men in a Boat!

B. Kirby, S.F.M.

### Time

5 a.m. — the break of dawn on a beautiful tropical day.

### Place

A fast flowing enchanting little river.

### Circumstances

A dirty little jeep sitting in the middle of the river.

### Occupants

Two frustrated missionaries.

### Reason

The jeep is stalled!

But it really wasn't too serious, you know, because up at the mission to be visited the people had already admitted the impossibility of the Padres arriving for Mass that day — only two days before that little river had been a raging torrent 15 feet deep carrying trees and shifting boulders —

### Conversation

*Driver:* "Nice day eh?"

*Other:* "Do you suppose the water is cold?"

*Driver:* "Why don't you try it — and give me a push while you are out there?"

*Other:* "Well, since you're getting wet with that water coming in through the holes in the floor, you might as well get out and have some exercise yourself."

*Driver:* "What we need on a day like this is a submarine."

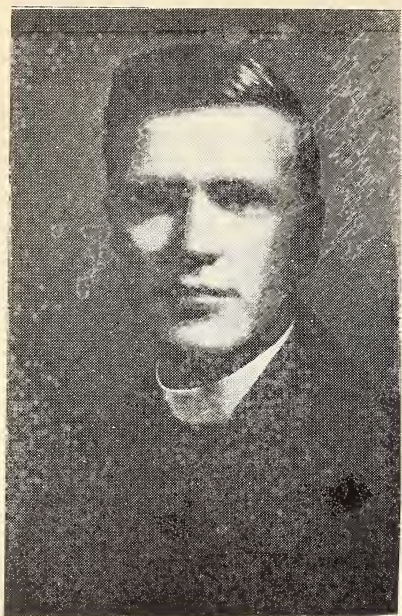
*Other:* "Guess we're lucky we didn't get across — the other river crossings further up the trail are worse and we'd have been marooned on that hill up ahead."

*Both Padres:* "Look! there's a bunch of men — hola amigos!"

*One Hour Later:* Two sighs of relief—

*Reason:* Jeep back on dry land.

*Both Padres:* "Well it's a nice day if it doesn't rain — and this river goes down a bit more."



# The Mass of Minerva

By

George Courtright  
S.F.M.

**W**HAT a strange title for a story! Sounds almost blasphemous, doesn't it?

That's what I thought too, as I sat reading an old church almanac and saw the same words "Misa de Minerva" in Spanish staring out at me from the faded yellow pages. The almanac, published by the archdiocese of Santo Domingo, bore the date April 1910. It had been the custom in these days to issue a monthly schedule of church activities for the city of Santo Domingo. Each of the four parishes, on succeeding Sundays, had been designated to celebrate the Mass of Minerva, and it was this schedule that I held in my hands.

It was, indeed, puzzling. In fact, many of the customs of this tropical island and former Spanish colony always have been puzzling to the priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. There are, for instance, the many and varied ways of ringing the

church bells; the use of string and wind instruments in the choir on special feasts; the saying of Mass in the Army barracks when the church would do just as nicely—just to mention a few.

But this particular Mass of Minerva was something that defied explanation. Minerva, to me, sounded like a pagan goddess and so she was. The Greeks called her Athena and the Romans called her Minerva, but that still didn't explain why the "Mass of the Minerva" should be celebrated in Santo Domingo. I was stumped but curious.

Then, one fine day I read about a church in Rome. Its name was "Maria Sopra Minerva", that is, "St. Mary's over Minerva". More searching revealed that the ancient Romans had once built a magnificent temple to their goddess Minerva, whom they looked upon as patroness of agriculture and household arts. When Christianity replaced paganism in



Rome, a beautiful church dedicated to Our Lady was built over the ruins of the former temple of Minerva.

But then, I asked myself, what was the connection between the church of St. Mary's over Minerva, and the Mass of the Minerva? The church was situated in Rome, but the Masses referred to in the almanac were celebrated in Santo Domingo, in the West Indies. There was, no doubt, some connection between the two, and my problem was still **unsolved**. In addition, what kind of a Mass would it be—a Mass in honour of Mary—or some special votive Mass borrowed from Rome?

Curiosity is said to have killed the cat and curiosity was also killing me. Perhaps some of the older native priests might be able to tell me. The nearest one lived some 24 miles away and to reach him meant travelling over a dusty gravel road full of potholes. It was at this moment that a brainwave hit me.

In this town of El Seibo there lives an unusual man. His name is Leon Beras Morales, church organist and singer, of many years' standing. Don Leon, as he is affectionately known, began as an altar boy in Seibo about 50 years ago. He is endowed

with a remarkable memory and reads widely, remembering everything he has ever read. This was the person above all others, who would remember the meaning of the words "Mass of Minerva". I approached him and questioned him. At first he was hazy, because Masses of Minerva had gone out of style some years ago. Then he remembered, for he had read of the custom himself in the same almanac, when he was a young man. I quote Don Leon:

"The Mass of Minerva means a Mass celebrated with the Blessed Sacrament exposed towards the end of Mass. The Blessed Sacrament remains exposed all day. It is called Minerva because this type of Mass was most popular in the church of Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome."

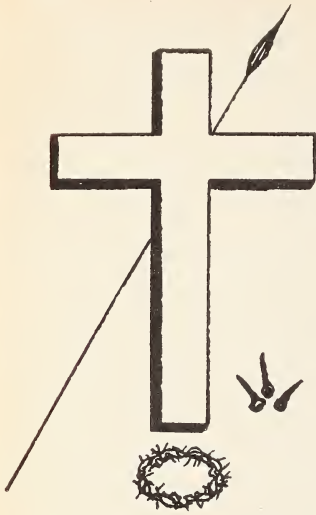
Here in two minutes of conversation with the town sage, I had solved the problem that had been bothering me for months. I take off my hat to Don Leon Beras Morales for his storehouse of knowledge and now I'm going back to my regular duties, secure in the knowledge that the Mass of Minerva is just another Spanish custom borrowed from the Eternal City.

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Circulation Department.



# Catholics Courageous

By

R. J. Pelow, S.F.M.

*A Thought for March*

committed treason". And so another Catholic, Thomas More, saint and former chancellor of all England, died a martyr for the Faith, a shining example of fortitude.

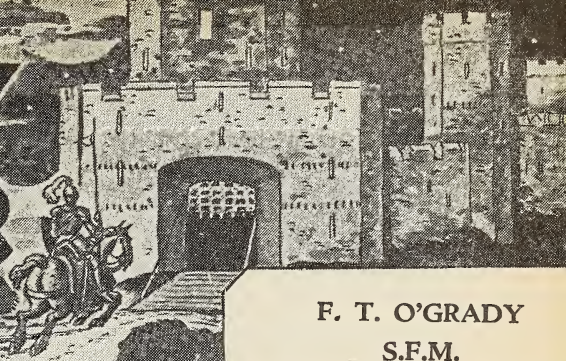
The virtue of fortitude is a supernatural, moral virtue that strengthens the soul in the execution of difficult enterprises without allowing it to be deterred by fear, even by the fear of death. It is the authentic courage which we see resplendent in the martyrs which is required in Christian life. And this is so not only in times of persecution but in daily life when we must overcome the innumerable obstacles to virtue along with the trials, difficulties, illnesses we meet in the service of God.

In reading the lives of the martyrs we used to think of persecution as something of the past. The names of Cardinal Mindszenty, Archbishop Stepinac, the grim stories that seep out from under the Iron Curtain about ordinary folks like ourselves, make us realize that we are living NOW in an age where the virtue of fortitude is one we should pray for ardently. The recent war made the phrase "it can't happen here" obsolete. Recent events have taught us to pray for our persecuted brethren in other lands and for ourselves that we may be strong and perfect Christians after the manner of St. Thomas More.

**H**E was to die in half an hour. His "crime" was that he declared the English Parliament had no power to make Henry VIII head of the Church. Now he was about to lose his head to save his soul. When he arrived at the scaffold the ladder leading up to it was so shaky that he needed the help of the guard to mount it. So he jested: "I pray thee see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself". His last words to the crowd, the words of one charged with treason, were: "I die loyal to God and the King, but to God first of all". Then he knelt and said the Miserere. The executioner must have looked quite fearful for when the accused arose from prayer he said to him: "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office; my neck is very short; take heed therefore that thou strike not awry, for saving of thy honesty". Just before he laid his head upon the block he delayed a moment to make sure his beard was clear of it observing that there was no reason for cutting it since "it had never



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**F**RANCIS Bacon wrote: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." This old rule has never had greater application than now. In our lives the printed word plays an extraordinary part. Not an hour passes without our being called upon to read something, whether it be a book, pamphlet, notice, sign, bulletin, report, statement, newspaper, or some sort of advertisement. Although 90% of this reading matter is really what Bloy called "intellectual garbage," it still passes under our eyes; the problem is to avoid having it pass through our minds.

In sheer self-defense, most people have developed the ability to ignore what they see. All the day long they could ride through the countryside with the highways walled in with billboards and yet never see one of them. The eye has been taught to become blind to print; the sad result is that the same eye cannot now read what is worthwhile. We have become a nation of cyclops, a one-eyed people, and all we can see are technicolour superlatives.

## On Tasting

Bacon says that some books are to be tasted, that is read, only in parts. There is a widespread feeling that this is cheating. After all, they

will say, the author took the trouble to write the whole 1,000 pages so if I buy or borrow or steal the book the least I can do is to read it through to the bitter end. Folks use this argument about almost every book with the exception of the bible! They draw the line there and it's a rare bird indeed who has read the Apocalypse. (Incidentally one still meets Catholics who think that parts of the bible are on the index! The truth of the matter is that indulgences have been granted for reading the gospels even for fifteen minutes.)

You have heard of people who "read" a book a day, and have been doing this for twenty years or more. Obviously they do not read every word of every book, nor is there any need to do so. One must learn to skip. Very few authors intend people to read every line; and this is true above all of novels. If you like lengthy descriptions, you will be apt to linger over such; but surely they are seldom essential to the story. In non-fiction books the same rule holds: *learn to skip*. This simply means that the reader will develop a system of evaluation. Why are you reading the book? What do you expect it to do for you? If you are seeking information and the book is endowed with a good index, it might well be that 80% of the book need never be read. Do not allow

any guilt-complex to arise either! After all who has ever read a telephone book from cover to cover!

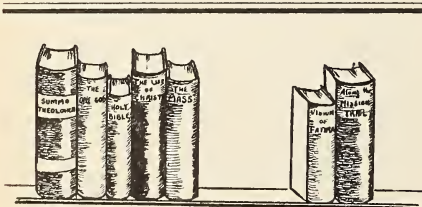
### On Swallowing

Some books deserve to be read right through, but in a rapid way. They are worth reading, but do not linger. Dickens comes to mind. *David Copperfield* is worth reading but read it quickly. There are more important things to spend time on.

The same might well be said concerning many spiritual books which have appeared in the past twenty years; I mean books which dilute information on the spiritual life. Such authors take a source like Marmion, then break his writings down, water them plentifully, and finally they produce the weakest gruel imaginable. It is not worth while spending much time on these. Try to discover their source and read it for yourself. It will be slower going, admittedly, but better for you. One is reminded of the tablets of penicillin which so many use to get rid of sore throats. They have about 1,000 units in them. And then one hears of doses of penicillin of 300,000 units! The tablet can scarcely be effective. Neither can spiritual books which water down original classics by some 300%.

### On Chewing and Digesting

The best books deserve the compliment of being read and reread. They are the books which feed your mind with lofty thoughts and supply the will with adequate motives for the



improvement of your conduct. If they merely entertain, they may be good, but they do not deserve *study*. This last treatment should be given to those books which influence your life for holiness. All of these comments suppose that you are now out of school and you are urged to study a few classics with the same intensity you developed the night before examinations! But without the frantic urgency.

### What is a Classic?

There is always controversy when you begin listing books. You may be guilty of one extreme: too few; or the other extreme: too many. Of the first school of thought the usual thing is to recommend the Bible and Shakespeare. Frequently the man making the list has read neither! They should be read, of course, and so should many others, but the limit will be decided by taste, education, temperament, etc. The guilty parties recommending too many books are the book clubs. To read their advertisements, *every* book



is a classic, whether concerning Babe Ruth or the United Nations. From overuse of superlatives they have all but lost their persuasive power. By now everybody is suspicious when the expression "another classic" appears.

The practical middle path, it seems to me, would be to examine your reading practices at the moment and decide what you want to do. Reading is a means, a technique, an instrument for development. If you want to knit, or play golf, or run a farm, your particular interest will decide what you should read. I can see no sense in reading for the sake of reading. There are better eye-exercises than that. Even reading to develop your mind, is a motive a little too general for me. Why not decide to read in order to develop mental qualities for a specific purpose? The best purpose is always to do something for the love of God.

### Religious Reading

Increasing numbers of Catholics are reading religious books, that is, books which are concerned with religious themes or are explanatory of our belief. The vast majority of such books are dull, heavy, poorly printed, badly bound, too expensive, translations from the German which have more German phraseology than English, and lack an index. To plough them is penance and they



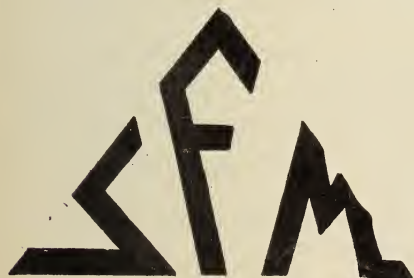
Save stamps for the Missions.

might well be recommended for Lent.

It is equally true that there are other books with none of these drawbacks. The average Catholic may want to know what they are. He can't believe the blurbs, and frequently he cannot trust the judgment of the chap who lives down the street because they have different temperaments and tastes.

Rather than ask anybody to begin with real religious classics, here is a list of books which provide a smatter of everything, yet all will provide *some* religious instruction. Some are serious in vein, others are hilarious, yet all have a connection with religious belief.

*The Seven Storey Mountain*, by Thomas Merton; *You Can Change The World*, by James Keller; *The Mass In Slow Motion*, by Ronald Knox; *A Catholic Reader*, by Brady; *A Map of Life*, By Sheed; *The Story of Christ*, by Papini; *Our Lady of Fatima*, by Walsh; *The Guest-Room Book*, by Sheed; *The Loved One*, by Waugh; *Father Malachy's Miracle*, by Marshall; *Spiritual Combat*, by Scupoli; *Orthodoxy*, by Chesterton; *Introduction to a Devout Life*, by St. Francis de Sales; *The Screw-tape Letters*, by C. S. Lewis; *Within*



*That City*, by Lunn; *Christ the Life of the Soul*, by Marmion; *Difficulties in Mental Prayer*, by Boylan; *The Secret of the Little Flower*, by Gheon; *The Formation of Character*, by Hull; *Whom Do You Say?* by Arendzen.

### Your Own Book Club

The suggestion is for you to organize twelve households interested in reading "Catholic" books. The term is used to mean that the contents of the books have a bearing on Catholic belief even though the author might not be a Catholic, e.g.: C. S. Lewis, author of *Screwtape Letters*. First step then, is to organize twelve households. Second step will be to have each household buy *one* book. If you have not read the twenty volumes suggested, pick out any twelve from the list. Each household must now read the book purchased in *one month*. Then circulate the books on hand every month until at the end of a year each household

will have read twelve books, for the price of one. To balance expenses, let the secretary of your club divide the total cost into twelve and everyone comes out even. Or let each party simply keep the particular volume they bought in the first place. Or better still, when you have all read the twelve books, send them to me! They will then be lent to prospective converts, whom, I am sure, you always remember in your prayers.



**WANTED:** Father McCarthy in Santo Domingo says he wants enough mouth organs to have a little band. He says he could organize such a group almost in any mission. For his main stopping place he wants some bugles and drums. There are boys with real musical talent but no instruments. His letter also mentioned a piano accordion which he could carry on his mule to the campos. And finally tiny trophy cups which you have lying around the house for years and wonder what to do with! These could serve as prizes down there either for a dramatic or singing contest which he is planning for his boys.

When making your will remember the foreign missions! Money is urgently needed for our new seminary and to reconstruct mission stations in China.



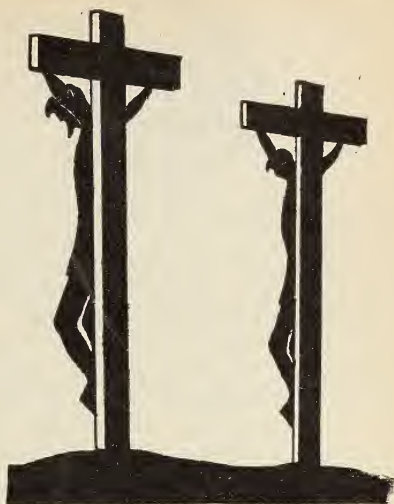
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# Canadian Coliseum

By

J. E. Gault  
S.F.M.

---



“THE world is filled with them.”

“With what?”

“With martyrs.”

“What do you mean?”

“People who have nothing more to think of than their own petty difficulties.”

Such is the present day, popular notion of a martyr.

How different is the true meaning! It is as far removed from this ironical one as our efforts to live up to the Christian Faith are from those of the real martyrs.

Our Divine Saviour sent forth His disciples to give testimony to Himself and to His doctrine. “You will be witnesses . . . even to the ends of the earth.”

The martyrs fulfilled this command in a most perfect way. Their testimony consisted in suffering and dying rather than deny Christ and their faith in His teachings.

It is unthinkable that we who share their convictions should permit their memory, their example, their inspiration to disappear from the minds of men. Is it possible that we who

share their Faith should fail to profit spiritually by their martyrdom?

Generally, we consider the first three centuries of the Christian era as the age of the martyrs. This period was slowly brought to a triumphant conclusion as the Romans abandoned the bloody sacrifice of Christians in their great Coliseum for the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass. Finally, the Roman Emperors themselves recognized the fact that their persecutions were leading to nothing else but a Christian victory, and after first granting the Church complete freedom, made Her the official religion of the Empire.

With the dawn of this era the Faithful began to vie with each other in embellishing and beautifying the tombs of the Martyrs who had paid the supreme price for freedom and peace. In time, great churches were erected above the earthly remains of these Christian heroes. Thus, their memory, example and influence would continue their fruitfulness down through the centuries.



Perhaps the greatest memorial to the Martyrs is the Roman Coliseum. During fifteen hundred years it was a centre of pilgrimage. Pious souls had certain Christian symbols erected in order to promote devotion, such as an indulgenced Cross, the Via Crucis, etc. If being present in the very place of so many spiritual victories failed to influence some sluggish minds then it was hoped that such material tokens would lead them to meditate profitably on the Martyrs' testimonials to Christ's teachings.

In the year 1874 the Italian government desecrated the arena by having all evidences of Christianity destroyed. It contended that, "such religious memorials were not in keeping with the pagan character of the ruin."

This open insult to Catholics aroused a storm of protest from all sides. Perhaps one of the strongest objections was made by a priest of our own Archdiocese of Toronto. Father Augustine O'Reilly, in the preface to the sixth edition of his book, "Martyrs of the Coliseum," gave strongly worded expression to his righteous indignation which was shared by all true Christians the world over.

However, to truly benefit by the lessons taught by the Martyrs a far more important element is necessary than the presence of material memorials to their valor. That element is our willingness to be taught and duly influenced by them. Only to men of good will do such monuments speak eloquently.

Thirteen years after Father O'Reilly witnessed the removal of all vestiges of Christianity from the Coliseum, Saint Therese of Lisieux visited the hallowed ruins. In her Autobiography she laments the fact that the surroundings were not very conducive to devotion. However, where there is a will there is a way. She and her sister, Celine, in spite of certain difficulties, sought out the spot where the Martyrs fought the good fight. The Saint's reactions are expressed in these words: "My heart beat violently when I pressed my lips to the dust once reddened with the blood of the early Christians. And as I begged for the grace to be also a martyr for Jesus, I felt a deep conviction that my prayer was heard."

We who live in the New World are far removed from the Roman Coliseum and it is very unlikely that many of us will ever have the opportunity of imitating Saint Therese. Nor is such a visit necessary, for God has given us our own "Coliseum." It is situated in the Province of Ontario; in the Archdiocese of Toronto. It is the Shrine of the Canadian Martyrs near Midland. The ruins of old Fort Ste. Marie speak just as eloquently as do the ruins of Rome's famous arena.







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Unfortunately, the lessons taught by the Canadian Martyrs do not seem to be grasped by us. Their example of Christian sacrifice and living are not imitated by us. A persevering inspiration does not seize us upon hearing of their heroic exploits. The very memory of them in any way does not exist in the minds of many Canadian Catholics.

Why? Because of the lack of willingness to be influenced.

Certainly, no government is trying to efface every trace of these Martyrs, in our midst. Strange to say, even non-Catholics have come to the fore in order to impress the memory of these great men upon our minds and imaginations. Witness the two splendid works, "The Champlain Road" by F. D. McDowell and "Brebeuf and His Brethren" by E. J. Pratt. Moreover, a beautiful church has been raised in their honour, not far from the centre of their work in what was once known as Huronia. Many other efforts have also been made to arouse our interest. Still, the example of those brave French Jesuits does not seem to have its due influence. The seed of Christianity, their own blood, which they sowed in our Canadian soil, has not produced a bountiful harvest.

The Master certainly sowed good seed. Whence then has it cockle? An

enemy hath done this. That enemy is our own lack of good will.

St. John de Brebeuf, in the midst of his sufferings, exhorted and encouraged the Huron converts, also victims of the Iroquois ferocity, to persevere till the end. He even sought to bring his torturers to repentance. To silence him they cut off his lips and nose. But his tongue continued to exhort. Then it was burnt with glowing coals and flaming pitch, so that he could no longer preach the sacred truths nor praise God's holy name.

However, his example speaks more clearly and more eloquently than his lips and tongue could ever have done. Actions always speak louder than words. Therefore, the acts of Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier and Chabanel resound down through the years for all who have hearts to hear. Three centuries ago they spoke with Martyrs' voices. They gave testimony to the truth of their Saviour's teachings. They planted the seed of Faith in Canada.

The challenge has been made. Will we, their spiritual descendants, fail to make the little sacrifices, to meet the comparatively small difficulties which confront us in our spiritual lives? God commanded of them the supreme sacrifice and they were generous. Will we, in our turn, do as God commands?

The Canadian Martyrs say to us as did a certain Roman Martyr, just before his death, to his converted gaoler: "Good-bye, do not forget my faith, may this sight not scare thee but confirm thee."





# Wang Hsia Jen

By

Thomas Morrissey  
S.F.M.

THE subject of my first sketch: Wang Hsia Jen, came from the most western mission of our new diocese of Lishui. Now from its most Eastern one, Tsingtien, I shall present to you another Wang (no relation to the former). During my four or five months stay in Tsingtien between Japanese invasions I came to know Wang Yu Fang. At the time she was a student in the local high school. The family, all Catholics, consisted of their father, two sisters in their late teens, and four brothers. Mr. Wang was far from being the 'proud' father of two late teen aged, unmarried daughters. As a matter of fact he was visibly ageing because he was still son-in-lawless. Splendid matrimonial proposals had been made to him for the younger of his two daughters, Yu Fang. He would have accepted any and all but his daughter had different ideas. She wanted to be a Sister. She warned her father very definitely that any matrimonial arrangements made by him for her would be 'vetoed'. During the 'crisis' or 'crises' I was adviser to Yu Fang and, naturally, told her "to stick by her guns". Every Sunday afternoon the same conversation ensued . . . Shenfu, hsiang fa tsu . . . Father, think of a plan. At the time the Grey Nuns of Lishui were refugeeing in Hunan and the only religious communities that I knew of were either

in occupied territory or literally on the other side of the railroad tracks (Hankow-Canton) so all were impossible of access for Yu Fang. The atom bomb finally proved to be her 'fa tsu' as after its arrival in the Land of the Rising Sun the Japanese cleared out of our Prefecture and the priests, Frs. Carey, McQuaid and Joe Murphy who were concentrated, returned to Lishui. Fr. J. Murphy went to Tsingtien and soon afterwards arranged for Yu Fang to enter the Salesian Sisters in Shanghai. Some few days ago I received a letter from her and I quote "Father, I received the holy habit of our community yesterday. At long last I am a nun. Please remember me in your Mass and prayers that I shall be a holy Nun, a faithful servant of Jesus whom I want to love more and more. Your spiritual daughter, Yu Fang."

To you, dear readers, such is but routine for many, many Catholic girls at home. But if you were aware of the many seemingly insurmountable difficulties with which my 'spiritual daughter' had to contend you would admire her even as I do. Her family were new Christians, she herself but eight years baptized . . . by Fr. Desmond Stringer, I believe . . . her father was far from being keen on his educated daughter becoming a Nun since educated daughters in ordinary families are rare entities.



Her marriage to the son of a wealthy father would have assured him, Yu Fang's father, a secure old age and so on ad infinitum. To appreciate such you would have to know China, her language, the mentality of her people and other things which I think I know sufficiently well to have a real honest-to-goodness respect for Yu Fang and happily to list her among 'People I Know'.

**Bamboo Quonset!** The old house simply collapsed so the owner built anew. If you try this, just make a big flat mat, then bend it to the shape desired and the housing problem is solved.



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## Communion Prayer for Young Missionaries

**O** LORD, it is true that I continue to ignore Your plans for my youth, but whenever I read the stories told by our Missionaries, I clearly see how great are the benefits You have bestowed upon me.

A moment ago, You entered my heart. During this Sacred Banquet, in which You distribute Your gifts, You spoke to me with words of love . . . How different it is, oh Jesus, for millions of boys and girls throughout the world who do not know Your Sacred Name.

Behold good Master, how Africa remains covered with darkness while I enjoy your peaceful light.—Behold, how China and Japan are deprived of Your Presence while I am filled with Your Divinity . . .

Behold India, so rich in natural gifts but so poor in grace, yet I, from my infancy, have had access to the treasures of Your Faith.

I do not know what You have planned for my future, good Jesus, but if You want me for the Missions, then behold me here, willing to serve You thus. Tell me, where ought I to go? No matter what may be the place You have destined for me, whether it be far away on the Missions or here in my homeland, I beg You not to deny me the grace which I seek to-day; each time that I receive You in Holy Communion, please bless some pagan child.—I will buy this soul with my studies, with my hours of class, with my daily routine; I will win it by conquering myself during recreation and at mealtime . . . I need this soul, my Jesus! I do not wish to be alone, enjoying your graces, when far away many children are dying of misery.

*Translated from the Spanish:  
"Nuestra Vida" (Mexico), January  
1, 1949.*



He was a budding artist with paint and brush. After several weeks of enthusiastic labor he had just completed his first landscape. He was showing it off to one of his friends.

"I'll let you have the honour of suggesting a title for it," he said.

"Call it 'home'."

"But why call it that, seeing it's a landscape?"

"Because there's no place like it," was the candid reply.

\* \* \*

Johnny Brown had missed school. The next day he brought this excuse from his father:

"Dear Teacher: Please excuse John's absence from school yesterday. He fell in the river and got all wet. By doing the same you will oblige,

Mr. Brown."

\* \* \*

Dinah had been having trouble with an ulcerated tooth for some time before she got up enough courage to see a dentist. The moment he touched her tooth she screamed at the top of her lungs.

"What are you making such a racket for?" demanded the doctor. Don't you know that I'm a painless dentist?"

"Well, sah," retorted Dinah, "mebbe yo' is painless, but ah isn't."

\* \* \*

Those who have seen the freedom with which American troops spend money will enjoy this story from India.

An American, having hired a tonga for a distance the ordinary fare for which would be half a rupee, magnanimously handed the driver a 50-rupee note.

The man shook his head violently and demanded 60.

"No," said the American, "that's enough. I shan't pay any more.

The Indian thereupon accepted the money and walked away, leaving the tonga and pony with the purchaser.

\* \* \*

### *Discussion*

Two friends were having a heated discussion when one suddenly faced the other resolutely saying: "What in the devil do you take me for?" Do you think I am stupid?" — "Why no, man," replied the other quietly, "but anyone can make a mistake."

\* \* \*

### *In The Prison*

"And you, my friend, why are you here?"

"For commercial competence, sir. The banks and I make similar bills, of the one hundred and five hundred denomination."

\* \* \*

### *Between Friends*

Is it not true that women generally survive their husbands?

Yes . . . especially the widows.

\* \* \*

### *It Wasn't The Same*

The owner of a central bar was peacefully sleeping at six a.m. when the telephone rang: "At what time do you open?" inquired a drunken voice. — "At eleven o'clock sharp." replied the bar-tender. — A minute later the telephone sounded again. — "At what time did you say you opened" — "At eleven o'clock" cried the owner furiously, "and you can't enter a minute sooner. — "Who is talking about entering?" said the voice. "I want to get out."



# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

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*If you cannot go to the missions yourself, then do the next best thing:  
help somebody else who will be your delegate. The money you invest will  
return to you a hundredfold in eternity.*

*Address all contributions to the*

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**  
**SCARBORO BLUFFS — ONTARIO**



# MR. WONG

*says*

## Ridicule a hole; Do not ridicule a patch.

One frequently hears people complain that the foreign missions are a useless drain on the resources of the Church. Why pour men and money into such countries when the returns are so meagre? One answer is that returns are very hard to measure. In the spiritual life, this is impossible. Who can measure the blinding value of one human soul?

Actually, by now the Church has sent missionaries to every country on earth. There are no holes left. But the cloth is pretty thin in many spots; that's where the patches have to go. Will you help?





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Ever hear of the catacombs? Of course you did. They were underground passages near Rome where the early Christians used to hide in times of persecution. You remember them from your history classes. Although I've never seen them I've been told that they stretch for miles and miles, all underground. Imagine what it must have been like to go down into them and live there for long stretches of time!

When the enemies of religion persecuted the Christians, it was a very good place indeed to go to hold religious services. Away down there underground they used to gather, say prayers, and have Mass. That was one time when the candles on the altar were not simply ornaments. They really provided light for the priest and people to read their missals. After the prayers were all over, many of those Christians would come up again and go about their business in Rome.

Some of them though could not do this. They were prominent people and their arrest had been ordered. If they so much as showed their face above ground they would be tortured and killed. That's why so many of them came up only at night or even just lived down there for several years until the persecution was over. Wouldn't that be a terrible

thing to suffer so much? They were saints though and glad to suffer for Christ.

Well just a few years ago there were some Roman boys who heard about these catacombs and they decided to visit them. They went down underground and they had a great time playing in those dark passages and tunnels. After several hours they decided to come up again and go home. However, which way was up? They soon realized that they were lost and although they shouted as loudly as they could, no answer came.

Imagine the panic they felt! Down in the dark, their candles burnt out, all darkness around them and nobody knew which way lay safety! Finally they agreed that they were lost, could expect no help, and might walk for weeks in those long tunnels without finding the exit so they got down on their knees and said a prayer to their patron saints. As they got down, one boy happened to reach with his hand to the dirt floor. He suddenly got a wonderful idea. He felt around with his hand in the dirt and he could trace a footprint! He realized that it must be there a long time before he could trace it perfectly . . . in fact he could tell right away which foot-step it was and which way it led.

Well you know what happened next. He told his companions and they went along on their knees, feeling for the footprints. Whose footprints? Why they were the footprints of the saints who had lived in the catacombs many centuries ago and sure enough, eventually they found their way out!

Boys and girls this whole world is a vast catacomb. It's often dark and strange and we don't know where we are nor where we are going. What should we do about it? Look for the footprints of the saints. Which way are they going? Then that's the way we should go too if we are to find our way to God. All we have to do is get down on our knees!

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.



Brian Rush of 65 Rockford St., Charlotte-town, P.E.I.



Mary Frances Novakowski, age 6, of St. Agnes school, Guelph, Ont.



### QUICKIE QUIZZ

Who is the patron saint of Canada?  
Prize given for best letter answering this.



---

## Lent is Here!

---

I'm sure all the Buds who can, will be making very special sacrifices during this holy season. Remember the missions, please. Many of you should be able to receive Holy Communion every day. If you can, please pray for the boys and girls in the missions of China, Santo Domingo and Japan.

---





Dear Father Jim:

Sorry I delayed so long in sending my renewal for CHINA. I am sending it because I passed into second Form and would you offer it that I may pass with high marks at Christmas?

Rita Kearns,  
Enterprise, Ontario.

Dear Rita:

Thank you for your Christmas gift and I hope you had good luck with the examinations. Did you have a white Christmas at Enterprise? We have lost all our snow in Toronto. Glad to hear from you again.

Dear Father Jim:

Here is a little note for you. I was on Retreat this year. I offered it up for the children in China. The Sisters were very nice to me.

Sincerely yours,  
Gladys Murphy,  
Sheet Harbour,  
Nova Scotia.

Dear Gladys:

That was a fine thing to do. China's children are always in need of prayers and with the new threat to their country their troubles will be worse before getting better. I hope all our Buds remember them in their daily prayers. If all of us pray our

CHINA

very best God will soon find a way out of the mess over there.

Dear Father Jim:

I have not written for a long time but now I am sending you these fifty stamps. My brother and I have been receiving Holy Communion and saying prayers for the missions. My brother has made his First Communion.

Yours sincerely,  
Geoffrey Charlebois,  
30 Thornhill Ave.,  
Westmount, P.Q.

Dear Geoffrey:

Stamps help missions; the more the better so thank you very much. Even better of course are the prayers. The stamps bring money but the prayers bring Grace. To help the missions we will need a lot of both so I am very pleased that you have contributed both things. Keep up the good work.

Dear Father Jim:

Here are some stamps, a donation, and I have already offered prayers. I read the CHINA every month, especially the Mail Bag.

Sincerely,  
Jacqueline Ruel,  
239 Victoria Road,  
Tecumseh, Ontario.

Dear Jacqueline:

Well, well you have certainly covered the field for the missions! We need many missionaries like Jacqueline who are so willing to help us in every way. Let's get boys and girls from every school in Canada and Newfoundland to work for our missions in China, Santo Domingo and Japan too.

Dear Father Jim:

*I would like to become a member of the Rose Garden. Will you please send me a mite box?*

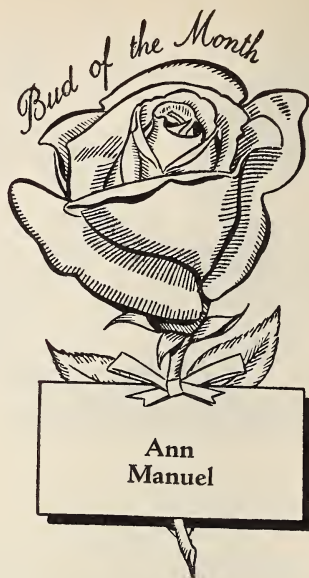
*Yours truly,  
Juliette Labelle,  
Chelsea, Quebec.*

Dear Juliette:

Welcome to The Little Flower's Rose Garden. Every new Bud is a help for our missions and our Garden gets bigger and better every year. You know St. Theresa is helping all of us in heaven but we have to do our share of the work here on earth. Very pleased to have you with us Juliette.



Send used stamps to  
Nazareth House,  
St. Mary's, Ontario



Ann has been filling her mite box for the missions and praying very hard for the conversion of mission lands. Thank you very much, Ann, and be assured of a daily remembrance in the prayers of Father Jim. Ann lives at 2 Hill Road, Grand Falls, Nfld.

#### PROMISES OF MEMBERSHIP

1. TO RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION ONCE EACH MONTH FOR AN INCREASE IN MISSIONARY VOCATIONS.
2. TO RECITE THE OFFICIAL PRAYER DAILY FOR THE CONVERSION OF INFIDELS.
3. TO AID THE FATHERS OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY BY SAVING PENNIES FOR THE MISSIONS.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## COLLIERS CENTRAL, NFLD. Conway, Marie, 13, Delorese, 14.

**CORNER BROOK, NFLD.**  
Andre, Bride, 17, 2 Cranes Ave.; Kennedy, Betty, 10; Kennedy, Marjorie, 12, 41 West St.; Lang, Jean, 12, 7 Marcelle Ave.; Nottall, Madelyn, 10, P.O. Box 364, 6 Armstrong Ave.

## FERMEUSE, NFLD. Walsh, Beatrice, 13.

## GAMBO, NFLD. Kelly, Cecilia, 12.

**GRAND FALLS, NFLD.**  
French, Marina, 11, Riverview Rd.; Griffin, Mary, 11, Riverview Rd.; Hayes, Madelaine, 13, Church Rd.; Philippott, Myles, 13, 40 Junction Rd.; Russel, Joan, 10, Riverview Rd.

**TORONTO**  
Corrine, Vivian, 9, 18 Jillson Ave.; Cowie, Clara, 12, Rita, 7, 11 Jillson Ave.; Coyston, Maureen, 6, 385 St. John's Rd.; Crawford, Joan, 6, 123 Evans St.; Cruise, Joan, 8, John, 10, 123 Watson Ave.; Cuccio, Angelina, 13, 71 Earsdale Ave.; Cullinan, Marilyn, 16, 253 St. Clair Ave. E.; Cummer, Anita, 10, 95 Durie St.; Cuttajar, Frank, 7, Joan, 10, John, 11, 25 Batavia Ave.; Dean David, 6, 251 Jane St.; Apt.; De Luca, Anne Marie, 7, 36 Moreland Rd.; Doe, Frank, 9, 493 St. John's Rd.; Douglas, William Edward, 12, 264 Jane St.; Downs, Rose Marie, 17, 3 Broadway Ave.; Doyle, Kathryn, 13, Mary Helen, 7, Birchview Cres.; Durling, David, 13, 292 Armdale Ave.; Dutton, Bernadette, 9, Catherine, 6, James, 8, Joan, 12, 333 Runnymede Rd.; Easton, Audrey, 14, 58 Blantyre Ave.; Edwards, Anne Marie, 14, 75 Woodmount Ave.; Ely, Anna, 11, 33 Hatherley Rd.; Farmica, Roland, 10, 591 Jane St.; Farrelly, Catherine, 13, 788 Annette St.; Favaro, Yolanda, 14, 99 Caledonia Rd. N.; Fitzgerald, Geraldine, 9, 492 Beresford St.; Fitzgerald, Ronald, 11, 132 Brookside Ave.; Formica, Peter, 7, 591 Jane St.; Franks, Bobby, 6, Marlene, 13, Richard John, 12, 75 Brumell Ave.; Friedman, Lois, 9, Maurice, 10, 90A Morningside Ave.; Fullan, Helen, 12, 275 Ludern Ave.; Furlong, Mary, 11, Stella, 12, 32 Lighbourne, Ave.; Galimberti, Ellen, 6, 30 Corbett St.; Gallagher, Joan, 11, 14 Barrie Ave.; Gallagher, Marian, 9, Paul, 11, 3479 Dundas St. W.

**KINGSTON, ONT.**  
Corrigan, Desmond, 13, Isabel, 19, 392 Barrie St.; Corrigan, Dreda, 17, 698 Brock St.; Constanza, Mary Lou, 10, 264 McNab St. N.; Court, John J. M., 10, 361 Union St.; Coyle, Ann, 15, Joseph, 10, 133 Bagot St.; Coyle, John, 13, Leonard, 11, 110 Barrack St.; Crawford, Mary Jane, 13, 147 Ordance St.; Cross, Arthur, 10, Catherine, 14, 91 York St.; Cunningham, Margaret, 19, 34 Main St.; Cunningham, Mary M., 17, Kingston R.R.; Cupido, Anna, 10, 19 Picton St.; Cuthbert, Roy, 10, 39 Clergy St. W.; Dafnas, Doris, 14, 114 Clergy St.; Daly, Bernadette, 10, 354 King St. W.; Daly, Mary, 18, 28 Garrett St.; Davison, Joan, 16, 399 Brock St.; Day, Barbara, 9, 14 Clergy St. W.; De Chateauvert, Ann

Marie, 12, Roberts, 10, Sybil, 15, 98 Charles St.; Delisle, Mary, 10, Ron, 11, 162 Johnston St.; Deodato, Ida, 13, 730 Princess St.; Desrosiers George, 10, St. Mary's Orphanage; Destro, Pauline, 10, 178 McNab St. N.; Devine, Mildred, 11, 56 Lansdowne; Diamond, Gerard E. 13, 288 Division St.; Donoghue, Faye, 11, Heathfield; Donoghue, Ronald, 12, 361 Johnson St.; Donoghue, Teddy, 11, Barriefield; Donovan, Ann, 8, Mary, 11, 236 Princess St.; Donovan, Nora, 13, 37 North Alfred St.; Dorey, Paul, 15, 84 Lower William St.; Dowling, Carol, 13, 328 Victoria St.; Downey, Joseph, 10, 506 College St.; Downey, Joseph, 13, Mary, 12, 12 Upper William St.; Downey, Mary Nora, 9, Bath Road, R.O.; Doyle, Anita, 13, Bernice, 16, Helen, 17, 23 Pine St.; Doyle, Barbara, 17, R.R. 6; Doyle, Bobby, 10, 61 George St.; Doyle, Cecil, 7, Sherman, 9, 62 George St.; Doyon, Claude, 10, 80 Earl St.; Drake, Virginia, 17, 256 King St. E.; Duffe, Helen, 17, Kingston Mills, R.R. 6; Duffey, Dolores, 17, 402 Alfred St.; Dumphy, Bommy, 9, Joan, 17, Mary, 15, Michael, 12, Pauline, 11, 408 Barrie St.; Dumphy, Madeline, 14, Orval John, 11, Virginia, 16, 111 York St.; Dundon, Vincent, 13, 158 Pine St.; Dunn, Joe Ann, 13, 141 Lower William St.; Dupuis, Joseph, 14, Therese, 17, 43 Main St.; Dupuis, Loretta, 15, Nora, 16, 690 Victoria St.; Durman, Don, 13, Kingston, Ont.; Eccles, Michael, 9, 416 King St. E.; Eccles, Patricia, 16, 416 King St. E.; Estes, Arlowyn, 12, 21 Clergy St. W.; Eves, Edward, 10, 103 Cherry St.; Eves, Frances, 11, 315 Montreal St.; Eves, Joseph, 13, 315 Montreal St.; Eves, Kevin, 10, 153 York St.; Fallon, Anne, 12, 305 Alfred St.; Fardellan Margaret, 15, 270 Johnson St.; Farrelly, Bernard, 13, Dorothy, 9, Gerald, 10, R.R. 1; Farrelly, Carmel, 15, Helen, 12, 330 Johnson St.; Filtz, Norman, 8, 22 Colborn St.; Finn, Anna, 16, Fisher, Audrey, 15, Vivian, 14, Yvonne, 11, 91 Quebec St.

## Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages.

Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital  
Plenary, once a month.

(With ecclesiastical approbation.)

# Items of Interest

## New Executive

Members of the Executive of St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary of The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society:

Mrs. J. McNamara—President.

Mrs. A. W. Lawrence—1st Vice-President.

Mrs. S. A. Goodwin—2nd Vice-President.

Miss Joyce Lummiss—Secretary.

Miss Alice Gallagher—Correspondent-Secretary.

Miss Mary Lafrance—Treasurer.

Mrs. T. Hazel—Membership Convener.

Counsellors: Mrs. T. Stables, Mrs. Frank O'Connor, Mrs. C. Shier, Mrs. C. Thompson, Mrs. E. Beavis.

To the members of last year's executive we wish to express our sincere thanks for all their good work in support of the missions and we extend our heartiest congratulations to the newly elected.

\* \* \*

## Semana Social

Havana, Cuba, was the site of the Second Inter-American Week of Catholic Action in February. Eighteen countries were represented by 107 delegates. Very Rev. A. Chafe, S.F.M., our Regional Superior in the Dominican Republic, was one of three delegates from that country. This week of social studies was of particular interest to us inasmuch as there was great discussion concern-

ing co-operatives. Several of our mission parishes in the Dominican Republic have begun this work and Father Chafe was glad to outline the progress already made, as well as learn of encouraging results elsewhere. Throughout Latin America there is great room for co-operatives and with this annual meeting the development of the work will be facilitated.

Delegates concerned with this and the wider aspects of Catholic Action came from as far away as Quebec. The presence of two Cardinals and ten Bishops gives one an idea of the scope of the Week of Studies.

\* \* \*

## Prayers for the Dead

Rev. A. D. O'Brien, C.S.B., Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. John E. McNeil, Christmas Island, C.B., N.S.

Mr. Duncan Angus McRae, father of Rev. Allan McRae, S.F.M., now stationed in Japan.

Mr. Fred Woolcott, Windsor, Ont.

## BOOKS WANTED

Bernanos: Sanctity Will Out.

I. J. Semper:

Hamlet Without Tears.

Dawson:

Judgment of Nations.

Sheed: A Map of Life.





## Prayer for the First Sunday in Lent

O God, Who dost purify Thy Church by the yearly observance of Lent, grant to us in Thine own family, that whatever we try to gain by abstinence, we may *follow up* with *good works*. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.



### Prayer for Vocations

O Almighty God, Whose amiable providence watches over every human event, deign to be my light and my counsel in all my undertakings, especially in the choice of my vocation. Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for me.



# CHINA



Carboro Bluffs, Ontario

APRIL 1949





# BURSES

## FOR THE

PORT HOOD PARISH BURSE .....	\$ 567.30
ST. MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT .....	2,677.15
LITTLE FLOWER BURSE NO. 2 .....	2,489.50
Friend, Mabou, N.S. ....	6.00
IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY .....	2,322.23
ST. JUDE .....	1,535.00
Miss M. M. D., North Sydney, N.S. ....	2.00
BLESSED SACRAMENT .....	1,272.07
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER .....	1,232.00
Mrs. A. J. M., Alcondale, Alta. ....	25.00
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Mrs. M. C., Victoria Mines, N.S. ....	2.00
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Mrs. A. J. M., Alcondale, Alta. ....	25.00
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Mrs. M. C., Springfield, N.S. ....	3.00
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MSGR. McKEON BURSE .....	225.00
ST. ANNE BURSE .....	212.00
Mrs. M. C., Springfield, N.S. ....	2.00
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ST. CHRISTOPHER BURSE .....	207.20
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The future of the missions depends on the number of vocations fostered now. The most expensive feature of this is education.

Will you please help us?

*Address all contributions to the*

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY  
SCARBORO BLUFFS — ONTARIO



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# The Woman Who Prays Most of All

By

George Courtright  
S.F.M.



---

A PATTERN of feet can be heard, and Virgil, the diminutive sexton, furious with energy, comes whirling around the corner of the church. It is just 6 o'clock in the morning, time for Virgil to open the musty church for the day. The rattling of his keys always adds dignity to the ceremony, so it seems, and moreover stresses the importance of his office of sexton.

There are a few old ladies standing around and patiently waiting to enter—the same ones who are there every day at this time. The sun reaches out with blistering fingers that feel along the rusty tin roofs and catch in their glare one old gray head. It is that of Tula, the woman who prays most of all.

She is attired in a plain cotton frock, her black veil wound loosely around her bowed shoulders, and in her hand, held tightly, are three

frayed companions of her long vigil—her prayer books. With an extravagant flourish, Virgil throws open the door, as if he expected loud cheering and applause to break out, for such a gallant act. Tula and the other old ladies file in slowly, each with a faint suspicion of a smile about their lips as they watch Virgil flit to and fro.

The gloomy old church, despite its forlorn exterior, is lavishly ornate within. Blue mosaic tiles form a bewildering yet beautiful design around the lower portion of the walls. Ponderous mahogany doors, built to withstand the strongest hurricane, have heavy pine two-by-fours barring them up. Spanish stained glass windows dimly illuminate the interior.

As the sexton strains to remove the cross-bars and lets in the daylight, Tula takes her small kneeling cushion

from its hiding place on the floor of the pulpit. She is ready to begin.

"Virgil," she whispers hoarsely, "look at the sanctuary lamp, it's almost out."

Virgil nods his head to signify that he is aware of the fact. "That's fine, Dona Tula, I'll attend to it just as soon as I finish dusting these high candlesticks."

Dona Tula can't bear to wait that long. Virgil is still climbing, gnome-like, on top of the main altar flicking dust from here to there to show the old ladies that he really *does* dust the altar, so Tula happily renews the sanctuary lamp herself.

Then, at 6.30 a.m. the first Mass begins. At 7 a.m. there follows a second Mass and now the people are all leaving—all except Dona Tula, the woman who prays most of all. She has remained kneeling during both Masses without the benefit of a pew or a kneeler, and continued to kneel, lost in prayer, for another full hour or more. On special feast days, or if there are late Masses, however, Tula stays right at her post, praying grimly, although she does prefer to use the church when it is not too noisy. As you know, even the most contemplative person finds it very distracting and hard to meditate in the midst of a boisterous throng. In this church, such throngs are quite frequent.

Sometimes it is the children who burst in chattering—they've come to make a sight-seeing visit and kiss the feet of the Saints. Sometimes it is the bare-footed country folk in blue denim who do not realize that their Saviour is truly present, and as a result talk, laugh and argue, and even spit on the floors as they loll about in the pews.

"Shush, shush," says Tula, "don't make so much noise."

She looks owlishly over her horn-rimmed glasses to reprimand them. "I can't pray when there's such a commotion."

Page Four

It is the voice of the woman who prays most of all, and as such, commands obedience and respect. Silence generally follows.

Tula, despite her attachment for prayer, still has to eat and keep house. Once these needs are taken care of, she returns to the church as unerringly as the faithful bee returns to its hive. The old thick-walled church swallows her up every afternoon at 2 o'clock. It is then that Tula is at peace, for the church is always deserted at that hour.

But to-day, something is wrong. "That kneeling cushion," she says. "Where is it? It's gone!"

Tula searches frantically in the pulpit. It's not there, nor is it behind the cupboard where the holy oils for Baptism are kept. It's not in the pews, either.

Running to the parish house, Tula cries in dismay, "Where can it be?"

"Padre, my kneeling cushion has been stolen and the only one who would really have taken it is Virgil, the sexton."

"Virgil?" says the padre. "Why that's ridiculous. *He* doesn't need a kneeling cushion."

"I know, padre," she says plainly.

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## CHINA

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RT. REV. J. E. McRAE

Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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Vol. XXX

No. 4

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CHINA





tively, "but you see, I don't think he wants me to put my cushion in the pulpit, and I suppose he must have taken it, to teach me a lesson."

Nothing can be done at the moment, so Tula goes back to the church, to her usual kneeling spot at the foot of the sanctuary steps. She looks down and her tired old eyes open wide with surprise. There is a blush of genuine confusion on her pale face. It is her kneeling cushion—right where she left it in the morning.

Tula sinks to her knees, a great sense of shame filling her whole being. She has rashly accused the sexton of taking her cushion. It was a baseless accusation, she thinks, and what is worse, his reputation has been damaged.

"What is to be done?" she asks herself. Almost at once the answer comes to her from the Master, at whose feet she spends so many hours each day. She must beg Virgil's for-

giveness, of course, and the sooner the better.

Shortly afterwards, there is heard the familiar patter of Virgil's tiny feet, rushing around the sacristy as is his custom. Tula, head bowed down, makes her way to the sacristy. She kneels at Virgil's feet, the tears trickling from her eyes.

"Virgil, I have a confession to make," she says. "I told the padre you had taken my kneeling cushion and it wasn't you at all. I forgot to put it back in the pulpit when I went home this morning.

Virgil who had, at first, been watching her with his mouth agape, now became quite expansive. He patted her on the head in a condescending fatherly way, and said pompously:

"Just forget it, Dona Tula. We all make mistakes at times—even the best of us. You go on back and say your prayers now; I have to take some more dust off the high candles.

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#### WHAT THE POPES THINK OF THE ROSARY

"If you desire peace in your hearts, your homes and your country, assemble every evening to recite the rosary."—Pius XI.

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# Pihu News Report



By

Craig Strang

S.F.M.

## RELIGION

### On the Last Day of the Week

October 1948

**I**N LISHUI a little convent girl, in a first-communion dress and in the presence of all the priests, sisters and Christians, as solemnly as she could, ascended a shaky ladder to the top of a pedestal on which was a statue of our Blessed Mother, and placed a crown of flowers on the head of the statue. Those standing around recited the rosary and then an act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Later on the statue was borne in solemn procession to the church and placed on another pedestal in the centre of the middle aisle.

*In Pihu* early in the morning, on the last day in the week, in the first week of the month, the Christians in small groups slipped into the church. They went to confession, heard Mass and received Holy Communion. After thanksgiving they meditated with the help of the priest on the Holy Rosary for fifteen minutes, and then recited the rosary with a short meditation between each mystery. The service concluded with

solemn recitation of the act of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

*In Sungyang*, the Christians who had already heard many talks on our Mother of Perpetual Succour recited the rosary, stood to sing the special hymn to our Lady of Perpetual Succour, recited the act of consecration and came forward to do homage to the famous miraculous picture.

### Hope of the World, Queen of China

Simultaneously the Christians from these three adjacent parishes were both learning the love our Blessed Mother has for them and also expressing the love they have for her. Many such ceremonies in Christian lands may have been on a bigger scale and more impressive; and even in older Chinese parishes they may be performed with more solemnity and devotion; nevertheless these simple ceremonies performed by comparatively new Christians linked them most intimately with world-wide devotion to Mary, Hope of the World, and put not only themselves, under her protection, but also the pagan friends and relations for whom



they prayed. They are truly children very dear to our Mother and trying their little best to be good children. The missionaries who brought Christ to them also brought her who brought Christ to us all, for just as Mary brings us to her Divine Son, so does He give us a Mother to foster us in love and goodness, to be our Queen, so that she can guard us and distribute largesse.

### Mary's Monopoly

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in China is quite ordinary. In proportion, it is just as ordinary as in Italy and Spain and Portugal and England and Canada. By which we mean that China can take her place along with Catholic nations in devotion to her. Fortunately no land can claim a monopoly on her, but as Mary should monopolize the world, China has filially acknowledged her sway. She has been officially and solemnly proclaimed the patroness of China; shrines have been erected to her, many churches dedicated to her (in Lishui dioceses: at Kinwha: Our Lady of Victory; at Tangchi: Our Lady of Fatima; at Ku-se: Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Lishui convent: Immaculate Conception) and Mary is by far the most baptismal name in the land.

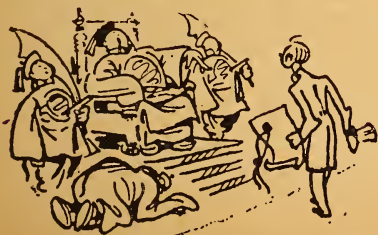
### A Missionary's Dream

One of her more famous shrines is Our Lady of So-se, fifteen miles west of Shanghai. It is erected upon one of the series of heights in the



Kiangsu plain, in the midst of a hundred mission centres, many of them over two hundred years old. Formerly upon it were four pagodas and a Buddhist monastery. Over a hundred years ago it was the dream of the missionaries that the hill be capped with a chapel to the Blessed Virgin. After twenty years a rest house for worn-out missionaries was built there and in it was hung a now famous picture of Our Lady of Victory, painted by a Chinese artist. Even then the Christians climbed the hill to venerate the sacred image.

In 1870 throughout all China there was unleashed a great persecution against the Catholic Missions, and thousands suffered martyrdom. It was this year that the priest in charge made his great vow: "My good Mother, our and your mission is in danger. Save us and I promise to build for you a beautiful church instead of this little chapel". The response was really miraculous—and immediate. That very day the local



judge who had stirred up all the local trouble for the missions came and assured the Fathers their complete protection. Soon a great pagan procession took place for the purpose of massacring the missionaries. Yet not a drop of blood was shed, the day, predicted as a day of blood, was in reality a day of triumph for Mary.

When the Christians got over their surprise they were told about the vow, and after prayers of thanksgiving set about fulfilling it. Three years later a really beautiful Church was built on the top of the height and Pontifical Mass was said there before twenty thousand Christians.

Then began the pilgrimages, and the pilgrims built other memorials on the hill side: another church, a Lady of Lourdes grotto, a kiosk of the Sacred Heart and of St. Joseph. In 1907 a large Grotto of the Agony was built, and from it to the top of the height were the Stations of the Cross, carved in stone. During the recent war Japanese officers had previously said to the Fathers: "So-se is sacred soil, if we touch it misfortune will come upon all of us". All during the war, it was sealed up. Immediately after the war, the Apostolic Delegate



Dough nuts without the hole! Strips of dough cooked in oil as fritters. Beside the doughnuts is a sliced Lotus root. The spots are like holes in cheese; the taste is the same as raw potatoes.

and many prelates and every Catholic who could, came to thank Our Lady at So-se, for the victory accorded China on August 15th., the feast of Her Assumption. When His Eminence Cardinal Tien returned from Rome he immediately hastened to So-se to place his cardinalate under the protection of Our Lady. Even Rome itself wished to raise its voice in the chorus of praise to Mary; plenary indulgences were granted to pilgrims; His Holiness, the Pope tended to make So-se a quasi-national pilgrimage by raising the So-se Sanctuary to the rank of a Minor Basilica, the only one in the Far East. It is but natural that there is an observatory beside the Basilica, for science and religion go hand in hand. The observatory is part of the world famous one at Sikawei in Shanghai, and some time ago, one of the finest in the world. It was the old time Jesuit missionaries in China who, at the service of the Emperors made the only correct maps of China and the present calendar. The work of the Fathers at the Observatory pursued in the shadow of the Basilica in the serene realm of science, above



April plowing with light wooden plow which is carried home at night. Only the blade is metal.

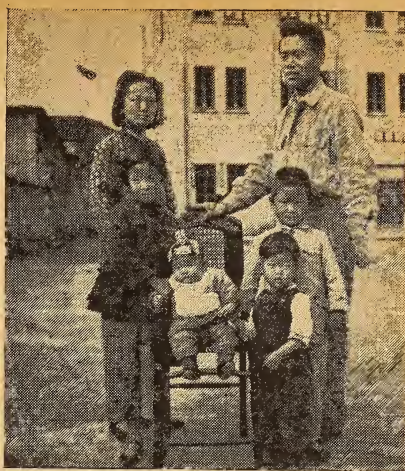


questions of nationality and politics, has no other aim than to serve the Catholic Church and to make Jesus Christ, Son of Mary, Queen of So-se better loved.

China is most intimately concerned with the prophecy and promises of our Blessed Mother to Lucy at Fatima. Already China has suffered much at Russia's and communists' hands and has been hindered in her post-war rehabilitation. Catholic missionaries (and some Protestant ones too) and Chinese priests and Christians seem to be the objects of special hatred and many have won martyrs' crowns after prolonged and agonizing deaths. Fatima and its hope means much—very much to China right now. Chinese Christians are learning that at first hand. The rosaries that they have offered up have given them the grace to proclaim her in face of persecution, and the chaplet of three hundred million rosaries said every day will go far towards the converting of Russia, bringing of peace and the ultimate triumph of her Immaculate Heart, as was symbolized by the little convent girl who places the crown of flowers on the statue in Lishui on the last day of the week, in the first week of the month.



The original Bendix!



Mr. Fu and family, head catechist at Lishui.

Married: HSU HSU-PING, our cookie and TAI KUEI-LAN, neophyte from Lishui and fifteenth in his search for a bride. What with one thing and another cookie had a hard time becoming engaged (CHINA, Sept. Oct., 1948), but it seems that the wedding ceremony with its tiring preparation and complicated ceremonies is just as hard on the groom. Cookie's parents are dead, and so all the more tasks fall on him.

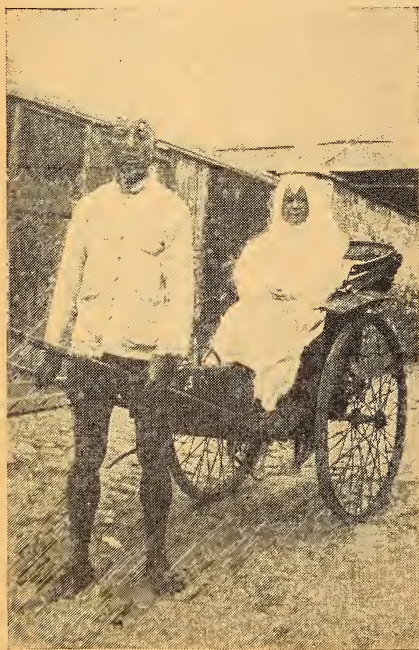
Besides the bothersome procuring and ceremonious exchange of gifts with the bride's family; notification to all relatives and invitation to guests, there was the problem for him of procuring all the things necessary for setting up house. On top of that, every day he had to cook for the priests and the Chinese staff.

It had indeed been one big whirlwind ever since the espousal contract was signed. Cookie had previously worked with quite a few priests, and they all promised to help him; in fact without that help, he could no more get married than run for mayor. Fr. McQuaid, all the way from Toronto was the biggest helper, for he was the cook's previous pastor

and also his spiritual father in that he had baptized him. And thus, bit by bit, cookie was able to buy the things that go into the starting of family life. One of the most important items is the house itself, and he was fortunate in that there was a room to spare in the mission house on the other side of the lane. It needed some repair, and by the time we had all pitched in (also making the mud stove) it was declared the nicest room in town, for its walls were plastered with sheets of advertisements in the Saturday Evening Post and holy pictures hung over the table and on the door.

Then there was the problem of transportation. Lishui is over thirteen miles away and chair carriers could hardly bear her here in time for the nuptial Mass. But luck would have it that on that morning the mission truck would be passing here on other business, so the bride, her two brothers, two bride's maids, some friends of cookie working in the Lishui

mission and Father Moriarty, Kam and Mo got in it. Also the decorated ricksha and coolie. The bride got in the ricksha at the Pihu Ferry and was wheeled through town right to the church for the wedding ceremony and the nuptial Mass. After Mass she was ceremoniously lead to the house where she paid obeisance to her new relations. The wedding banquet was held at noon and cookie had lots of face in being host to eight tables (of eight guests each) when all wished him well and the pastor hoped for normality to come once again to the mission.



*Sister St. Matthew begins the daily rounds of visits to the sick. Medicine for bodies and perhaps Baptism for souls. The rickshaw is indispensable, making it possible to multiply visits.*



# The Poor and the Sick

Are Always  
With Us



*Sister Catherine meets the "ambulance". A few days within a real hospital with clean clothing and proper medical treatment will see the beginning of recovery.*



*Sister Nicholas with a little waif found at the Convent gate. Lishui diocese needs an orphanage badly to care for the many foundlings.*



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# Sunday Serenade



By

R. J. Pelow  
S.F.M.

*A Thought for April*

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There are two types of characters who are particularly annoying to real Catholics.

First, there are those who make speeches about how THEY look on this question of religion. It is strictly a Sunday affair. The rest of the week, they proclaim, is something for them to look after themselves, in their own way and according to their own standards. Mustn't have religion poking its nose into business, you know. Usually (if they would admit it) they go to Church on Sunday simply because it is "good business", all of which reminds us of the rhyme:

"Mr. Business went to Mass,  
He never missed a Sunday.  
Mr. Business went to hell,  
For what he did on Monday."

To the second group belong those who don't go to Church at all and moan about it in such a way as to give the impression that religion has suffered a tremendous blow because of their staying away. Their reasoning (if such a term can be used) is rather complicated. Their story runneth thus: Mr. Business goes to

Church every Sunday and everyone says he's such a fine man. But THEY know Mr. Business cheats, lies, and generally misbehaves the rest of the week. Therefore they will have nothing to do with religion. It's like arguing: Mr. Business went to see a doctor. But Mr. Business died—in an aeroplane crash. Therefore, I will not go to see a doctor.

These warped views are so annoying because they are so unfair to religion and to people who are doing their best to lead good lives. Our age which has divorced religion from life, has glorified the irreligious attitude that subjection to God is degrading. Actually the virtue of religion simply inclines us to render to God the worship due to Him because of His infinite excellence and supreme dominion over us. It is an act of strict justice in which we give God what belongs to Him. It is not a case of losing our self-respect but of establishing it. It is not a matter of taste, whim or fancy but the recognition of a truth that God is our first principle and last end.

A real Catholic is not religious on

(Continued on page 22).



# THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

One of our great contemporary needs is more weeks. There are 52 in each year at the moment but this is hardly enough. We have Red Cross Week, Boy Scout Week, Poppy Week, National Opera Week, Fire Prevention Week, Good Posture Week, Noise Abatement Week, National Music Week, Family Week, National Be Kind to Animals Week, National Restaurant Week, Army Week, Navy Week, Air Force Week, Good Fellowship Week, National Baby Week, Cancer Week, Honey-for-Breakfast Week, Dog Week, Cat Week, Sweater Week, Social Hygiene Week, Farm Safety Week, Thrift Week, Save the House Week, Coin Machine Week, Save Your Vision Week, and the latest idea begins April 1st: National Leave Us Alone Week.

More than half of the present year is taken up in this way and the trend is showing every sign of development. What shall we do when they overlap? Imagine the strain it occasions when Music Week and Noise Abatement Week come on the same dates! Think of the arguments as to what is noise and what is music? The long hairs will lose some of their curly locks and they will have been plucked out by the advocates of rebop. (This last has been described as "healthy jazz distorted into frantic rhythms, fantastic harmonic non sequiturs, or a psychosomatic

heretophony" . . . now are you any wiser?)

Riots have been reported from an unnamed South American Republic when National Army and National Navy Week coincided. The trouble started when a group of Marines decided they were superior to both Army and Navy and were attempting to prove their point. Nervous tension was relieved by gunfire. Peace was restored when everybody ran out of ammunition. A stray cat was the only fatality.

It is well known that to start a fire you have merely to rub two Boy Scouts together, but suppose it is Fire Prevention Week? How can a Boy Scout do his good deed when it conflicts with a National Week? Moral theologians have not caught up with this yet and the textbooks have not been able to enlighten me at all. If any information comes to light, it shall be duly reported in the Ivory Tower.

A considerable amount of thought has been given to this "week" problem and several solutions have been suggested. One is to have a new week of only four days. Then we can have National Plumbing Week and many more of this type without throwing the whole calendar out of gear. When St. Gregory reformed the old Julian calendar he had never heard of anything like this. They were very old fashioned then. In-

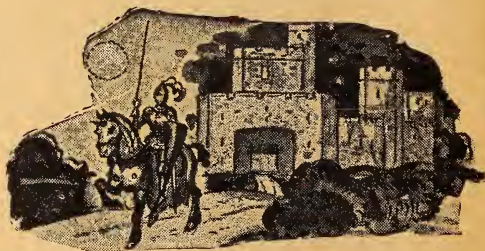
stead of Margarine for Lunch Week, they had a movable period called the Peace-of-God. It occurred on all Sundays and the then more numerous Feast days, on the occasion of the Forty Hours, Christmas-tide, Lent, Easter-tide, Pentecost Octave, and all Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Historians will doubtless correct me on some omissions but essentially that was the principle and the idea was simple: on these days no war was allowed. Everybody has read about the feudal days when barons and knights were always fighting. Few know about the Peace of God which solved the armament problem of those days. Since the Church had great power, the threat of excommunication was a really fearsome thing. And the Pope would promptly excommunicate anyone who broke the Peace-of-God. The United Nations could probably use such a thing today, couldn't they?

With the frequent Feast-days and their Octaves of the liturgy, the Church had a "week-system" far superior to the present perversion of a good idea. If you have the whole population thinking about Christmas, the birth of Christ would mean something and would influence conduct far more than National Health Week. Yet we still find the majority applauding these various "weeks" and deriding the Church for celebrating a great feast for eight days.

The general public of our time has been imposed on to a frightful extent. In the name of that mysterious authority "public opinion" whereby we are told by press and radio what we want(!), every person must observe National This-or-That Week and if you refuse, you are not a

good citizen. The power which organizes this situation seems unaware of any such imposition. Yet the statements made are pontifical in quality. Thus, **OBSERVE GOOD POSTURE WEEK OR BE A PHYSICAL WRECK!** The medical threat is the usual one. Unless you smoke this or that brand, of cigarettes, then it's *cancer for you*. It all reminds one of Shaw on Infallibility; "The famous dogma of papal infallibility is by far the most modest pretension of the kind in existence. Compared to our infallible sciences, our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible parliaments, the pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before God."

Instead of Television Week, Bendix Week, Nylon Week, El Ropo Cigar Week, let's stick to Holy Week and the religious Octaves. Time is short enough. If you live seventy years, you have spent eight of them on amusements, six of them eating, five of them talking, fourteen of them working; twenty-four of them sleeping. If you went to Mass every Sunday and prayed for five minutes every morning and every night, that would amount to *only five months for God*. Out of seventy years . . . five months. Let's just try to have a Holy Week every week and let it go at that.




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#### WHAT THE POPES THINK OF THE ROSARY

"Tell your faithful people that the pope is not satisfied with simply blessing the rosary, but that he prays his rosary every day and invites all his children to do the same."—Pius IX.

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# Young or Old — The Grey Sisters Help Them All



*Helping a patient out of her  
hut into God's good sunshine.  
So many of these people have  
no relatives to care for them;  
a hospice is the answer.*



*Sister Nicholas with Philo-  
mena and one of the "treas-  
ures" of the nursery in  
Baptismal robes.*



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# Monopoly on Heaven

(An M.E.B. Article)

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THE inhabitants of the small French village of Chalet have preserved a bitter episode of the Nazi Invasion. When Hitler's ruthless armoured divisions were approaching Chalet, the villagers, in tense excitement, loaded their few belongings upon ox-carts and trekked toward more secure retreats in the mountains. Finally, the last cart was loaded. The driver jumped on his cart and goaded the beast. He was suddenly startled by a cry for help. He looked around. It was Denis La Fleche, the village cripple crawling desperately to catch up. But the selfish, cold-hearted cart owner gave a curse and excused himself. He was in a hurry, the cart was filled, besides the Nazis were coming. What happened to Denis La Fleche no one knows for certain, but his charred remains were later discovered among the ashes of Chalet.

This story illustrates a fundamental doctrine of our holy Faith. Just as there was only one means, an ox-cart, of getting out of threatened Chalet back in the tense spring of 1940, so there is only one means of

getting to heaven. It is that of the Catholic Church. Christ, stated that fact in emphatic language: "He that believeth not shall be condemned." Theoretically, all of us confess the need of the church for salvation. But, frequently we neglect to practice what we preach. Occasionally, we seem to glimpse the tremendous importance of the church. However, it is usually a momentary glimpse that doesn't affect us deeply. If we really grasped what it means to be a Catholic; to be a member of the Church founded by Christ, our sympathies for the pagans would be enkindled. We would exhaust ourselves in feverish efforts to extend the reign of Christ and share our treasures with them.

Perhaps, it would not be useless to list a few of the rich benefits derived from membership in the Church. When a child is born to Catholic parents, it receives baptism by which it is made a friend of God. With the advent of reason, the Catholic is given access to two more sacraments. Through penance offended loyalties are mended. No matter how



often we forfeit the heritage of grace, it can be restored. The Blessed Eucharist offers us nourishment and strength for the soul. To equip the adolescent Catholic for active life in society, the Bishop administers confirmation, the sacrament that makes us strong and perfect Christians. Even the union of husband and wife is sanctified and enriched by its own proper grace. Then comes the end of life. Sure enough, the Church is there to fortify the dying Catholic with Holy Viaticum. One is almost tempted to say that it is impossible for a Catholic to lose his soul. But such is not the case. Despite the manifold assistance granted by the Church some Catholics do not attain heaven. If that is so, it is certainly evident that salvation outside the Church is extremely difficult, especially among pagans.

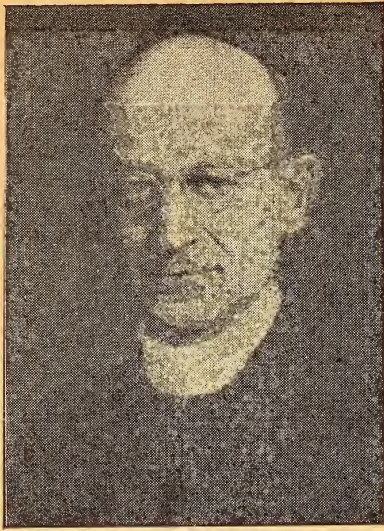
The spiritual plight of the billion pagans in the world beggars description. It offers a sad contrast with the unspeakable good fortune of Catholics. The average pagan child begins life in a very uneventful way. His parents, if they have any religious sentiments, might thank a distant star or they might possibly invoke an idol to protect the child from physical danger. An infant girl might be exposed to the elements depending on the parental mood. When the pagan reaches the adolescent and adult stage he is offered no special assistance that could render his life tolerable. If a temptation confronts him, conscience will suggest its badness but the will is most often powerless to resist. The supernatural gifts are completely shut out of his life. Take a pagan death for example. A group of medicine men or professional "devil-chasers" are usually summoned. They chant their weird incantations over the dying while an equally weird orchestra beats out a jumble of noise. Leering idols, the more hideous the better, surround the bed while the medicine men scare off the

bad spirits. At last, death claims another pagan soul. Such is the cruel setting of pagan life with its wealth of spiritual poverty. The supernatural element is conspicuous by its absence.

Evidently the pagan requires the ministrations of the Catholic Church for salvation. This can be accomplished only by the agency of missions whose primary end is to establish the faith in countries where the faith is largely ignored. The urgency of converting the pagan world grows each day. If Catholics delay, the consequences can be disastrous. The pagan peoples in many sectors are eager for something better. Since they are not always able to judge the truth of every system that is offered them, there is danger that they will accept the first thing that comes along. Already, many Chinese have enlisted in the Communist ranks because it guarantees them a "different way of life". On the other hand heartening stories are circulated about the eagerness of the Japanese to receive the faith. This is significant and it should inspire us to do all we can to promote the missionary life of the Church.

Remember, there was only one way out of Chalet and that was an ox-cart. Likewise, there is only one way to heaven and that is the Catholic Church. Hitch-hiking pagans are thumbing desperately for a ride to "somewhere". Will we pass them by with "poor" excuses? Or, will we let them jump on somebody else's band-wagon? Why not help them along The Way to The Truth and The Life.





# China or Santo Domingo

By

Leo Curtin  
S.F.M.

Whenever a missionary is working in a foreign land, it is not good for his morale to frequently compare his adopted country with his homeland beyond the seas. However, it is not easy to avoid doing that very thing. Whenever one has lived and worked in two foreign lands, it is just as difficult to avoid comparisons. Here are the results of those thoughtful moments when I just couldn't resist the temptation to compare China with Santo Domingo.

How are they for size? You would need about one hundred and five Santo Domingos to cover the area of China proper. The little island-country is about the same size as Nova Scotia would be if Cape Breton were to declare its independence.

What about population? If the full "vox populi" of China were raised, it would be 450,000,000 strong. Quite a noise, I must say. The Dominicans would resign, in a body, from the voice-raising contest. In comparison, their 2,000,000 vocal cords, in action, would sound like the splash of a pebble in a stormy sea.

The peoples of the two countries differ, not only in race and colour, but also in religion. In China, you take it for granted that ninety-nine of every hundred persons are Pagans. In Santo Domingo, the opposite is true. There, you know that practically everyone you meet is a Catholic by Baptism and tradition, if not in practice. It is the Dominicans' proud boast that this land is the cradle of Christianity in the Western Hemisphere. Customs and habits which were established long ago, still survive. For example, each night at nine o'clock, the church-bells toll out a mournful series of sounds. This is known as "los toques de las animas", or "the bell of the Holy Souls". Thus, the people are reminded to prayer for their dear Departed.

The external devotion of the Dominicans to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints is very effusive. We certainly realize that mere externals are not enough. However, they are something upon which to build. Due to the lack of priests in the past, the faith of many of these people



has been all but lost, and their ignorance of religion is pitiful.

In China, the Missionary task is to destroy Paganism by establishing the Church. In Santo Domingo, we must reclaim the fallen-away and revive a dormant faith. In either case, the work is not easy, and after spending some years in both countries, I am not prepared to say which is the more difficult.

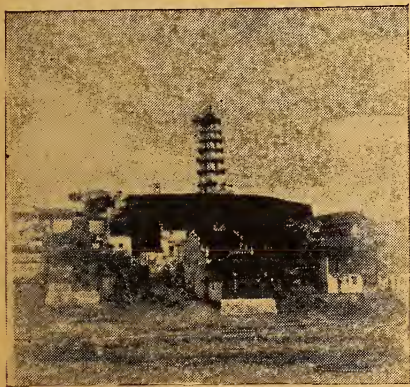
Language is another point of great distinction. The Chinese tongue, in common with all Oriental languages, is most difficult for the Westerner. It contains very little in common with his mother tongue. The script is extremely confusing. It consists of characters instead of words made up of letters. The necessity of distinguishing meanings by means of tones is entirely foreign to him. The many dialects make impossible anything even approaching uniformity.

On the other hand, Spanish is a Latin language with script the same as our own. The newcomer has a head start as soon as he arrives. Many of the words resemble those in Latin, Italian, French and English. Hence, any knowledge of these tongues is of great assistance. A priest, familiar as he is with Scriptural and doctrinal terms, can read the Bible or a catechism at sight. The



pronunciation is not quite so easy. However, it follows a set of rules and can be mastered by patient practice. In a short time the language student can make himself understood. I do not mean to say that it is an easy matter to become fluent in Spanish. The irregular verbs and the subjunctive mood, especially, will provide you with many a discouraging moment. As with any language, fluency only comes with years of persevering study and embarrassing practice. However, the average person can obtain a working knowledge of Spanish in a comparatively short time. I was astounded to see how successful our young priests were after less than a year in the country. They could hear confessions, give instructions and carry out all the ordinary duties of a priest.

In China, the variety of dialects is the bane of missionary life. Every few miles, a new dialect confronts the priest. Whereas, the Spanish spoken in Santo Domingo is only slightly different from that spoken throughout Spanish America and Spain itself. The "campesinos" or country people have a "patois" of their own but even this does not constitute a new dialect. Strange to say, they understand our Canadianized Spanish better than the Castilian, as spoken by many priests from Spain. That is certainly due to the fact that we do most of our practicing among the poor peasants.



Chinese 5 li pagoda marker outside of every walled city. These are meant to attract good and repel evil spirits.



What about the weather? Santo Domingo is a tropical island. It is a land of eternal summer. There is no snow or sleet. Natural ice is unknown. Manufactured ice is to be had only in the large towns.

Our summer months of July and August merely push the mercury a few degrees higher. The sun is hot, all day and every day, except when one of those sudden tropical down-pours surprises you. They cease just as suddenly, leaving the air somewhat cooler for a while.

The nights are pleasant. In the mountains, the night air may become chilly during January and February. Heating-stoves, furnaces, radiators, fireplaces, etc. are unnecessary at any time. I never felt any heat in Santo Domingo which could compare to the humid heat of China during June, July and August. There also, the fall was wet and chilly and the winter months were damp and cold, though seldom frosty.

In general, the weather in Santo Domingo, being much the same the year round, becomes monotonous, but I prefer it to the extremes of China.

The missionary, home from far away places, is frequently questioned about the food. In both China and Santo Domingo we try to keep our table up to home standards as much as possible. However, it is seldom possible.

When on mission trips, we eat what is set before us. The diet in both countries is surprisingly similar. The common foods are rice, vegetables, eggs and macaroni soup which is prepared in a way that is not very palatable until one becomes accustomed to it.

Poverty and the degradation which usually accompanies it are not unknown in either mission field. The hospitality of the people, poor and otherwise, is much the same in both China and Santo Domingo. In the former country, a steaming hot bowl of tea is set before you, as soon as you enter a home. Whereas in the latter, a demi-tasse of black coffee is served on this occasion. The coffee is highly sweetened with sugar. Both coffee and sugar are produced on the island.

Transportation has its differences and difficulties. In the Diocese of



Lishui, up until the early 1930's, there were no highways linking the large centres and consequently no busses. The river had been the highway and in the mountains travel was done on foot or in sedan chair. Some of the highways were short-lived. With the outbreak of war in August 1937, the Chinese began to destroy the roads which had been so recently built with much hard labour. Ostensibly, this was to retard the advance of the Japanese army but it was noticed that the first roads destroyed ran parallel with the rivers. There was a suspicion that those who owned the fleets of river boats had used their influence to bring this about because due to the highways they had lost a very profitable trade in transporting passengers and freight up and down the rivers. With the destruction of the roads, this trade revived.

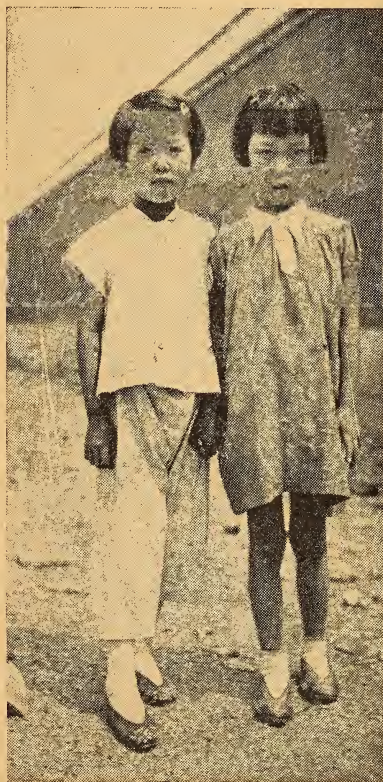
In Santo Domingo there are highways linking the larger cities and towns. Many of them were constructed during the present governmental regime. Off these main arteries, one travels by horse, mule, donkey or Shanks's mare. An ordinary car just couldn't function on the ox-cart trails but the jeep has come into its own. However, even these bulldog-like creations meet their "Waterloo" during the rainy weather.

There are many rivers on the island but they are not navigable. A few of the larger ones, like the river Ozama, can receive boats at their mouths. During the dry season most of the rivers become little streams and others dry up completely. As in China, the rivers become treacherous after heavy rains but subside quickly as soon as the rain stops.

On one occasion, I had a sick call to one of our "campos" (missions). It was two hours distance from the house on horseback. On the way out we passed a few harmless looking rivers, through

which the horses waded in water up to their knees. While I was attending the sick person, a tropical storm blew up. It lasted for two hours. On the way home, I counted no less than six rivers. (Once things become difficult we begin to count them). They were no longer harmless streams but raging torrents. At one crossing, we waited for more than an hour for the water to lower enough so that the horses could go through without too much danger. A group of men were waiting, within hearing distance, on the opposite bank. These natives know every whim and trick of the rivers. As soon as they ventured to cross, we followed suit.

My companion kept telling me that we could not reach home that night. However, I insisted that we push on because I was not prepared to remain anywhere over night. Actual-





ly, it took about ten hours to make the round trip.

The last river, which the guide called Rio Grande, was the worst. He was all for calling it a day, even before we came in sight of it. His niece lived close to the river crossing. Her husband kindly accompanied us as far as the river to inspect the possibilities. He tested the depth by wading through. Being an expert swimmer, he was not taking a chance. The water did not quite reach his arm pits. It looked like a safe risk. We followed exactly the same route for fear of sinking into a hole. I watched my guide

carefully. He kicked his feet out of the stirrups and drew his legs up until he was practically sitting on them. If the horse should lurch, it would be an easy matter to fall from the saddle into the swift flowing water. On a similar occasion, a gentleman who had been Spanish professor to one of our priests, lost his balance and drowned. Nevertheless, I imitated my guide and within a few minutes we were on the other side. We arrived home shortly after dark.

So, our missions in China and Santo Domingo have their points of similarity and their peculiar characteristics. One feature which they certainly have in common is that they are both Missions. They are peopled by souls which must be saved. No matter the cost, time or effort, if we succeed in bringing souls to God then the sacrifices are well worth it. It matters little whether the souls are brought from complete paganism or are reclaimed from laxity and indifference. The cry of St. Francis Xavier was, "da mihi animas" (give me souls). He did not qualify the word "souls".




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## SUNDAY SERENADE

(Continued from page 12).



Sunday and independent the rest of the week. His religion teaches him how to live every day of his life. His religion teaches him how to gain heaven and how to avoid hell. Because we are living in an age that frankly insists on disregarding God we must be careful not to be contaminated by this manner of thinking and living.





### *Woman's Diary*

If you smile, he imagines that you are flirting with him. If you do not, he believes that you are an iceberg. If you flatter him, he thinks you are silly. If you do not, he considers that you do not understand him. If you let him caress you, he thinks that you are a woman of easy morals. If you do not let him, he goes with one that will. If you go out with other fellows, he says you are a flirt. If you do not he believes that no one wants to go with you. Really, the poor men do not know what they want.

### *Dramatic Moment*

The husband and wife had had a terrible fight. Red with anger, he cried: "It is all finished! This time I am going to leave you for ever! I am going from this house!" Unable to control himself, he continued. "I cannot bear it any longer! You will remain alone, which is what you deserve. I will leave, yes, I will go far away, to a forest, to a desert, to a . . ." Violently he opened the door and went out but re-entered immediately. And glaring at his wife, murmured: "You are saved, it is raining."

### *Taking Advantage*

A man called furiously at the neighbours' door and said: "It is eleven o'clock at night and I can hear your radio from my house just as though it were right beside me." — "Really?" replied the other radiantly. "What do you think about us going halves on the payments?"

### *A Sandwich*

The other day a young man wanted to raise hell, but was not so successful. He was walking along when he came to a sign which said: "Sandwiches of all kinds". He entered and approached the counter. "Give me a whale sandwich," he said to the waiter. — The waiter disappeared into the kitchen and returned a few minutes later. "The owner says," he replied, "that he cannot kill a whale to make just one sandwich."

### *Precaution*

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the little old woman arrived at the Vina station and asked to speak to the boss: "At what time will the Santiago express pass?"

"In half an hour."

"And the Valparaiso express?"

"In an hour and a half."

"And the next local to Quilpue?"

"Within twenty minutes."

"And the next local to Valparaiso?"

"In fifteen minutes."

The little old woman's face illuminated with joy.

"Come, Charlie, she said to the little lad that accompanied her. We can cross the tracks now."

### *Impressions*

"The first impression that I received in Santiago," said a provincial, "was the terrible coming and going of the streetcars and automobiles."

"And the second impression?" asked the friend.

"It was that of a cold hand changing the bandages."



**MR. WONG**

*says*

**Looking from this  
mountain, that moun-  
tain seems higher.**

Some folks are always belittling. There is no point in complaining that things could be better. It is true, but not the whole truth that improvement is necessary. At the moment tremendous good is being done in the missions and there is great cause for thanksgiving to Almighty God. Instead of being pessimistic, let's just realize that if we are doing our best, nobody can do more.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,—

Well Lent is almost over or perhaps by the time you get this you will already have celebrated Easter. By your letters I can tell that you made a really fine effort to please God during this holy season. St. Theresa will be proud of you and you may well be proud yourselves.

One person was very unhappy during Lent. That was the chief of the devils! He doesn't like that season a bit because every boy and girl is busy making sacrifices to save souls and that is bad business for devils. They want to have things the other way round. When everybody is lazy and sleeps in every morning, that's the time the devil is happy; well not really happy because that's impossible for him but at least he's less sad then. You see the devil hates goodness, and kindness and in fact he hates God! That's what makes him a devil, isn't it?

Why does the devil hate sacrifices? The answer to that is Good Friday. On that day the greatest Sacrifice ever made took place. You know what it did for the world, don't you? It redeemed it, it ransomed it from the power of Satan. And ever since then whenever anybody makes a little sacrifice and adds it to the Sacrifice of Our Saviour, then that helps too. God could have saved the world

all by Himself but he has invited us to do it with Him. That's why it's so important for us to offer things up, say extra prayers, go to Mass often, save pennies for the missions, send stamps to Father Jim, and pray to St. Theresa for vocations. All of these are helping Our Lord. All of these are added to His Sacrifice on Calvary. And all of these, thanks to His plan, will help save the world.

You never thought of yourself as saving the world did you? You can't do it alone, that's true but you can help. And when all the boys and girls of all the world pool their sacrifices, then they have made a real contribution which is most pleasing to Our Lord. That's what you were doing during Lent and that's what made me so happy. The devil is sadder, but in heaven everybody is happier, knowing that all our Buds are doing their part. Perhaps some of you can make a daily crusade of Masses for the rest of the school year. I know that last year some Buds wrote to me and asked if they could keep on making sacrifices even though Lent had finished. You certainly can, and if you do, all the devils will be sadder than ever, and in heaven, all the angels will laugh out loud!

Sincerely,

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim:

Some time ago I sent you some money and now here is more to put with it. I sincerely hope this will help the pagan children. I will pray for them also; don't forget me in your prayers.

Patricia White,  
Staff House,  
Deer Lake, Nfld.

Dear Patricia:

Could you save some Newfoundland stamps for me please? They mean money for the missions as well. Thank you very much for your donation and it certainly will help the children over in China, Domingo and Japan too. Every morning I pray for all the Buds and now I shall include you too. God bless you Patricia.

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing the contents of my little red box. I have renewed my subscription to CHINA. May God bless you and your work.

Mary Hurley,  
7 Wardrobe Avenue,  
Stoney Creek, Ontario.

Dear Mary:

Your letter mentioned that you have been a Bud for a long time. Do you know that there are many

Buds who have been reading our Rose Garden after leaving school? I still get letters from boys and girls who have been following our activities and helping us for several years. Their prayers and sacrifices continue all the time for the missions. They tell me they pray for vocations for the missions too. That's a wonderful idea as we simply can't have too many priests and sisters working for the Church. God bless all of you. Thanks Mary.

Dear Father Jim:

My girl friend and I made up a little club of our own. Six of our girl friends joined; that makes eight of us. All of us thought it would be nice if we were a mission club and we want to join the Rose Garden of St. Theresa. Will you please send us eight mite boxes?

We hope this will help the Chinese children a lot.

Josephine Zikovitz  
258 Viewmont Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Josephine:

Indeed it will be a big help for the children not only of China but also of Japan and our other mission in Santo Domingo. With boys and



girls in all of these places we need more help than ever before. That is why it makes me so happy when a group of friends like yourselves get together to help the foreign missions. God bless all of you for your charity.

Dear Father Jim:

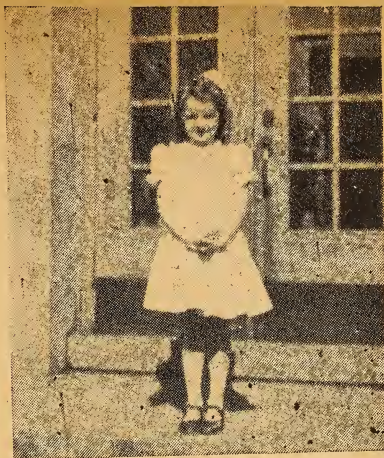
*I would like a pen pal from England and if you haven't I would gladly take one from any other country. I am a member of St. Theresa's Rose Garden but when I wrote I didn't receive a pen pal.*

Sincerely,

Susanne Rochon  
101 Ste. Anne St.,  
Tecumseh, Ontario.

Dear Susanne:

Thank you for your letter. To make things easier each month we print a list of names and addresses under the heading PEN PALS. All you have to do is pick out the name of some boy or girl and start writing! As you can see by now we have almost 10,000 Buds in Canada, Newfoundland, and others in Australia, England, the United States and elsewhere. So it's just a matter of choosing a name you like, and then writing to the Bud you



Theresa O'Grady, also from St. Agatha's.

pick. Take a look on the last page of our Rose Garden for the names and addresses.

Dear Father Jim:

*I am sending you some stamps which I hope will help the missions. I am 13 years old and would like pen pals.*

Joan Schurter,  
Chepstow, Ont.

Dear Joan:

Thank you for the welcome stamps. They help the missions a lot. When we have thousands of Buds saving for us we can do a lot with our Rose Garden stamps. I also want to remind you to say the daily prayer which all good Buds say for the people and priests on the missions. I'm sure you never forget the monthly Holy Communion for missionary vocations.

Pick a name and address for yourself out of the PEN PAL list just as Susanne Rochon is going to do. Any name and address you like. Just write to the Bud you chose and stand by for an answer.

Dear Father Jim:

*I hope you are fine for I am. My sister, Patsy, would like to join the*



Royden Derouin and Brian Milloy of St. Agatha's School Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish, Ottawa, Ontario.

Rose Garden; she is eight years old.

My letter also has a gift to help some pagan child. I like to read about them in CHINA. I must close now.

Bobby Beare,  
Tweed, Ontario.

Dear Bobby:

Thanks be to God I am very fine indeed and I hope all the Buds are as well. Welcome to Patsy; another Bud is always sure of a big, warm greeting from all of us. Your generous present is already gone to China; thanks, Bobby.

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed is enough money to pay for the CHINA and more besides to christianize the poor pagan children.

Rose Kelly,  
Jersey Side,  
Placentia, Nfld.

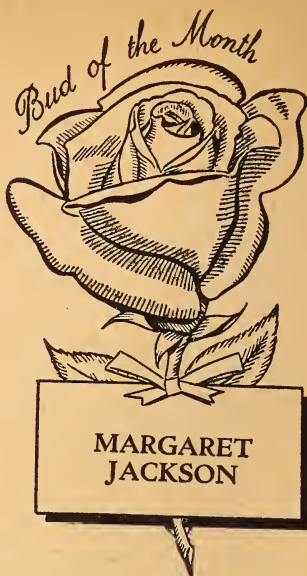
Dear Rose:

That was a nice present and thank you very much. Every prayer and every gift helps the missions. The Little Flower is proud of you for making such a sacrifice.



Send used stamps to

Nazareth House,  
St. Mary's, Ontario



Margaret is from Willowbrook, Saskatchewan. She says our Rose Garden prayer daily and has saved many pennies for our mite boxes. Thanks a million Margaret for those stamps too.

#### PROMISES OF MEMBERSHIP

1. TO RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION ONCE EACH MONTH FOR AN INCREASE IN MISSIONARY VOCATIONS.
2. TO RECITE THE OFFICIAL PRAYER DAILY FOR THE CONVERSION OF INFIDELS.
3. TO AID THE FATHERS OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY BY SAVING PENNIES FOR THE MISSIONS.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## KINGSTON, ONT.

Fitzgerald, Frederick, 7, 464 Frontenac St.; Flarow, Joe, 15, 493 Barrie St.; Fleming, Jacqueline, 14, 473 Princess St.; Flint, Reginald, 12, 428 Bagot St.; Foley, Bridget, 14, 15 O'Kill St.; Foley, Carmel, 11, 23 John St.; Foley, Margaret, 15, 15 O'Kill St.; Foley, Patricia, 12, 150 O'Kill St.; Forbes, Donald, 13, Jack, 11, Margaret, 9, 87 Rideau St.; Ford, Eileen, 11, 181 Wellington St.; Fortier, Beth, 11, 454 Frontenac St.; Fournier, Sylvia, 13, 58 Alma St.; Fowler, Betty, 13, Doris, 17, Viola, 13, 74 Lower Union St.; Fowler, Bobby, 9, 193 Brock St.; Fowler, Joan, 12, Lorraine, 9, 273 Brock St.; Fowler, Mary, 12, 409 Bagot St.; Fowler, Maureen, 12, Sheila, 17, 46 Clergy St. E.; Francis, Ronald, 12, 330 Brock St.; Francis, Shirley, 11, 330 Brock St.; Frawley, Paul, 8, 9 Wellington St.; Fuller, James, 9, 388 Alfred St.; Gadoue, Charles, 7, 14 St. Lawrence Ave.; Gagno, Dianna, 9, 508 Bay St. N.; Gallagher, Geneva, 13, 523 Rideau St.; Gallivan, Connis, 12, Donald, 9, Timmy, 9, 373 King St. E.; Gallivan, Lornie, 12, 211 Raglan Rd.; Garrah, Arline, 15, Audrey, 10, Thomas, Thomas, 13, 92 Lower William St.; Garrah, Theresa, 10, 168 Montreal St.; Garrell, James, 13, 112 Rideau St.; Garrigan, Sheila, 10, William, 12, 193 Colborne St.; Gartland, Jimmie, 12, Yvonne, 9, 263 Queen St.; Gaudour, Kathleen, 8, Joan, 14, Margaret, 10, 14 St. Lawrence Ave.; Gaulin, Ralph A., 11, 357 Johnson St.; Gazeley, Betty, 17, Muriel, 13, Ray, 9, 214 William St.; George, Judy, 11, Vincent, 8, 290 Johnson St.; Gerdis, Gwen, 13, R.R. No. 1; Gilmour, Nancy, 16, 338 Queen St.; Glenn, Lorene, 10, 117 Raglan Rd.; Gloyne, Mary, 13, 45 Park St.; Goddard, Jack, 10, York St.; Good-eve, Margaret, 10, Winnifred, 13, 410 Barrie St.; Goodfriend, Joan, 9, 75 Lower Alfred St.; Goodman, Billy, 9, 138 Queen St.; Gordon, Jack, 14, 76 Centre St.; Gorrell, Robert, 11, 112 Rideau St.; Goudour, Anne, 11, Frances, 13, 14 St. Lawrence Ave.; Gourdlar, Bill, 13, Joan, 15, 101 Centre St.; Gow, Nadine, 17, 56 Chestnut St.; Gowitz, Eileen, 14, 12, 252 Rideau St.; Granger, Janice, 8, 350 Victoria St.; Grant, Jacquelyn, 15, 32 Ellice St.; Gravelle, Mary Ellen, 18, 239 Johnson St.; Gray, Sally, 12, 85 Russell St.; Greenwood, Noreen, 17, Wayne, 14, 29½ John St.; Greenwood, Mae, 14, Pearl, 14, 193 University Ave.; Griffin, Patrick, 11 Outer Station; Guirey, Rita, 17, 368 Barrie St.; Guyon, John, 7, 3 Barriefield; Hackett, Theresa, 12, 428 King St. E.; Hamilton, Jack, 11, 38 Markland St.; Hammond, Theresa, 13, 117 James St.; Hanley, Jimmy, 10, Michael, 7, 67 Earl St.; Hanson, Joe, 13, 434 Nelson; Hart, Barbara, 11, 334 Brock St.; Hegarty, Ned, 13, Patrick, 14, Philip, 8, 155 Division St.; Hepburn, Harold, 11, 64 Markland St.; Hepburn, Herbie, 14, Mitchell, 12, 89 Rideau St.; Hickey, Maureen, 12, Thomas, James, 14, 13 North Albert St.; Hoage, Arlene, 12, Lorraine, 9, 79 York St.; Hoen, Billy, 10, 21 Arch St.; Hogan, Helen, 10, R.R. No. 6; Hogan, Thomas, 12, 339 Sydenham St.; Holden, Bob, 12, 34 John St.;

Holden, Marlene, 12, 502 Barrie St.; Holland, Catherine, 13, 219 Montreal St.; Holubeshen, Joan, 10, 166 Queen St. N.; Hone, Michael, 7, 98 Bagot St.; Huard, Hughie, 13, 24 Elgin St.; Huard, Kathleen, 10, St. Mary's Orphanage; Hutchings, Joan, 14, 258 Queen St.; Hyland, Jacqueline, 16, 64 Lower Union St.; Hyndman, Teddy, 11, 563 Princess St.; Jackson, Barbara, 12, 90 Lower William St.; Jarrell, Eddie, 8, 574 Bagot St.; Jarrell, Shirley, 12, 574 Bagot St.; Jarvis, Ruth, 10, 62 Patrick St.; Jerror, Frederick, 7, St. Mary's Orphanage; Johnson, Bill, 14, 61 Rideau St.; Jordan, Mary, 13, Sharp Corners; Joyce, Ronnie, 11, 661 Division St.; Joyce, Helen-Marie, 8, 7-11th St., Kingston Heights; Keeler, Margaret, 9, 363 Alfred St.; Keller, Anne, 11, 355 Alfred St.; Kelly, Alvin, 13, 128 Mack St.; Kelly, Audrey, 16, 198 King St. E.; Kelly, Eileen, 14, 414 Montreal St.; Kelly, Paul, 12, 200 University Ave.; Kennedy, Carl, 13, Clifford, 13, 150 Stephen St.; Kennedy, Leo, 11, 35 Charles St.; Kennelly, Marguerite, 21, 66 Patrick St.; Kern, Theresa, 11, 717 Johnson St.; Keyes, Mary, 14, Brewer's Mills; Killen, Charles, 15, 101 Quebec St.; Killen, James, 15, 1012 Quebec St.; Knight, Shirley, 15, 114 Quebec St.; Koen, John, 8, Pat, 13, 21 Arch St.; Koen, Margaret, 13, 52 Place D'Armes; Komar, Stella, 17, 190 Rideau St.; Kotowych, Helen, 11, 356 Rideau St.; Kurman, Mary, 17, 244 Wellington St.; Lawrenson, Noretta, 14, 387 Princess St.; Lazarski, Mary, 12, 76 Park St.; Lech, Anne, 12, Mary, 14, 63 Russell St.; Lecomte, Lucille, 14, 527 Princess St.; Ledford, Dennis, 8, Joan, 16, Mary Lou, 11, 370 Alfred St.; Leeman, Constance, 9, 171 Bagot St.; Lesarge, Joan, 16, Leo, 13, Mary, 10, 18 N. Frontenac St.; Lessard, Howard, 13, Isabell, 19, 84 Lower Union St.; Lessard, Veronica, 18, Hotel Dieu Hospital; Lilly, Charlie, 11, 301 Division St.; Litchfield, Barbara, 12, 212 York St.



Suzanne Bourguignon, an active Bud from Ottawa, too.

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# Items of Interest

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## China

His Excellency Bishop Turner says that all goes well in Lishui diocese. Nobody knows what the future may bring but for the moment the work is showing very encouraging results. There is a new spirit of faith and prayer abroad and though dark clouds are hovering overhead, the people are working at their faith as never before. Catechumens are increasing in numbers all the time.

\* \* \* \*

## Pray for Our Dead

Mr. Robert Harris, St. John, N.B.

Rev. K. E. Morrow, Oshawa, Ontario.

Mr. Terence Quinlan, Stratford, Ontario.

Mrs. Thomas L. Shreenan, Kinkora, P.E.I.

Mrs. John M. Murphy, Kinkora, P.E.I.

Mrs. Alice Cairns, Kinkora, P.E.I.

Mrs. John Cunningham, Kingston, Ontario.

\* \* \* \*

## Educator Honoured

The University of Ciudad Trujillo has bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy on the Rev. Mother Mary Gerald Barry of the Sisters of St. Dominic of Adrian, Michigan. This honor is recognition of the extraordinary contribution made to Christian education and culture in the Dominican Republic. Besides directing the Colegio Santo Domingo, these Sisters have taught

catechism in several of our parishes during the summer vacation. All of our priests who have seen their work at close hand are delighted at this recognition of their good work.

\* \* \* \*

## American Fatima Tour

A letter from Rev. Patrick Moore, S.F.M., who is now with Monsignor McGrath on the Fatima pilgrimage has just arrived with the report of continued success everywhere the statue goes.

"We had a good three weeks in San Diego diocese and just finished Fresno diocese. We are now stopping in Sacramento on our way to Nevada. Churches continue to be packed everywhere we go. The Pilgrim Virgin arrives in San Francisco April 24th, then on to Seattle and Spokane."

The promise of world peace which appeals to everybody is a conditional one. What is also required is the performance of penance and great sacrifices. It is our prayerful hope that the Pilgrim Virgin will be able to awaken this spirit in the minds and wills of those who see her.

### BOOKS WANTED

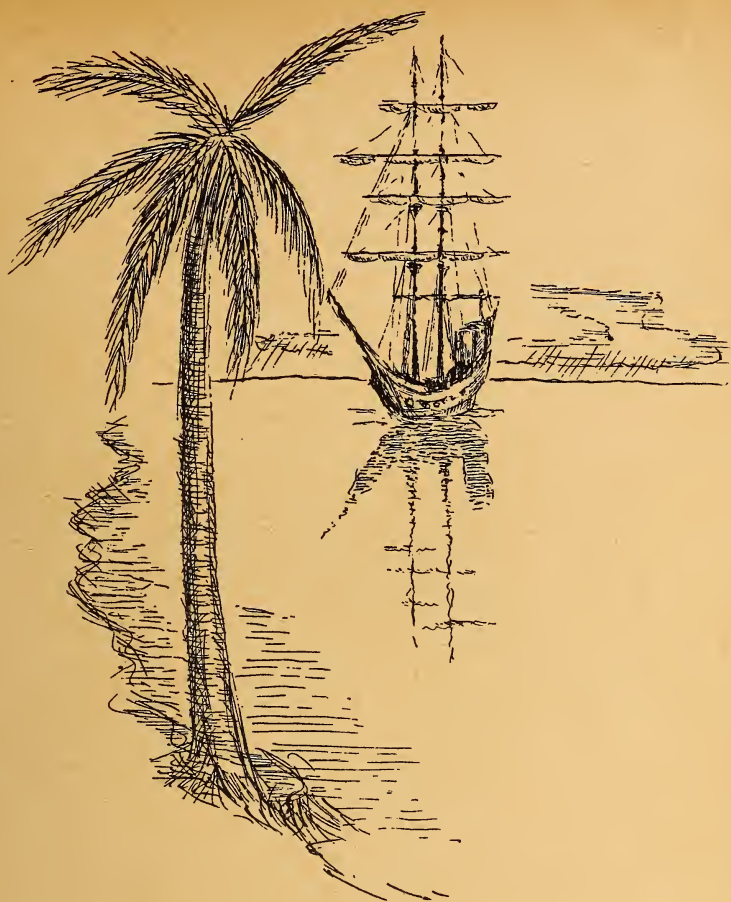
DuPlessis: Human Caravan

Leen: What Is Education?

Walsh: St. Teresa of Avila

Pegues: A Catechism of the Summa





Centuries have passed since the first ship dropped anchor off the coast of Santo Domingo but the palms still grow on that shore. Instead of awaiting Columbus to arrive they now watch for Canadian priests and sisters. The faith which arrived from Spain must be kept burning bright. By prayers and by alms, will you help?





# CANADA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

MAY 1949





# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

Port Hood Parish Burse .....	\$567.30
H. G. Mabou .....	10.00
St. Madeleine Sophie Barat .....	2,677.15
College St. School, Halifax, N.S. ....	65.00
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,495.50
A Friend, Killaloe, Ont. ....	5.00
A Friend, Mabou .....	5.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	2,322.23
E.R.D., St. John's, Nfld. ....	5.00
K.A.G., N.S. ....	5.00
St. Jude .....	1,537.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,272.07
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,257.00
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
Sacred Heart Burse No. 2 .....	1,085.16
M.R.W., Nfld. ....	17.00
S.G., Nfld. ....	1.00
Comforter of Afflicted .....	805.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	675.62
S.G., Nfld. ....	1.00
A Friend, Killaloe, Ont. ....	5.00
W.D., Ottawa, Ont. ....	1.00
K.A.G., N.S. ....	2.00
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	556.43
Holy Souls Burse No. 2 .....	557.16
Immaculate Conception Burse No. 2 .....	493.60
Msgr. McKeon Burse .....	225.00
St. Anne Burse .....	214.00
Rev. Dr. Foley Burse .....	213.00
St. Christopher Burse .....	207.20
St. Anthony Burse No. 2 .....	386.00
K.A.G., N.S. ....	3.00

*Help us build up the Burse fund so as to underwrite the  
educational expenses of our future missionaries.*

Address all contributions to the

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**  
**SCARBORO BLUFFS** **ONTARIO**



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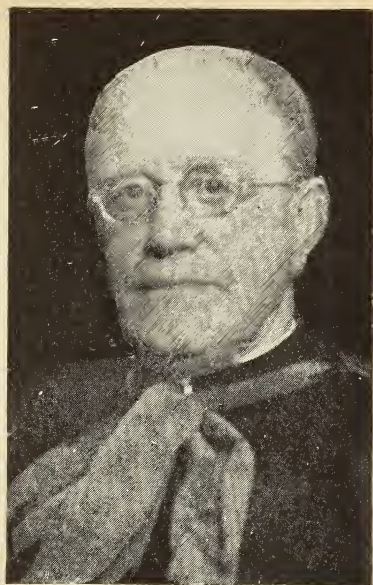
# Our Lady's Missionaries

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By

Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae  
S.F.M.

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**E**VER ancient and ever new, the Church of God, while jealously guarding the immutable truths confided to her by her Divine Founder, is also ever alert to changing conditions in this changing world, in order to meet the needs of her vast family spread throughout the universe.

During her long history, in no other sphere has she been so vigilantly engaged as in spreading the gospel among pagan nations, in compliance with the command of Christ, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature". Mark XVI, 15. Pope Pius XI in his immortal encyclical on the Missions wrote these stirring words: "In reviewing attentively the history of the Church, one cannot fail to see how, from the very first ages of Christianity, the especial care and solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs has been directed to the end . . . that they might impart the light of the gospel and the benefits of christian culture

and civilization to the peoples sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. For the Church HAS NO OTHER REASON FOR EXISTENCE than by enlarging the kingdom of Christ throughout the world to make all men participate in His salutary redemption".

Most prominent in carrying out this mandate have been the many religious orders and congregations of men and women established by the Holy See from the earliest centuries to our own time. As conditions changed, some of these ceased to exist, while new ones were created.

In North America, which was itself a mission country until the early years of this century, we see the growth of many religious bodies, especially devoted to the Foreign Missions, in response to the urgent appeals of the Popes to this continent.

Here in Canada the Catholic Province of Quebec has been outstanding and is playing a glorious role in the foreign mission field. Contrasted



with this, the dearth of any English speaking community of women devoted exclusively to the foreign missions has been acutely felt. Happily, however, this defect is about to be remedied. As the only foreign mission organization of secular priests for English speaking Canada, the Scarboro Foreign Society is happy to know that such a society of women is now in process of formation. It is under the direction of the widely known Right Reverend Monsignor R. D. Macdonald of the Diocese of Alexandria in Ontario. His undertaking springs from his knowledge that many young women have been frustrated in their desire to devote their lives to the Foreign Missions because there was no community, such as this, in this country.

Page Four

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society offers its congratulations to Monsignor Macdonald and prays for the success of this meritorious project under the patronage of the Mother of God whose name it bears as "Our Lady's Missionaries".

Warm approval has also been given by His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toronto, the Apostolic Delegate, their Excellencies, the Archbishops of Kingston, Montreal and Ottawa and the Bishops of Ontario.

After such endorsement by our Fathers in Christ, this worthy project must not fail. It will demand prayer and sacrifice and may young women, who feel the call to share their faith with others who are still in darkness and the shadow of death, know that there are souls in distant lands awaiting their coming to know the God who made them.



## CHINA

Established 1919

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M.

Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL, S.F.M.

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\$2.00 for 3 years	Single copy 15 cents.

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Address all communications to

RT. REV. J. E. McRAE

Superior General, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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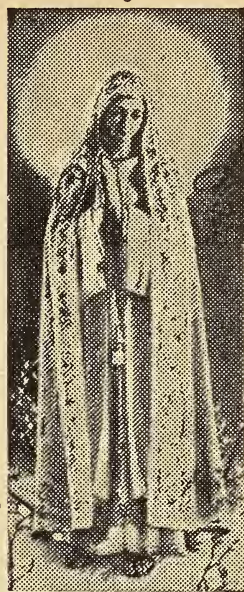
CHINA



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# La Virgen Peregrina en El Seibo

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THERE is a legend among the people of Santo Domingo to the effect that Our Lady began to intervene in their behalf almost as soon as their Christian forefathers set foot upon the island. To protect his newly established settlement on the coast, Christopher Columbus had an inland fortification constructed on the brow of a hill, overlooking the long, fertile valley of the Cibao. The Indians did not take kindly to this gesture, for they had no intentions of surrendering this valuable land to the newcomers.

A battle ensued. Unfortunately, the ignorant savages vented their rage on the large, wooden Cross which Columbus had caused to be placed in a prominent spot on the hill-top. They sought to destroy it with fiery arrows. It is said that Our Lady of Mercy appeared above the right arm of the Cross, giving courage to the Spanish defenders of the fort and dispelling the attackers in wild confusion.

It is strange how those who suffer at the hands of Christians seek to remedy the situation by destroying Christianity, symbolized by the Cross. Thus, they concentrate on doing away with the only source of goodness and decency in their enemies rather than on the real cause of the evil. On such occasions, Our Lady of Mercy will always appear above the right arm of the Church to protect it from harm.

Such is the situation in the world today. Those who feel that they are being oppressed and thwarted by so-called Christian nations seek a cure-all in the extinction of Christ's Church. However, Our Lady has appeared, once again, to assure us that final victory will be granted to those who are faithful followers of her Son. If we but show our good will by raising the Cross of prayer and penance she will be there to assist us.

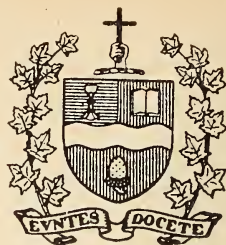
The most recent evidence of Mary's intervention in behalf of the

Dominican people is also an assurance to the entire world that she can and will carry out the promises made at Fatima. Her statue, a replica of the original which is venerated in Portugal, has just completed a six months tour of Santo Domingo. It was a sweeping, spiritual success.

To give you some idea of how she "went about doing good", let us describe her visit to one parish alone.

On February 13 Father Basil Kirby, S.F.M., who has been in charge of the tour since Father Patrick Moore, S.F.M., abandoned it to take up similar work in the United States, took the "Pilgrim Virgin" to his own parish of Holy Cross of Seibo. Here again, the Cross and Mary become intimately associated.

During the two months prior to the visit, Father Joseph Murphy, S.F.M., had zealously prepared the people of Seibo for the event. Each night a procession wended its way through the village streets to the tune of murmured "Aves" and the strain of Marian hymns. As usual, the men were slow to take part in these pious demonstrations, due to human respect. However, as soon as a few of the more stout-hearted made the break, others gladly followed.



S.F.M.

Our Lady's statue was to arrive in Seibo around five o'clock in the evening. Long before the hour a great multitude went out of the town to meet her on the way. During this anxious wait, they prayed and re-prayed the Rosary, always however, with their eyes fixed on the sharp curve in the road ahead. Finally, the low rumble of many praying voices gave way to the shrill cry of "QUE VIVA LA VIRGEN". It was like a threatening thunder storm which had suddenly burst forth. Mary's cortege had rounded the bend.

Having arrived at the first triumphal arch, the statue was placed atop the station wagon and the procession moved slowly onwards.

The next pause was at the entrance to the town where another gay arch of royal palms manifested the joyousness of the occasion. Here, the Governor of the Province, Porfirio Dalmasi, delivered an impressive speech of welcome to Our Lady. Then, the procession made its laborious way to the front of the old, Spanish colonial church, situated in the heart of the town.

On the side of the street opposite the main door an imposing altar had been constructed. It stood about twenty feet in height and draped with blue and white. The backdrop was a

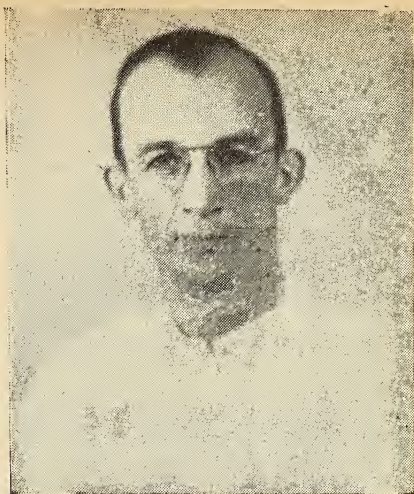


star-studded blue. A mass of beautiful flowers and flickering candles covered the altar table. The whole was given a regal touch by being topped with a canopy. The street which separated this provisional altar from the church was covered with a rich rug and the bright, glossy green of chipped palm branches.

The "Pilgrim Virgin" was placed on a pedestal above the centre of the altar. In the midst of this splendour and in full view of all present, the touching coronation ceremony took place. Then, through the lips of Father Kirby, Our Lady poured forth her message of Fatima into the hearts of the admiring throng. The solemn singing of the "Salve Regina" and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the tribute of welcome to a close.

The lull which followed was a brief one because by eight p.m. ranks had been reformed for another procession. The statue was borne aloft on shoulders which deemed it an honour to share in some way the heavenly Queen's hour of triumph. This demonstration concluded with a fitting instruction by Father Robert Hymus and the Blessing of our Sacramental Lord.

The weather began to threaten, so the statue was placed in the church where crowds pressed for the opportunity of venerating it.



Joseph V. Murphy, S.F.M.

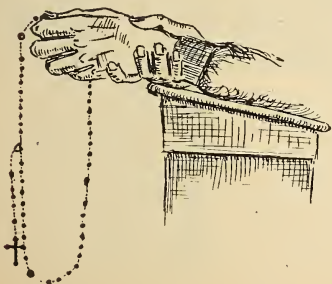
At midnight, Father Joseph Murphy offered a Solemn High Mass while Father Kirby explained the Holy Sacrifice as it unfolded before the eyes of the multitude.

After a few hours rest, Low Masses began at five o'clock in the church. The last Mass, at nine, was offered outdoors. The large, provisional altar had been moved to a position which commanded a full view of the park which flanked the church. Thus, ample room was provided for the many worshippers.

Somewhat the same program was carried out the following day except that there was a special outdoor Mass for the children. Also, most of the sick from town and country, who could do so, assisted at this Sacrifice, hoping for cures.

In the afternoon, every available vehicle was conscripted to carry the eager people to the nearby mission station of El Pintado. Our Lady paid a visit to its humble chapel which can hold no more than fifty or sixty persons. The simple people of the district will discuss for generations to come the honour conferred upon them this day.

On the third day the "Pilgrim Vir-





Basil Kirby, S.F.M.

gin" was taken on a more distant mission trip. This time it was to a place called Miches, the most outlying of all the posts attached to Seibo parish. To reach it one has to make his way over a recently constructed road which wends its way over a mountain range then descends gradually to the palm ridged shore of the Atlantic ocean. Within sight of this village was centred the terrific earthquake of 1946 which rocked the entire Island, causing many deaths and unestimated damage.

The good people of this isolated spot accorded our Blessed Mother a welcome as ardent and as lavish as that of Seibo. During the regular visit to this mission there are only fifteen or twenty Communions distributed. On this occasion there were two hundred and thirty-five.

During the return trip the cortege halted for several hours at another important mission post called Pedro Sanchez. Some years ago, a large number of refugees from the Spanish civil war took up residence here. They tried to persuade the natives to turn over the small but sturdy, wooden chapel to them for a dormitory. The local people, though not well instructed in their religion, were shocked and flatly refused the request. Our Lady certainly showed her pleasure with their fidelity.

In spite of the difficult trek over the mountains, Father Robert Moore S.F.M. was still fasting so that he

was able to offer Holy Mass for the waiting crowds. He began shortly before noon. As everywhere else the most remarkable spiritual blessings were the outcome of the visit.

Brief stops were made at various other points along the way. Knots of people were encountered on all sides. Father Kirby took full advantage of the situation to instruct the poor, neglected Catholics. By means of a loud speaker which runs off the car battery, he was able to announce Mary's message far and wide to waiting ears.

This holy expedition neared Seibo late in the afternoon. What an inspiring sight to see the numbers which came out to meet it and conduct it into the town. To witness the demonstration, one would think that the heavenly Visitor had just returned from a long absence.

The faithful kept vigil throughout that night. They were not anxious to see the morning break because they knew that it would mean the departure of their beloved Guest. Nevertheless, after the seven o'clock Mass the parting had to be made. Amid freely flowing tears the townsfolk followed Her to the edge of the pueblo where, to the strains of "Adios Madre







Robert Moore, S.F.M.

Mia" (Goodbye Mother Mine), they bade fond farewell.

However, not all the Seibanos were left behind that easily. Many of them crowded into three buses and followed Her to the neighbouring town of La Romana. It was a prolonged journey, since Our Lady paid short visits to eleven settlements which dot the vast sugar cane district sweeping from Seibo to the Caribbean sea about forty miles distant.

Nor had Seibo itself seen the last of the "Pilgrim Virgin". On the return trip to the capital city of Trujillo she had to pass, once again, through this town. There was an hour's delay during which the statue was placed in the church. Never had that church been so crowded as during that last hour.

The spiritual results of the visit were astounding. The confessions heard, the Communions, the marriages regulated, the thousands who were properly instructed at every opportunity, etc. are sufficient proof of this. In short, the religious fervour manifested on all sides was nothing short of miraculous. As Father Kirby put it: "the visit was a tremendous thing; it did more good than we priests could do in twenty-five years. Our Lady was lavish with her graces."

Indeed, it can be said that Mary appeared above Holy Cross of Seibo and proved herself to be truly the Mother of Grace. She brought about the transformation of a parish which for long years had been tepid and lax in spiritual matters due to the lack of priests. Seibo is but the symbol of the modern world. What she did for the Seibanos she can do for the world if we the Christians but heed her word. If every Catholic were to give himself to prayer and penance the terrible pall which floats over our earth would soon be lifted and we would see again the Sun of Justice.




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Before the court on wife-brought charges of desertion and non-support, Mose Brown meekly admitted his guilt and offered nothing in extenuation except that the lady in question talked too much.

"That's no excuse for desertion, Mose," said the judge. "Don't you know that the law gives a woman the right to talk all she wants to?"

"Yessuh, Jedge. I knows it do. Only Lucy she never stop talkin'. Shee keeps it up stiddy, mo'nin', noon and night, day in and day out, till I git so I cain't stand it no mor', jedge."

"She does? What does she talk about?"

Mose wagged his head sorrowfully.

"Jedge, suh," he said, "she don't say."

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# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

As the party of men left the club after a particularly convivial evening one remarked gaily:

"I've got a good wife. When I come home late she doesn't mind a scrap."

"Neither does mine," said another, less cheerfully. "In fact, she waits up for it!"



Small girl (to seven-year-old friend): "I think you're lots better looking than your daddy."

Boy (true child of the motor era): "Well, I ought to be—I'm a later model."



A woman was bemoaning the fact that her husband had left her for the sixth time.

"Never mind," sympathized her neighbor, "he'll come back again."

"Not this time," she sobbed, "He's taken his golf clubs."



In the grammar class, one day, the teacher wrote on the blackboard: "I didn't have no fun at the seaside."

Then she turned around to her pupils and said to one: "Roland, how should I correct that?"

"Get a boy friend," he answered.



A little boy, at school for the first time, was sobbing bitterly.

"What's the matter, Willy?" asked the teacher.

"I don't like school and I have to stay here until I'm 14," wailed the lad.

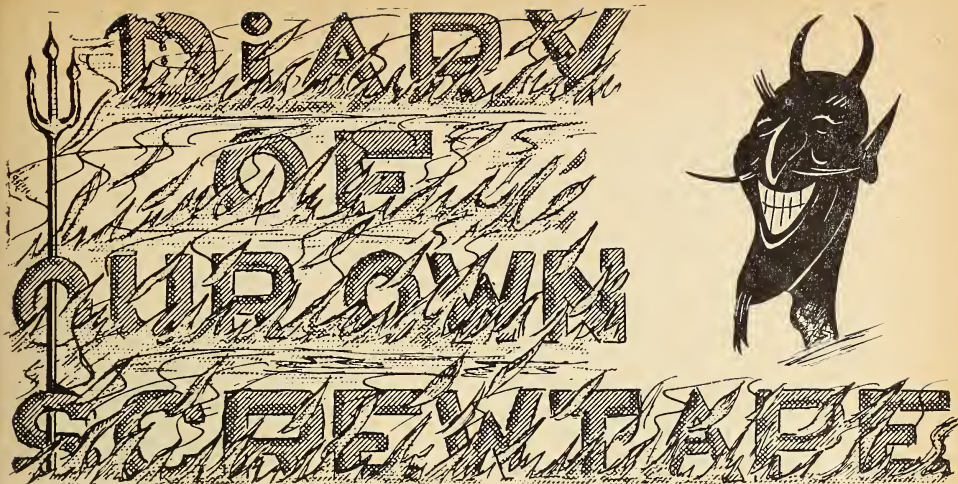
"Don't let that worry you," said the teacher, "I have to stay here until I'm 65."



A shipwrecked sailor spent five years on a desert island. One day he was overjoyed to see a ship drop anchor in the bay. A small boat came ashore and an officer handed the sailor a bunch of newspapers.

"The captain suggests," he told the sailor, "that you read what's going on in the world and let us know if you want to be rescued."





PERHAPS many of our readers are not acquainted with our little enemy, Screwtape. Therefore, before snipping a snippet from his diary, I will try to make him known to you.

He certainly isn't any teen-ager, nor is he making a belated debut in society. In fact, he was around when our human society celebrated its "coming out" party in the person of Adam. He jealously looked on as God presented our progenitor with the gift of "dominion over the whole earth". It was one of his colleagues who crawled into the Garden of Eden and seduced the mother of all the living, Eve.

There is no better way of giving you an insight into Screwtape's character than by quoting his description of himself. Here it is:

"Undoubtedly, a more interesting topic for conversation cannot be found than myself, the Hades—and world-renowned Screwtape. Your psychologists tell you that one must face the facts if he wishes to keep sane. Well, let's face it. I am far superior to anyone who happens to be fortunate enough to read these lines. My intellect is far keener than that possessed by any clod of animated mud which traces its origin to

that degraded gasp of intelligence, called Adam. If it is pointless to hide a light under a bushel, then of what use is a dull spark covered by a mass of dirt? Of what value is a spark of intellectual life when breathed into earthly slime?"

"Don't blow about your experience. When it comes to that, you cannot be compared to me. I had already been on active service for ages when my serpentine co-worker deluded your own Adam and Eve. What morons! Imagine being "taken in" by a little green and red bauble, hanging from a tree! It is incredible that such creatures claim to be in the order of intelligent beings. Comrade Snake-in-the-Grass certainly made them look foolish."

"Indeed, I already existed when that intellectual pervert, Michael, admitted that we angels, pure intellectual beings, were subordinate to the Creator; that we should recognize this truth and act upon it; that we should cry out: "Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts". That is called humility or knowing the truth about God and self. What a detestable and degrading thing! Of course, I immediately repudiated Michael. He is the sanguine type, playing up to authority while dickering for a higher

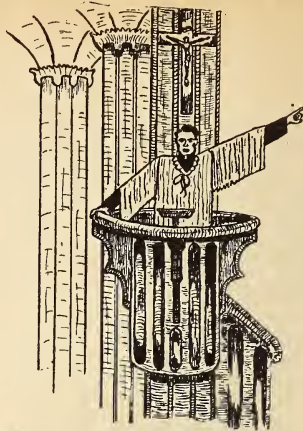
position. I joined the forces of the master-mind, Lucifer, and have been working under his fiery and brilliant leadership ever since."

You can see, dear reader, that Screwtape thinks very little of us. However, do not be misled. He does think a great deal about us. Although we cannot raise ourselves up to his intellectual level we are capable of going down to his moral level. His one interest is to get us there. From time to time, we hope to present you with a few pages from his diary in order to put you wise to his technique. He describes these pages as: "splendid examples of how easily I can outwit those sons of Adam".

Silence. Trumpets. (Pardon me. Forget the trumpets. He says he will blow his own). All hail. Presenting Screwtape's first contribution to "CHINA":

"My first thoughts to-day, as always, were upon the ways and means of carrying out the Luciferic plan. When the daily assignments were made known, I found myself in the Catholic church of the Canadian town of (censored)."

"Being Sunday, the place was crowded. Apparently my infernal companions had not met with much success in persuading the 'Mics' to skip Mass to-day. That is to be expected. Habits are stubborn things to subdue. These Canucks have ac-



quired the crazy habit of Sunday Mass and we are having no small difficulty in destroying it. We did a good job in the Latin countries, however. Moreover, as long as they make no serious effort to overcome their own habits of cursing, lying, detraction, etc., the cause is far from lost."

"Going off on a tangent, for a moment: I am much relieved to learn that since my last Canadian assignment, some years ago, most people simply refer to Canada and not the Dominion. That latter word always gave me the shivers. It must be the association of ideas."

"My special charge, for to-day, was a middle-aged, successful businessman. He almost got away with something when he decided to go up toward the front of the church in order to hear the pastor's sermon. The old man's voice isn't too strong. I slipped across the suggestion that he imitate the humble Publican rather than the proud Pharisee. He fell for the old line."

"Thus, the stage was set to lull him off to sleep during the sermon. It came as a jolt when I learned from the chatter of two women, who were sitting nearby, that the sermon would be delivered by a handsome, young missionary from China. He would





make an appeal for material assistance. That's what they call money."

"As soon as the priest mounted the pulpit, I realized that my little plan was doomed to failure. He thundered forth in a strong, clear voice. The businessman perked up and threw off his drowsiness which I had hoped to use to good advantage. For a few moments I feared the fool would decide to join the Foreign Mission Society. However, by the time the collection plates were passed around, after the Communion, I had succeeded in drawing him down to practicality."

"If that young up-start of a preacher had only kept to his appeal for money, matters would not have been so bad, but he spent most of the time making an impassioned plea for prayer and sacrifice in behalf of the Missions. He, very cleverly, brought in the example of St. Therese of Lisieux who gave us devils more trouble during her few years of existence on earth than we care to recall to mind. The whole thing was much too convincing for my comfort. Many mental plans, for giving spiritual and material aid to the Missions, were coursing through the brain of my protégé. I had to think fast."

"At all costs, I had to make the businessman give up any thought of praying for the cause. Prayer is always an admission of subjection to



the Creator. God only requires the prayerful co-operation of man in order to bring about the salvation of individuals and nations. Although He created man without consulting him beforehand, He certainly will not save him without his consent. Hence, as soon as a soul desires to be saved and begs God's grace to bring this about, our work begins to fall into ruin. Also, the more souls desire the salvation of others and beseech God's help on their behalf, the more we lose our grip on the Pagan world. We must keep as many as possible from saying and meaning: 'Thy will be done'. We must persuade as many as possible to ignore (and we have been most successful, to date) the important words of Christ: 'without Me, you can be nothing'. This accomplished, our troubles are over."

"Really, I had had hopes of inducing my businessman to absolutely disregard the appeal. However, the missionary was too sincere to continue to nourish such a hope. A compromise had to be made. Since I could not get the man to satisfy his disturbed conscience in any other way, I convinced him that it would be sufficient to slip a five-spot into the plate and call it a day. I laid the salve on thick when I urged him to think that these missionaries just talk about praying for the missions in order that their 'gimme' sermons won't seem too blunt. All they want is the money; forget about the prayer and sacrifice."

"It worked. I always make the best of any situation. The middle-aged businessman went back to his



comfortable home with a feeling of self-satisfaction. He was convinced that he had fulfilled his duty. Now, thank Lucifer, he will forget about the Foreign Missions until some other missionary comes around to stir up trouble. The people were saying that there hadn't been one around for several years. I hope there will not be another for several more."

"His Majesty, Lucifer, Prince of Darkness, was not too pleased about the fact that I had let my protégé give so much mammon of iniquity to the cause of the enemy. What a boss! I have never yet pulled a job

which satisfied him. What is a poor devil to do? I always say, if you cannot prevent two good acts then be satisfied with stopping the one which will do more good. If that man had ever acquired the habit of praying for the Missions, he would have called God's grace into play and would have continually reminded himself of his obligations in that matter."

"Some day, Lucifer will be forced to recognize my ability as a first class tempter. His criticism just burns me up. Oh well! we'll be seeing you, I hope."

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## *A t t e n t i o n . . . !*

Almost every town in the Dominican Republic is centred around a public park. Customarily, this park is the scene of a band concert each Sunday night.

I had paid little heed to this fact until a certain Sunday evening. Having finished the devotions in the church, I made my way across the street to the house. Hardly had I entered my room when a knock came at the door.

My caller was a policeman. Immediately, I began to examine my conscience according to the code of civil law. I knew that I had not broken any traffic laws because I had not driven a car since leaving Canada. Still his attitude was an accusing one.

"Es Vd. un Dominicano?" This much I understood and replied in my best Spanish that I was not a Dominican but that I intended residing in the country.

The remainder of his conversation was too much for my Anglicized ears which as yet were not accustomed to fast flowing Spanish. By means of the sign language I induced him to sit down and presented him with a pencil and paper. Thus the mystery was solved.

My crime was that I had walked across the street from the church while the band was playing its opening number, namely, the National Anthem. It is Dominican law that everyone must stand at attention while this piece is being rendered.

I explained, as well as I could, that I had not been aware of the fact that I was violating any law. This seemed to satisfy the conscientious policeman and he went on his way without further ado.

A few days later, Father "Bob" Moore, who was more fluent in the language than myself, turned the tables on my friend the policeman. He saw the officer pass in front of the church without raising his cap. Father "Bob", with evident eagerness, immediately drew the attention of the embarrassed guardian of the law to his oversight.

L.C.



# BOOK REVIEW

**GOD'S UNDERGROUND**, by Father George as told to Gretta Palmer.  
Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. 296 pp. \$3.75.

Many modern Christians are following the example of Doubting Thomas. They fear that Communism's astounding advance is going to prove false the assuring words of Christ in regard to His Church, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it". Unfortunately, they cannot see and touch the wounds of the crucified Mystical Body as Thomas was able to see and touch the Wounds of the Risen Christ. However, by reading "God's Underground", they will obtain a vivid picture of a suffering and persecuted Church, endowed with a vigorous and eternal life, which will inspire them with new trust and hope.

This book reveals that religion is still very much alive in the vast territories under Soviet domination, in spite of more than thirty years of efforts to stamp it out. It is a warning not to be hoodwinked into believing that there can be any recon-

ciliation between atheistic Communism and Christianity. It is a plea for us to join our forces with those of the brave and persevering Christians behind the Iron Curtain, in order to bring about an era of true peace.

Monsignor Sheen, who encouraged the publication of this book, tells us in his introduction to it how we can cooperate with the members of God's underground in Russia and her satellite countries. He does not suggest the atom bomb but rather the method presented by the Queen of Peace at Fatima, namely, prayer and penance.

God could destroy Stalin and his henchmen in a moment and He will in His own good time. Meanwhile, He desires that we do our part to extend His reign throughout the world. If you feel faint hearted then read what Father George has to say. It may bring about a change of heart.  
J.E.G.

**CANADA 1949. Official Handbook** prepared by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa. 288 pp., 25c.

This Annual is profusely illustrated, up to date, and presents in concise form a survey of the nation's growth and its economic, social and cultural progress. It also carries a message from Prime Minister St. Laurent welcoming our tenth province, and marking its entrance into confederation.

The handbook is the nineteenth of the series, an attempt to satisfy the requirements of the teachers and pupils of our schools, our citizens

and any person who wants a more popular version of the *Canada Year Book*. The latter's bulk precludes popular use and is of greatest value to reference students. Answers to the more frequent questions are to be found in this handbook and the excellent index obviates prolonged search. Mention should be made of the coloured illustrations which enhance the attractive qualities of this volume.



# The Mary Month of May

By

R. J. Pelow  
S.F.M.

*A Thought for May*

IT would be quite a trick for a Catholic to have a thought about May without a thought about Mary. On May 13 of this year many a radio commentator will be recalling historical events that happened other years on this same date. They may refer to May 13, 1917, and tell of how the Allies in France were having a pretty rough time of it fighting against the German army.

Most probably they will not refer to what happened to three small children near a village called Fatima in Portugal. Small wonder, however, because the Portuguese press of that day was to hang an iron curtain of silence about the dramatic events that were to startle thousands before the year was out. Of course, they began in the month of May which was most fitting because the central figure was Mary.

It was on May 13, 1917, that the Blessed Virgin appeared for the first of six times at Fatima. In the apparitions she pleaded for penance, sacrifice, prayer, fidelity to daily duties, the end of sinning and the return to God. She said that God desired the

reign of devotion to her Immaculate Heart to be established in the world. She urged a return of the world to the practice of the Rosary properly said. She revealed that World War I would soon end, to be followed by World War II if her requests were not heard. If they were still unheard, she foretold further chastisement with the Holy Father called upon to suffer a great deal. If they were heard, Russia would be converted and there would be peace.

These were God's terms for peace presented through His own ambassador of peace. World conferences seeking peace without the Prince of Peace have already failed. These terms were offered to the little people of the world who need not stand idly by while Christian civilization collapses. On this May 13, 1949, we must ask ourselves, have we accepted those terms? Do we perform our daily duties conscientiously? Do we pray the Rosary properly? Are we dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary? If not, there is no better time to start than Mary's Month, of May, 1949.



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

TWO details of modern life with which I hate to cope are (1) the purchase of a hat, and (2) a haircut. Perhaps these have never been much of a problem for others but in my case they are really trials. Fortunately the former operation takes place only every four or five years. The latter occurs every three weeks.

It would seem that buying a hat should be simplicity itself. A stroll into a shop, the announcement of the size and the color, a short discussion of the price range, two trial fittings and the ordeal is over for another five years. However, this is not the case. To begin with, buying a hat is never my idea. It comes from my friends. They stand things as long as they are able and then begin their campaign.

—"Say! That's quite a hat you have there!"—I blush modestly, square my shoulders and then cock my head to one side. This is a sort of amateur Man of Distinction performance. Then my dreams come crashing down with the next query.

—"How long have you had it, Or, should I ask: how long has it had you!"

There it is; the awful truth. The whole thing was irony and now I am catching it on the second bounce. I search my memory for the date of purchase but nothing comes. It must

be quite some time back. Perhaps he's right. Maybe I do need a new hat . . . Then again that fellow never did like me anyway; come to think about it I don't think much of him, either . . . steady, now; this is getting me nowhere. The question is: do I, or do I not, need a hat? Well I'll give the matter some thought. In a few days things may look different.

Meantime of course the conspirators have talked things over. The first sally was well planned and now they must discuss results of their tactic. "Do you think you got through to him?"—"Well its hard to say; he missed it at first, then he looked shaken. It *might* work!" The group decides to await developments, if any.

Within an hour I've forgotten all about it. After that first reproachful look *from* my old hat we resume our warm friendship. It has long since adapted itself to the geometric proportions of my noggin' and I in turn have adapted myself to its idiosyncrasies. It really likes a walk in the rain. I don't. So every now and then we go for a walk in the rain. On our return the brim must be turned up all round and the whole thing left quietly for 24 hours. After a rest of this length of time the hat is ready for service again. It has other habits in common with most hats. Rule number one is that it must

never be thrown or tossed. No matter how big the table or how short the distance, a toss is always resented; I know this because it always manages to slide off the table on to the floor. A roll, or slide or carom usually does the trick. There are many other rules but any man will explain these to you. In theatres all hats resent being placed in the wire rack beneath the seat. They show this by rolling free as soon as you sit down. When you want to leave half way through the picture an usher must be called; the hat is now four rows down and travelling fast. Rule No. 3: hats like to be brushed. If you brush your suit and neglect the hat you will soon meet with disaster. Its favourite device is to snap up after you've left the house. Your front brim is turned gaily upward on a day when you wish to look serious . . . perhaps the day you want a loan from the bank, or the very day you meet your bishop on the street. Your hat betrayed you: in the eyes of everybody you look like a poor imitation of Bob Hope. You don't know that the brim has snapped upwards; but everybody else does. The moral is: when you brush your suit, include the hat.

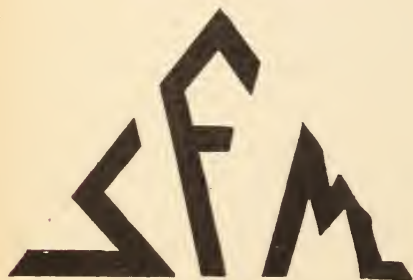
Rule No. 4: hats like to be placed on a high piece of furniture. Then if they have had a bad day they can roll off. Give them this opportunity by all means. Everything must have



a chance to blow off steam. If you break this rule you may expect a penalty. What usually happens is that some kind soul just happens to place your hat on a chair. Then some other soul sits squarely on it. The moral: place your hat on a piano; if necessary carry one of these around with you for this purpose alone.

Rule No. 5: *Wear* your hat. Too many men think they can beat the game by carrying a hat in their hands instead of wearing it. This will never do, believe me. I tried it for two summers and I've regretted it ever since. The hat does not like this arrangement. It's a nasty admission that the thing does not look good enough for you and you haven't the nerve to award it honourable retirement. You refuse to buy a new hat for economic reasons? Well and good; but *wear* the old one. If you don't the usual punishment takes place on every windy day. You must chase the darned thing over street car tracks, beneath horses' feet, down alleys, until some kind soul halts the chase for you by holding it firmly in position . . . with his foot, size ten. Moral: *wear* your hat; do not carry it.

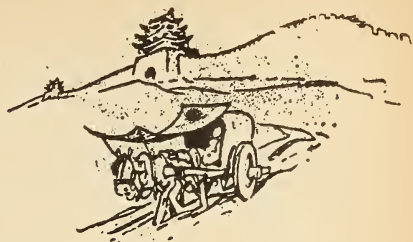
My trouble comes from the fact that I get used to one hat, obey all





its rules, enjoy its company, and then have my friends begin their campaign for me to buy another one! This is most disconcerting. I ignore the first few attacks they make. These are usually mild insults anyway and I like to think of myself as a patient man. But these friends of mine know me too well. They persist. They wear me down. They taunt me. They snub, browbeat, intimidate, bluster, bully and at last threaten me. Then I give in. I must buy a new hat. Its only five years since I bought the last one but for peace's sake . . .

Into the hat shop I go. Nobody around. There are voices at the back somewhere but no person is visible. Finally a man comes out and hurries down the aisles towards me. I open my mouth . . . he swishes by with a happy greeting and is out the door before I realize he's a travelling salesman. What I want is a salesman who is not travelling anywhere. Just one who will give me five minutes of his obviously valuable time. It must be valuable since he is not in sight to look after any customers there might be. I ponder the advisability of selecting a hat for myself and walking out with it. That would teach him a lesson. Of course I never have the nerve to do it. But I *am* getting annoyed. After all, surely they could give me five minutes every five years!



The voices at the rear are getting louder. If I don't get service soon I know I shall leave for ever. They say its healthier without a hat at all. Perhaps I shall soon find out the experimental way. Before this can happen I have backed into a table . . . and upset it. In a moment it is back in place and I am busy placing hats on it in those heaps with each hat's crown creaseless. Before I can finish, there are four clerks around me. The ordeal has begun.

You look, you feel and you are an utter fool now. They look at you coldly. You want to run . . . but you don't dare. For a moment, as you are busy with apologies, you think of your friends who got you into this! Why do these things have to happen to *me*. The clerks assure you that no harm has been done but they all get busy with brushes. Finally one finishes with that and volunteers to wait on you. So far twenty minutes have been consumed.

—"I'd like a hat." In view of the fact that it is a hat shop, that you are a stranger and obviously a customer, and that you are surrounded by ten thousand hats, this is hardly a startling statement.

—"Of course. What colour, please?" The voice is as cold as the underside of an iceberg. His question throws you. After all you are dressed in solemn black, you are holding a black hat in your hand.



Everything about you is black except your very red face.

—"Black!"

—"Certainly. We have every colour." Every five years the thought strikes me that white and black are *not* colours, but I let it pass. Then the battle begins. "We have some very fine midnight-blue coloured hats."

—"Black would be fine."

—"Of course. Now here are some navy-blue hats. Many clerics wear them. Would you try one on?"

—"Black!"

—"Yes. You said that, didn't you. Black. We have a large assortment of black hats. Now here are some dark greys. Would you like these?"

—"Black!"

He gives me a pitying look, then walks over to the table with the black hats. I follow with a firm step. My embarrassment is now gone. Anger has taken over. No clerk is going to make a fool out of me. When I want black I get black.

—"Here's a black hat; try it on for size."

—"The size is seven and a quarter. I want a black hat with a snap brim a fairly high crown size seven and a quarter and I won't go higher than seven dollars." This all comes out in one breath. Its the same speech every five years although it used to have a five dollar limit. Perhaps the

next time I shall have to boost the ante again . . . there have been hints lately.

The clerk is now reduced to silence. But he is far from vanquished. He has one trick left and now it comes. He looks inside hats, removes wadding and replaces labels with the agility of a card dealer. He hands a hat to me and points to the mirror. I can tell at a glance that it is too small. I tell him so. He is adamant. He points to the mirror. I resign.

Standing before the mirror is good for the soul. The hat perches on your head like a felt soup dish. Now you are *really* a fool. There is murder in your heart. You can see the clerk's smug face in the mirror. You know you've had it. You turn meekly.

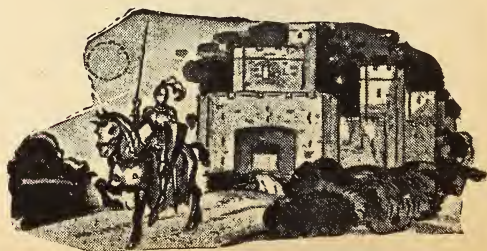
—"I think this one might be, seems to be, feels a little tight."

—"Well, well. Perhaps this one will be better."

No need to look. Its a ten-gallon hat. They do it every time. There is no escape. You are now on the verge of tears. You pull it down over your ears and stagger in the direction of the mirror. The only compensation is that the hat is also over your eyes and you can see nothing. The clerk guides you by the shoulder; over to the mirror and back to the table.

—"Here's one; size seven and a quarter. All black. \$7."

You try it quickly. It fits. You give him a five and a two and flee.







# Sweet Consolation

By J. E. GAULT, S.F.M.

The aeroplane crash-landed into a beautiful little church. No, there is something wrong with that statement. What I mean is that a beautiful little church resulted from the crash-landing.

Among the many sugar-cane plantations of the island republic of Santo Domingo, there is one called Consuelo. This particular sugar company has its own aeroplane and landing-field. One day the wife of the company's president was in the aircraft when something went wrong. A landing was made in a large field just outside the town. The machine crashed in the attempt but the lady escaped with her life.

Grateful to God for her preservation, she promised to have a church built on the spot. Her husband, a non-Catholic, willingly accepted the obligation and in due time the church was built.

It is the only Catholic church on the vast plantation. Previously, the thousands of Catholics who work with the company had to satisfy their religious obligations in a large town several miles away.

Unfortunately, the church remained without a pastor for a long time. Two Spanish Franciscans who had more than enough to do in the large town, would visit it occasionally. The company authorities

frequently petitioned the Archbishop to appoint a permanent pastor. Due to the extreme lack of priests the prelate was unable to comply with their wishes. Nevertheless, the requests continued to be made and became even more insistent.

"Consuelo" is the Spanish for "Consolation". It was with this play on words that the Archbishop approached the Scarboro priests with a proposition. "I beg you," he said, "to give me the consolation of taking 'Consolation' under your care". Before long, Father Joseph Ainslie, S.F.M., of Kingston, was placed in charge of the "crash-landing" church.

The first difficulty encountered by Father Ainslie was that the church happened to be situated in the middle of a large vacant field. His house was almost a mile away, on the other side of the village. On several occasions, during my visits to Consuelo, I made the trip for daily Mass, on horseback. Finally, a new house was built beside the church.

Father Ainslie's territory bordered on my own parish. However, no one seemed to know exactly where this borderline ran. The affiliation of one Mission in particular, known as Mata de Palma, was in doubt. We decided to make a joint visit to this outlying community in order to satisfy the spiritual needs of the people and to

settle the boundary question. Please understand that this territorial dispute was not of the European political type. In this case, each party hoped and prayed that the disputed area belonged to the other party because both parishes already had more than enough work for the personnel and resources at hand.

My journey to that mission was somewhat unique. The first twenty miles were covered in an old bus. Then a jeep took me several miles further over a rough road. The final lap consisted of a two hours ride on horseback.

The following morning, after offering Holy Mass in the little school-house, Father Ainslie and I set about the other spiritual administrations. We baptized ninety-eight persons.

One of the plantation bosses invited us to his home for dinner. Several of the most important men of the district were also present. A very animated discussion of plans for a chapel predominated the conversation. We, the clergy, were all for a simple building with a grass



roof and earthen floor. However, the local big-wigs were not for anything so paltry. They insisted on a concrete structure. My limited experience in such matters has taught me that if you aim too high your effort will die. At last we foolishly agreed to the elaborate plan with the result that, to this day, there is no chapel in that mission.

Having finished the baptisms and conference, Father Ainslie and I set out for his place. We were provided with good horses. After riding for a few moments, we came to the edge of the tropical vegetation. Before us there stretched, as far as eye could see, the vast expanse of sugar-cane land.

The "zafra" or sugar harvest was under way. Large sections of the cane had already been cut. In other sections, poorly clad Negroes were busy with their "machetes" (large knives), cutting each tall slender stalk with a single swish. There were many oxen harnessed to strange looking carts. These carts consisted of a heavy framework placed between two immense wheels. There were more oxen standing nonchalantly, chewing away at the long, narrow, green blades which had been cut from the sugar stalks. Boisterous men were urging the clumsy brutes to show some enthusiasm, by jabbing them with long poles which were furnished with sharp tips. The sugar-





cane was piled on these carts and carried to small flat-cars which were waiting on narrow gauge tracks. Thence, it was drawn to the central batee (factory) many miles away.

We, also, made our way to the railway. There, we traded our saddles for something which was somewhat less comfortable. The something looked like a mule of the mechanical order. It was a cross between a Ford and a flat-car. An automobile body had been placed on four small railway wheels, so arranged as to fit the narrow-gauge rails. The seats were comfortable enough as long as the contraption was not in motion. Once it got under way you felt you were on a roller-coaster or a dizzy-dip or something. The trip was a real thrill and I enjoyed it immensely. To Father Ainslie it was just part of the routine.

We passed several clusters of little huts which serve as homes for the labourers and their families. These villages are like islets in the great, green ocean of sugar-cane. I found myself wondering what would have become of me if I had been born and brought up in one of these isles of isolation. Such a reflection makes one think twice or ten times before condemning the natives for their ignorance, indifference, etc. I am inclined to think that it will be more tolerable on the Last Day for those communities than for our Canadian cities which enjoy every spiritual and material luxury.

While we swayed along at a frightening pace, the tropical night fell with its usual suddenness. It was a very dark night, broken only at the horizon by long slits of flame. The labourers were burning the dried blades from the sugar-cane which had not been eaten by the oxen.

Finally, we arrived at the hub of the plantation where the refining factory is situated. This is also the

centre of Father Ainslie's activity.

Immediately, we made our way to the Pastor's residence. It was evident that the cooks did not expect us. However, a few terse orders from the boss resulted in a very satisfying supper.

I said cooks because it was one of those mother-daughter combinations. You know, "if you hire me, you hire my daughter." They were two Negresses and neither of them feather weights. Together, they weighed over a quarter of a ton. Father Ainslie's grocery bill showed it, too.

They spoke English, having come from one of the British islands of the Lesser Antilles. Thousands of these people have taken up residence in the Dominican Republic. It is amusing to hear the native Dominicans refer to them as Englishmen. Some of these British subjects change their religion according to the island on which they happen to be living. One such gentleman approached me one day wanting to be Godfather for a little Dominican girl. Upon enquiry, I discovered that he professed Anglicanism when on his native island of St. Kitts but while in the predominantly Catholic Dominican Republic he considered himself one of us.

Such is life amid the sugar-cane of Consuelo. Pray sincerely that true spiritual consolation will be granted to those who live there, and that the "crash-landing" church will become the centre of a vigorous Catholic life.





## And Why Not You?

Remember the last time when you were in a crowd and some one pointed in your general direction, asking for the young man with the face to come forward? You quipped to your friend that he must mean two other fellows, and tried to look unconcerned. But maybe the man did mean you.

Now, at this very moment, Christ is pointing towards certain young men in this creaking old world of ours and asking them to come forward. He needs more missionaries, needs them soon, and perhaps he means you. If you have the qualifications of health, character and education, don't decide he means two other fellows. He may mean you. Think it over as you end your final year in high school. Think of what you should be doing this time next year. Preparing yourself for the missionary priesthood?

*For further information write to us.*







# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Here we are in the month of May again. And it reminds me of an old Chinese story. It's about a bridge which was called: *The Bridge Built For The Convenience of My Mother*. It goes like this:

Once upon a time there was a widow who lived with her two sons. They were very small, so when their Daddy died she got work weaving silk which she sold to take care of herself and two sons. To educate them she taught them at home every night. By day they helped her at the silk loom and at night she taught them all the rules of good behaviour and the duties of life. Not knowing the Classics she could not teach these but the boys grew up to be well-behaved, very polite and full of filial piety.

When the eldest boy grew up, he married and brought his bride home with him. Then when they had a family there was not enough room in the house so he built a place about a mile away. Every day after that Grandmother walked the mile each way to see her grandchildren. There was a river to be crossed so when she came to this stream her son had to

carry her; then in the evening he carried her back again. Finally he decided he wanted a bridge to make things easier for her, then Grandmother could come and go as she pleased and see her grandchildren anytime she liked. However bridges cost money and it took him six long years to save enough money . . . but he did it! It was a fine stone bridge, just like the ones you have seen in drawings.

The Mandarin heard about this fine thing and he wanted everybody to know about the love this man had for his mother. As a record of this he caused a tablet to be erected beside the bridge and it still stands there to this day. If you ever go near the village of Kam T'in you will see the "*Bridge Built for the Convenience of My Mother*." It is a monument to the love of a son for his mother. . . .

When I thought of this story I was wondering about you. Will anybody ever want to put up a monument to record your love for your mother? Remember we all have two Mothers, and one of them is Mary.

Sincerely,

FATHER JIM.



Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Rose Garden of St. Theresa. Would you please send me a mite box? I am sending you fifteen hundred stamps for the Chinese missions. It took me a long time to save them also. I am sending just a little donation for them also.

Edwin Walsh,  
Mt. Stewart,  
P.E.I., Canada.

Hello Edwin: When you receive the little card of membership in our Rose Garden and begin to say the prayer for the conversion of infidels you will be doing everything St. Theresa asks. Prayers and sacrifices make the world a better place. And I am proud of so many Buds like yourself. Thank you and God bless you.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

We are sending a small donation from our mite box to help in christianizing poor pagan children. It has taken us a long time to save this amount but we hope it won't be so long the next time.

We enjoy reading CHINA very much and we have always prayed for the Chinese children. We also pray for the success of the missions.

You asked us which one is the older, well it's James but he always leaves the finances to me because he thinks that women can handle money better than men.

Sincerely,

Gertrude and James Walsh,  
P.O. Box 120,  
Buchans, Nfld.

Dear Gertrude and James:

Thanks a lot, Gertrude and James. In your prayers you will now have to include Japan and the Dominican Republic. We have missions in those countries. The Japanese mission is just a new one and our priests have only been there about three months, although the first one, Father McRae, has been there a year. Besides this we have a large number, about twenty-five, down in the Dominican Republic; that's near Cuba.

So you see we will need more prayers yet! However, if every one of our Buds says the prayer every day for the conversion of pagans and receives Holy Communion every month for more vocations, well with all this help I'm sure the missions will do all right.

Thank you for your gift to the missions, too. That was a mighty fine thing to do. In return I shall



pray for all the members of your family, especially for your big brother in the seminary.

\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

I have been reading CHINA for quite a while now and really like it. May I be a Rose Bud in your Garden? I am fifteen years old. A friend in Newfoundland told me about your wonderful Rose Garden; please send me a mite box.

We all pray for the missions morning and night. In return I want you to say some prayers for some intentions of mine. I hope that I can help a little by saving stamps. I would like to hear very much from some PEN PALS.

Clara Caners,  
Fisher Branch,  
Manitoba, Canada.

Dear Clara:

Indeed you may join our Rose Garden. By now you likely have the card which registers you in our lists. Say that prayer for the conversion of pagans, receive Holy Communion monthly for vocations and keep up that resolution about saving stamps. We can use them nicely. They all help the work of the missions. And those mite boxes which so many Buds now have add up to an impressive total. God bless all of you and be assured of St. Theresa's intercession. I remember all of you in my prayers.

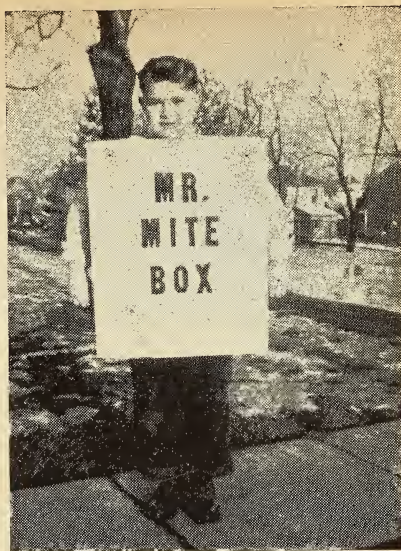
\* \* \*

Dear Father Jim:

It is a long time since I wrote to you and I am really sorry. I saved



CHINA



The C.C.S.M.C. of St. Clement's School at Preston, Ont., put Mr. Mite Box on trial! He passed the test with flying colors.

this present for the missionaries in China. I wrote my pen pal some letters but although I wrote twice she did not answer me yet.

Catherine Dubeau,  
27 Maria Street,  
Penetang, Ontario.

Dear Catherine:

Thank you for the gift which will be so welcome on the missions. Along with your prayers you are a real missionary yourself and St. Theresa will be proud of you.

I can't understand why your PEN PAL did not answer. Come on, Buds! When you receive a letter from another Bud, don't neglect it but answer right away. I hope Catherine will hear very soon.

Dear Father Jim,

I am sending you a few stamps and I would like to join the Rose Garden.

Patsy Power,  
122 Elm St.,  
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Patsy,

You are now a member in a growing garden. Across Canada, the United States, China, Japan, India, as well as in the Dominican Republic, England, and Ireland we have Buds who are also members of our Rose Garden. With all of these boys and girls praying for the missions, saving stamps and filling mite-boxes I'm sure St. Theresa is well pleased. Welcome Patsy.

Dear Father Jim,

*I would like to join the Rose Garden. Please send me a mite-box and I will do all I can to help the missions. I am eight years old.*

Catherine Joan MacNeil,  
Kentville, N.S.

Déar Catherine Joan,

Welcome to our Rose Garden. Say the prayer every day and that will be the most wonderful thing you can do to help our missions in far-away places. I'm glad you asked for a mite-box. It's surprising how the pennies add up.

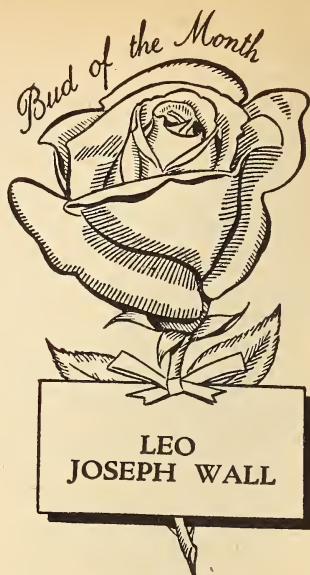
Dear Father Jim,

*I belong to the Rose Garden and my sister Lucille and I have saved these stamps for you. We receive the China each month and enjoy it very much.*

Margaret and Lucille Torpey,  
585 Elm Street,  
Peterboro, Ont.

Dear Margaret and Lucille,

Thank you for the stamps. When these are in good condition as yours



Our Bud of the Month of May is from 88 Intercolonial St., Sydney, Nova Scotia. He has been faithful to all the promises of our membership and is an old friend of St. Theresa having worked in her Garden for a long time. Congratulations, Leo!

were they mean money for the missions. That's an easy way to help isn't it? Glad to hear from you.



## QUICKIE QUIZZ WINNERS

For November: Marie Maloney, Monkland, Ontario. For December: Patricia Flanagan of 279 Gloucester St., Ottawa. For February: Florence McDonald, of Cornwall, Ontario. For March: Allison Conway of Hawkesbury, Ontario. Of the many who wrote to me with the right answers, these had the most interesting letters. Thanks to all of you and I hope you like your prizes.





## BOOKS WANTED

An Interview with the Devil, by  
Pierre L'Ermite.

The Pope and Christian Education,  
by Otto Cohausz.

Philosophy of Society, by Chas. A.  
Hart.

Experimental Psychology, by  
Gruender.

Law, Edna, 11, 42 Lower Union St.;  
Lawless, Margaret, 15, 101 Clergy W.;  
Lawrence, Bob, 15, Frank, 11, Jack, 13,  
14 Main St.; Maddigan, Barry, 9, 115  
Stephan St.; Maillie, Billie, 10, Wilfred,  
13, 615 North Frontenac St.; Malette,  
John Paul, 13, 71 Cowdy St.; Malette,  
Shirley, 10, 13½ McNab St.; Mallette,  
Marion, 11, Rita, 9, 272 Division St.;  
Marchan, Guy, 13, 4 Fifth Ave.; Marchesi,  
Geraldine, 10, 207 Park St. N.; Marshall,  
Dorothy, 14, Paul, 8, 110 Ordinance St.;  
Marson, Carmen, 16, Gerald, 9, 89 Earl  
St.; Marson, Dolores, 12, Marie, 12, 92  
Princess St.; Martin, Charlie, 11, 96  
Earl St.; Martin, Francis, 12, 495 Barrie  
St.; Martin, Mary, 16, Vincent, 13, 186  
University Ave.; Matthews, Paul, 12,  
Theresa, 16, Ursula, 11, Victor, 8, 98  
William St. W.; Mattson, Eric, 7, Marg-  
aret, 10, 105 Wellington St.; Mayo,  
Marguerite, 12, 43 Rideau St.; Meagher,  
Arthur, 9, Kathleen, 15, 108½ Montreal  
St.; Megaffin, Bill, 9, British American  
Hotel; Mellon, Betty, 14, Bobby, 10, 10  
Patrick St.; Meltz, Diane, 12, 217 Montreal  
St.; Michor, Eileen, 9, 84 Barton St. W.;

## New Members and Pen Pals

### KINGSTON, ONT.

Little, Billie, 13, Bobby, 7, George,  
9, Geraldine, 11, 74 Earl St.; Lloyd,  
Clifford, 12, Ronald, 11, 580 Victoria St.;  
Lloyd, Norma, 13, 59 Russel St.; Logue,  
Joan, 10, 143 Colborne St.; Louriv, June,  
10, 18 Markland St.; Lumb, Dickie, 9,  
288 Earl St.; Lynn, Patricia, 14, 220  
Alfred St.; La Barre, Josephine, 10, 207  
Lower William St.; Lacey, Ina, 13, 271  
Sydenham St.; Lacroix, Royce, 10, 233  
Earl St.; Ladouceur, G., 10, 112 Barrack  
St.; La Fleur, Marie, 15, Marion, 16,  
141 Concession St.; Lalonde, Bill, 14, 668  
Princess St.; Lalonde, Marjorie, 18, 67  
Lower Union St.; Lamarche, Audrey  
Marie, 10, Maureen, 9, Michael, 7, 192  
University Ave.; Lambert, Doreen, 13,  
Theresa, 11, 217 Colborne St.; Lanos,  
Donald, 7, 85 Barrack St.; Larkin, Flo-  
rence, 13, R.R. No. 5; La Rocca, Annie,  
11, 180 Cannon St. W.; La Rose, Dorothy,  
17, Ellen, 15, Viola, 11, 77 Stephen St.;  
Lashambe, Gerald, 10, 174 Ontario St.;  
Latimer, Patricia, 14, 116 Gore St.;  
Laviolette, Barbara, 10, 253 Queen St.;



Mary Lou Nixon and Ann Kearney of  
St. Agatha's School, Ottawa.

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# Items of Interest

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## New Monsignori

CHINA offers its congratulations to three new Monsignori of the Archdiocese of Montreal, Rt. Rev. F. M. Elliott of St. Willibrord's parish in Verdun; Rt. Rev. Martin P. Reid, of St. Thomas Aquinas parish; Rt. Rev. W. McDonagh of Ascension parish in Westmount. To these friends of the Scarboro Foreign Missions, hearty felicitations and best wishes for continued success in their work.

## Pray For Our Dead

Rev. Brother Alfred (Dooner), F.S.C., founder of De la Salle Oaklands College in Toronto.

Mrs. John Finn, Ottawa, mother of Rev. James Finn, of Mayo, Quebec.

Mr. Wm. Lee of Toronto, father of Rev. F. Lee of Toronto, Ont.

Rev. J. Vincent Burke, C.S.B., Detroit, Michigan.

Rev. T. V. Kennedy, C.S.B., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Leo Madigan, Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. C. Snyder, Windsor, Ontario.

Mr. Frank Fleck, Agincourt, Ontario. Mr. Fleck was the chef at our seminary at Scarboro Bluffs for twenty years and knew almost every member of our Society as students and as priests. After a year's illness from cancer he died on the Feast of the Annunciation. R.I.P.

## Bishop Faveau

*(The following is from  
Monsignor Fraser)*

The late Bishop Paul Faveau, C.M., former Vicar Apostolic of Hangchow,

died recently at the age of ninety. The Bishop was closely associated with pioneer English-speaking priests in China. On my first arrival in China in 1902 it was under the then Father Faveau that I was stationed for eight years. Father Galvin also worked with Bishop Faveau following the latter's Consecration in 1910. Father Galvin later returned to Ireland and founded the Columban Fathers whilst I returned to Canada to found the Scarboro Foreign Missions.

In 1940, Kinhwa (eight counties) was separated from the Hangchow diocese and attached to Lishui. The late Bishop is therefore a lifelong friend of mine, having been my parish priest in Ningpo and my Bishop in Kinhwa. Please pray for the repose of his soul.

## Mission in Japan

All our friends wishing to write to our priests in Japan should address their mail as follows:—

Rev. .... S.F.M.,  
47 Takanawa, Minami-Cho,  
Shiba, Minato-Ku,  
Tokyo, Japan.

## Canadian Schools

Father Jim would like to express his thanks to all the boys and girls across Canada who helped our missions so much during the Lenten season with their prayers and sacrifices and mite boxes. To list the several hundred schools would be impossible but he wants them all to know that he is deeply grateful for their help and remembers all of them in his daily Mass.



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# Children, Hope of the Future

IN CHINA, OLD AGE IS HIGHLY RESPECTED FOR THE WISDOM WHICH COMES WITH EXPERIENCE. BUT THIS WISDOM IS NOT SUPERNATURAL AND CAN NEVER LEAD MEN TO THEIR FINAL SUPERNATURAL GOAL. CONSEQUENTLY WE MUST BRING



THE WISDOM OF CHRIST TO ALL THE INHABITANTS OF OLD CATHAY.



THE GREATEST HOPE LIES WITH THE CHILDREN. ALTHOUGH THEY MAY BE DRESSED IN RAGS, THEIR SOULS ARE IMMORTAL. REMEMBER CHINA'S CHILDREN.



O Mary, Queen of the Missions, inspire more young men and women to join the labourers in the field for the harvest is great indeed.



# C H I N A



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

JUNE 1949





# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

Port Hood Parish Burse .....	\$ 577.30
St. Madeleine Sophie Barat .....	2,742.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,505.50
A Friend, Mabou, N.S. ....	5.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	2,332.23
St. Jude .....	1,537.00
Grateful Client, Pembroke, Ont. ....	5.00
M. M. D., North Sydney, N.S. ....	2.00
F. M., Ottawa, Ont. ....	2.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,272.07
E. W., Vancouver, B.C. ....	10.00
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,257.00
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
Sacred Heart Burse No. 2 .....	1,103.16
Comforter of Afflicted .....	805.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	684.62
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	556.43
G. F. B. ....	10.00
Holy Souls Burse No. 2 .....	557.16
F. M., Ottawa, Ont. ....	2.00
Immaculate Conception Burse No. 2 .....	493.60
Msgr. McKeon Burse .....	225.00
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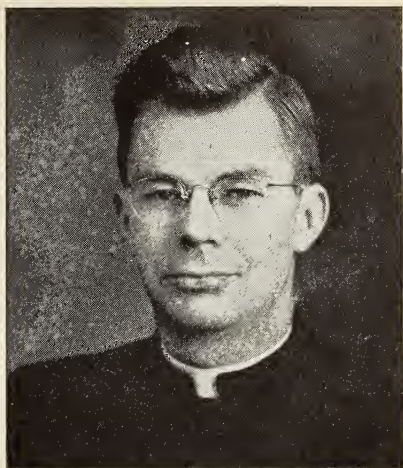
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# Han Ming

## *The Refugee*

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By  
Harold Murphy  
S.F.M.



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THE first time I met Han Ming was here in my room when he shyly pushed the door open and asked me if he could come in and get warm.

I told him to make himself at home. I noticed that he was just a kid, dressed in padded garments with the stuffing sticking out in half a dozen places. Both his big toes were showing through his cloth shoes. He had no socks. His hands were gnarled and covered with a skin disease. He sat down on a box of wood beside my stove and said nothing.

Now one thing I have learned from experience is that in dealing with students, the priest must be humble, fatherly and kind. But especially kind. And kind in a sort of grandmotherly way.

So I ignored all the old Chinese customs and muttered something about how foolish it was to be outside in freezing weather when there was a nice fire here in my room.

The boy said nothing but his eyes lost their crafty haunted look.

I went on typing a letter but at the same time observing and studying

the boy. The next time he caught my eye, he smiled. And then the bell went for dinner.

I said to him, "Have you had dinner yet?"

"I have eaten," he said.

"And what time did you eat?" I asked.

He said, "At nine o'clock this morning."

"Well, now," I said. "That bell has just called my teacher to dinner and so you go into the kitchen with him and have another meal."

The boy got to his feet, bowed from the waist and said, "Thank you but I am not a beggar. I must go now."

And he went for the door.

I slipped off my chair and took him by the arm. I said, "Is your Pa Pa (Daddy) alive?"

"I think so," he said.

I said, "Now you listen to me. If your Pa Pa told you to go and get your dinner, you would not answer him in this manner. The people here in Lanchi call me their Spiritual Father, I am a Pa Pa to the Lao Pai Hsing (common people). Now you go in and have your dinner and no more nonsense from you!"



In honour of Satan.

The lad looked at me. There were tears in his eyes. He didn't say anything but he went into the kitchen and ate his dinner.

That all happened several weeks ago. Han Ming comes to see me nearly every day now. He tells me everything, his past, present and hopes for the future.

Until two years ago this boy lived a life of bliss. His father was a rich merchant in Hopei Province—his business had spread to the coast and even to foreign countries. Han Ming was raised in luxury. With his four brothers and two sisters, his childhood had been one of nurses, tutors and servants. His father had been strict but just. And his mother—Han Ming remembers his mother as a fairy-like, queenly lady in black silk. He had worshipped her.

Because Han Ming's elder brother had turned out to be soft and luxury-loving, the father decided that the younger boy should spend a couple of years in a public school as a boarder.

So at the age of thirteen Han Ming left home and entered a school about twenty miles from his home town. A year later some other boys left the school and moved south. Han Ming went with them.

And there began two years of cold, poverty and hunger. Until now Han Ming has lived a life that few people have lived to tell about.

At first he walked until his shoes were worn through and then his bare feet were blistered and frost bitten. Then he managed to get on a refugee train—literally on it—for he lay, flat on his stomach on the top of a freight car, clinging to the board-walk. He stayed like that for sixteen hours—too terrified to move. He saw three of his comrades fall to their death under the wheels of the train.

Sometimes he had to steal to eat. Most of the time he begged. In Hangchow after a two day fast, he went along with a group of school-mates to a high-class restaurant and ate a big dinner while one of the boys waited outside with a whistle. When the dinner was finished and the coast seemed clear from police, the boy on guard blew his whistle and everyone ran for their lives—without having paid for their dinner.

Han Ming and his friends are now living in a pagan temple about five miles from Lanchi. There are no windows or doors in the place and only a mud floor. The boys have

*(Continued on page 20)*

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## CHINA

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*Established 1919*

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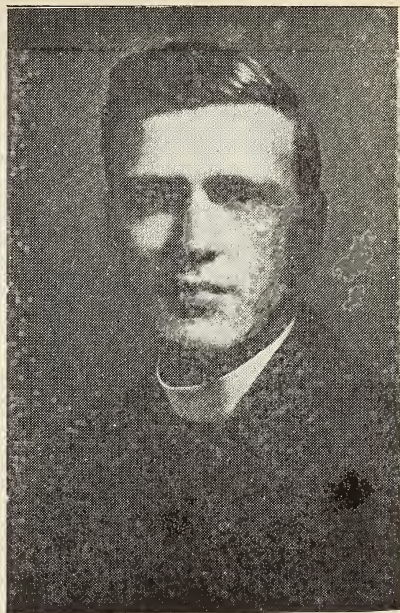
No. 6



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# Drama in Everyday Life

By  
George Courtright  
S.F.M.



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PANCHITO and his two assistants are having a hurried conference. Yes, they figure that now there are enough passengers to fill their two buses. The first bus goes directly to the Capital while the second goes only as far as Macoris. This is fine until some of the passengers hear of the plan. It seems that the Capital-bound passengers also want to spend a FEW minutes in Macoris. Panchito, who is the bus driver, says this can't be done, since Macoris is off the main highway. A small group of insurgent passengers, in righteous anger, stamp out of the bus. After all, there are OTHER buses besides Panchito's to be had. There is another hurried conference, and the insurgents return, somewhat placated, but breathing threats. Panchito and his assistants win round one but the bus is to stop in Macoris a FEW minutes.

At this moment, more people arrive, wanting to go to the Capital. The insurgent group, all of whom are males by the way, interpret this as an encircling movement. Once again they stamp out, complaining that the seats are too crowded. There is another hurried conference. Panchito and his boys win round two; as if by magic there appear several small boxes. Placed in the aisle of the bus they make dandy seats—for the women latecomers of course.

After several false starts, one to load a live goat on top of the bus, Panchito eases into gear and roars away. His classic features are reflected in the large rear-vision mirror and when he scowls it's Charles Bickford with a sun-tan. Unfortunately Panchito has to scowl nearly all the time because the loud-voiced talkative man at his left is just four inches from Panchito's ear.

Arriving at Macoris, the assistant carefully tells each passenger that the bus will stop for exactly ten minutes. At the side of the bus is a push cart piled high with peeled oranges. One of the passengers thinks five cents for three oranges seems a lot to pay. The salesman replies this is not so. To prove he's right he pulls out his papers. Here's my permission to sell oranges, and my certificate of cleanliness, and my registration card. They all must be paid for, he says.

The ten minutes are now *thirty-five* minutes and almost all are ready to go except two missing passengers. One woman shouts that she wants to leave right now, adding that it's too hot to wait. The missing passengers must not if possible be left behind, so strategy is needed for further delay. Surely, mumbles the assistant, the motor needs to be tinkered with, but the woman is not one bit fooled. The insurgents by now, have no possible recourse because they paid their fares before reaching Macoris.

Reluctantly Panchito eases into gear, scowling fiercely, regret written all over his face. The loud voiced man assures him that the missing passengers are at the edge of town, but winks knowingly to the rest. Naturally there is no sign of them when the edge of town is reached, but nothing can be done but carry on. Round three to the insurgents.

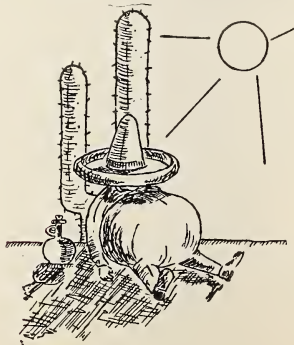
At the Ramfis bridge, a trim Army lieutenant waves the bus through, and Panchito's scowl softens into a half smile. The road is now paved and Panchito seems at peace with the world. Suddenly his face becomes contorted into another furious scowl. Everyone, through the mirror, sees the scowl and wants to know what for. Panchito mutters something about the bus's registration papers he forgets in Macoris, and stops the bus. If anyone, he announces, wants

to wait here, he can do so, because I'm going back for those papers.

The insurgents — even the loud voiced man—are by now resigned to anything. Most of the passengers get out of the bus and wait by the side of the road. Panchito's face becomes grim and determined, as he races back the ten kilometres to Macoris. At such a breakneck speed, the second assistant on the roof of the bus, loses his hat in the wind. The trim lieutenant at the bridge is only slightly curious at the bus's return, but when he sees it the third time, he has a good laugh.

At last the passengers climb in, the gears clash, and the anxious bus goes into high. The sudden start causes quite a breeze and someone's hat goes out the window. That does it. Panchito puts aside his habitual reserve and blows up. How can we ever get to the Capital, he asks, with delays like that. The loud voiced man hotly replies that Panchito is to blame for all the delays.

There is a moment of tense silence. A fight seems imminent. Everyone is anxiously watching the rear vision mirror. Then the old cautious Panchito, the busdriver, sullen and scowling returns. Apparently you're right mister—the bus roars on its way. Round four to the insurgents and the contest ends in a draw.





# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

THE Knights of Columbus have been conducting a national advertising scheme to enlighten citizens who are not Catholics. Results so far have been most encouraging. Almost everybody who reads the bulletin learns something about the Church which lessens bigotry, promotes harmony and frequently leads the reader to the path of the true Faith. The effort is admirable and it is planned to extend its scope. A question which arises might well be: is there anything which every Catholic can do along similar lines?

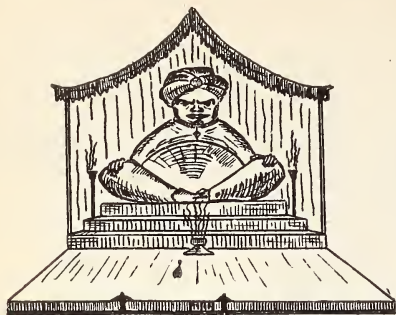
In Canada, English-speaking Catholics live in a predominantly non-Catholic atmosphere, and questions requiring a good knowledge of the Faith are frequent. Outnumbered as we are by 5 or 6 to 1, every English-speaking Catholic must become a catechist. In round numbers, if we take the general population of our country as 12,000,000, we find there are about 4 millions in Quebec where probably 90% are Catholic. Of the rest of the population, there are probably between 1,500,000 and 1,750,000 Catholics. Among the English-speaking Canadians we are obviously a decided minority. It would seem that we have a corresponding obligation to be particularly well-equipped to help our fellow citizens when they enquire as to our beliefs.

Strangely though, there is little or no awareness of this obligation. If

a non-Catholic asks a "difficult" question, the result is a passing of the buck. "Why don't you ask Father So-and-So". Methinks the non-Catholic has already done pretty well in asking the question at all and should not be required to go farther for an answer. Its seldom that they will overcome the shyness to ask a priest, unless they happen to have one as a personal friend . . . and then the question may be forgotten before they chance to meet him again. The responsibility lies with the Catholic who is asked. Should he be unable to answer, then *he* must consult his priest and return with the answer.

Besides having recourse to one's pastor, is there any other way to become sufficiently proficient with one's faith? Obviously the role of the Catholic Press comes to mind. Therein it is possible for everyone to accumulate knowledge week by week, to become familiar with the answers to contemporary problems and know the application of religious principles to daily life.

How may one learn the answers to all the little questions? Every Catholic knows that he might be asked a hundred and one details which require special knowledge. The answers might never appear in the Catholic Press, but they do appear in books. Need every Catholic have access to a Catholic library? This is usually impossible. However, one



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might suggest several answers to overcome this problem. One might be for every Catholic to have a small number of ready-reference books. These would have to be inexpensive, popular in style and attractive in appearance, yet fairly comprehensive in their content.

### Catholic Information Kit

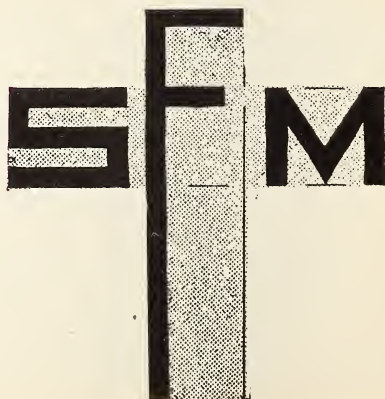
*The Question Box*, by Father Conway, is an old standby and an excellent book. Much the same is the 3 volume series: *Radio Replies*, by Rumble and Carty. They contain the answers to hundreds of questions which casual meetings bring about. *Chats With Prospective Converts*, by Forrest, is also to be recommended warmly. The last was written for the benefit of those preparing for marriage but it also gives an excellent general account of what the non-Catholic should know about the Church. Because of the frequency of questions on the Catholic position with reference to Matrimony, it might be in order to list a few inexpensive books: (1) *Life Together*, by Hope; (2) *Morals and Marriage*, by Wayne; (3) *Marriage and the Sex Problem*, by Foerster; (4) *Marriage*, by Morrison. And any church pamphlet rack will provide large numbers of short and inexpensive works on this subject.

As basic texts, one should have

these in the Information Kit: (1) *A Catechism for Inquirers*, by Malloy; (2) *Father Smith Instructs Jackson*, by Bishop Noll; (3) *The Greatest Prayer, the Mass*; (4) *The New Testament* (St. Anthony Guild Press). These four will cost you \$2.

Also helpful, *What the Catholic Church Is and What She Teaches*, by Hull; *Why I Am A Catholic*, by Harney; *I Believe*, by Hurley; *Faith for Life*, by Graham. And for general information on the Bible there is nothing better than *Where We Got the Bible*, by Graham. *Christ the Leader*, by Russell, provides a whole course of religious instruction based on the life of Christ. *That You May Live*, by Cervantes, is an excellent popularization of the doctrine on the Mystical Body. *The Wonderful Sacraments*, by Doyle and *A Map of Life*, by Sheed, might complete the kit.

It is not suggested that these twenty booklets are the equivalent of the Catholic Encyclopedia. But it is felt that they will provide the ready answers to 90% of the questions. And I do believe that every Catholic household should have these or the equivalent. Then when one is "stumped" it will be possible to look up the answer without the delay







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which will likely cause the whole thing to be dropped.

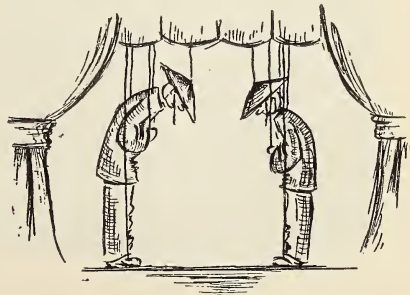
### Kit Must Be Inexpensive

A further point which experience has shown to be correct is that these pamphlets and books should not cost very much. They should be lent to non-Catholics and you must count on a high percentage not being returned. Some will be lost, some destroyed, but again some will be taken up by another person and the seed may be sown. The rule must be to *keep your kit complete*. When one prospect has a volume, another may come along with a request for that same book. It will be wrong to hurry to the home of the first and retrieve it. Lend the second. This will not happen very frequently as many of the books suggested cover the same matter from different aspects. However, a book lent is an investment, and although you never see it again it might be the best \$2 you ever invested. True it is that you may not see the results yourself, but the proof of the pudding is discovered in the strange tales converts have of their first contact with the Faith. A leaflet, pamphlet, small book, something of this sort may have first aroused their curiosity, then their hopes, and finally the efficient desire to do something.

The books chosen should have an attractive appearance. This may seem a minor detail and it is; but how often a minor detail makes all the difference. A heavy tome is soon dropped; a small booklet with an attractive binding and cover may catch attention long enough to do its role.

### Catholic Digest

This seems to be an age of *Digests*. Besides the Readers Digest, the Empire Digest, the Catholic Digest, there is a *Digests' Digest*! Of all of these only the Catholic Digest is recommended in this article. It might be the first step for some person, and its the first step which counts or costs the most. Undoubtedly 'there is a great effort required for the non-Catholic mind to deliberately investigate the claims of the Church and the easier this is made the better for all concerned. It will do little good to leave copies of the *Summa Theologica* lying in street-cars but a magazine such as the Catholic Digest is something else again. There is not meant to be any particular emphasis on this one magazine, but it does have the general qualifications being stressed. You might prefer *The Sign* (and I do) or something else along those lines; and depending on the type of person you hope to attract you must make the judgment for



yourself. But if you find that a magazine will work better on some people than would a pamphlet or a small book, then by all means have one or two good Catholic magazines in your home.

### Casual or Providential?

Finally there is sometimes a tendency to steer the conversation very carefully away from "controversial" subjects. Now what is behind this? Sometimes its a fear that one will be unable to cope with the questions which are bound to arise. Another reason might be that one sets a greater price on peace than it is worth. Either attitude is unworthy of the militant Catholic. If answers are unknown, the Information Kit will take care of that. If quarrels are feared, tact and diplomacy and a little prayer for inspiration will work wonders. Above all one must realize that the circumstances which prompt

such questions are not the effect of chance or luck.

Too much credit is given to luck or coincidence. Nothing happens that way really. Its the hidden hand of Providence giving us an opportunity. If all of these are throttled or avoided as quickly as they appear we shall never save our souls. They are actual graces, and the first step will be to recognize them as such. Meetings with such prospective converts are not haphazard. They are illustrative of the Divine Love seeking to overflow into another soul.



Some of our missionaries now stationed in the Dominican Republic: Very Rev. A. Chafe; Revs. J. Fullerton, J. Ainslie, W. Allen, W. Matte, George Courtright, J. Walsh, P. Moore, M. MacSween, all of S.F.M.





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# An Unpopular Virtue



By

R. J. Pelow  
S.F.M.

*A Thought for June*

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THE tourist who reported that "it wasn't the heat but the humility" of a certain country that had bothered him was slightly confused to say the least. However his confusion was no greater than that of the modern pagan concerning the nature of humility. As a most unpopular virtue, it is pictured as abject, grovelling because it recognizes individual limitations; and modern man does not dare admit his limitations lest he no longer appear self-sufficient. Thus is the farce maintained: the modern world, so unsure of itself must trumpet its assurance; this pagan world which so fears truth must live in a world of fiction. Hopelessly searching for security our modern world is always "on the run".

When we learn what humility is, life comes into proper focus because humility is truth. Recognizing our own limitations and deficiencies, we can see the perfections of God in their proper light. It is also possible to see that there are men around us who are our betters. However, hu-

mility does not urge us to be stupid. It merely recommends that we face the facts in our relations with God and our fellowmen.

In teaching us to be humble, Christ did not advise us to be slaves or weaklings. When He stood before Pilate, His attitude was not one of craven fear, nor silly arrogance but rather one of quiet dignity. Peace of soul will come to the man who recognizes his proper place, accepting his responsibilities, appreciating his limitations and keeping his hopes within the bounds of possibility. There will be no puffing up caused by man's worst enemy: pride. Soon the balloon of pride must burst; humility will keep us within our proper dimensions.

St. Augustine said: "The humble man is he who takes the last place in the house of God rather than the first place in the house of the sinner." And we have the wonderful advice of Christ Himself: "Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart."

# BOOK REVIEW

**THE CHAMPLAIN ROAD**, by Franklin Davey McDowell; Macmillan: Toronto, 338 pp., \$3.50.

This Canadian classic has now been reissued in what is called the Huronian Edition, to commemorate the tercentenary of the death of the Canadian martyrs. On this score alone the book would have an appeal to every student of Canadian history but we are given much more. **THE CHAMPLAIN ROAD** is an excellent description of Huronian civilization, with its strength and weaknesses analyzed, followed by a chronicle of the events which led to its downfall and disappearance. As such it is incomparable.

In a **FOREWORD** the author clears up the few historical inaccuracies and gives his reasons for taking such liberties. Considering the nature of the book such changes seemed justified, and they do not affect Canadian history in any serious way. Novelists frequently become interpreters of his-

tory; Franklin Davey McDowell has no such ambitions.

Whether the immediate context is dealing with Hurons, Iroquois or the hero and heroine of the romance, McDowell always manages to bring in the influence of the Jesuit Order. The efforts of these saintly men to bring salvation to the inhabitants of Huronia extended over every field. The supernatural always came first but there was great solicitude for the daily problems of sanitation, food supply, education, and even military safety. Huronia was constantly at war, a losing war, and the Jesuit Fathers knew it. I know no better source for a description of holy men fighting a losing battle in the natural order, yet never losing courage because a lost war meant martyrdom and eternal salvation.



**PEACE OF SOUL**, by Monsignor Fulton Sheen; Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott St., Toronto; 292 pp., \$3.50.

A best seller of several months ago was written by a Rabbi and entitled *Peace of Mind*; the contrast in titles suggests the contrast in the books. Monsignor Sheen's book uses much of the terminology of psychiatry but the thoughts are rather theological than medical or psychological. In

view of the flood of psychiatric material which has deluged us during the past four or five years, there was a real need for such a reorientation.

Psychiatry is a legitimate and valuable field of study. It has not seen many years of service as yet and has been suffering some growing pains



but already its results have justified its existence and the great promise it holds for the future. Sheen agrees to this and even has a good word for a proper use of psychoanalysis. However, he points out its inadequacies in such a way as to clear up any delusions given us by the film industry. Such a distinction was badly needed.

Chapters on Anxiety, Conflicts, Morbidity, Repression, etc. and three final chapters on Conversion provide us with a history of modern man. The situation at the moment is very serious but there is hope if man will use the means at his disposal. In the explanation of such means the book

excels. In the chapters Morbidity and Guilt, Psychoanalysis and Confession, Sex and the Love of God, The Psychology of Conversion, Monsignor Sheen tears the mask off the false gods of rationalized self-indulgence and misguided social reform and shows that what is needed is the acknowledgement and not a denial of guilt. Divine forgiveness is above, independent of man and by it alone can man be lifted up out of this morass of despair.

This book is highly recommended for all priests and seminarians, all educators and indeed for every serious student of our times.



**CANA IS FOREVER, by Rev. Charles Hugo Doyle; Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott St.; Toronto; 260 pp.; \$3.00.**

The twelve chapters of this book provide counsels for before and after marriage. The lessons of Cana are applied to modern marriages with such simplicity and clarity that everyone who is now married or is contemplating this serious step may derive great benefit. It does not adopt any head-in-the-sand attitudes but approaches the various problems with perfect frankness.

"Marriage demands the patience of the teacher, the training of the psychologist, the diplomacy of the statesman, the justice of the Supreme Court judge, the sense of humour of a good comedian, the self-sacrifice of a good doctor, "the customer-is-always-right" attitude of the successful department store salesman, the mercy of the confessor, and so on, *ad infinitum*."

His chapter on Mixed Marriages may well save a lot of breath for priests who give pre-nuptial instructions. This problem is getting worse and Father Doyle gives the explanation for the high rate of failure. One

might have hoped for lengthier treatment of the question: "Why are non-Catholics required to agree to only one ceremony and to have *all* the children brought up in the Catholic faith?" These principles must be clear to all Catholics before we can hope to have them accepted and every Catholic who is asked should be able to explain.

Lists of "reasons" given by quarrelling spouses for their particular standpoint will jog the memories of all priests with pastoral experience. These might also help people realize how easy it is to deceive oneself. Mr. Dooley is quoted to advantage: "Ye can always git a divorce f'r what Hogan calls incompatibility iv temper. That's when husband and wife ar-re both cross at the same time. Ye'd call it a tiff in ye'er family, Hinnessy."

The book is increased in value by its references to over fifty other sources of information on this important subject. It is heartily recommended.

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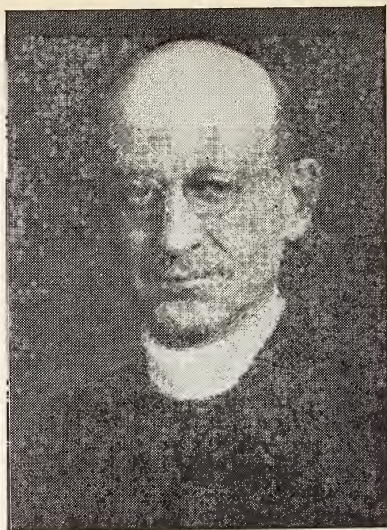
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# Hencoop

By

Leo Curtin

S.F.M.



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A very laudable custom among missionaries, whether they be in China, Japan or the Dominican Republic, is to pay periodic visits to fellow-priests. It boosts morale. This is especially true when a man is stationed alone in some lonely mission which is off the beaten path.

On one such visit, my host happened to be Father Harvey Steele. He lived in a little West Indian village known as Boya. The present appearance of this community differs little from what it was at the time of its establishment over four hundred years ago. The long line of white-washed shacks curve in horse-shoe shape around the old Spanish-colonial church.

Father Harvey called one of the shacks his presbytery. It had three rooms. Not the parlour, bed-room and sink type. Rather, it consisted of a dining-room with a bed-room on either side. The kitchen was in somebody's back yard. In other words, his cook was an elderly Negress who lived nearby. Like all other women of the village, she did her cooking under a flimsy shelter situated behind her slightly less flimsy house.

The windows of Father Harvey's mansion had no glass. In fact, the windows were merely holes in the walls which were larger than the other holes in the walls. There were ill-fitting wooden doors which were left open all day and drawn shut and locked at night by over-sized iron hooks and eyes. The health teacher always told me never to sleep with the windows shut. However, in Father Harvey's house you could do just that without any fear of suffocation. Only those apertures were closed, such as windows and doors, which were large enough for a thief to enter.

While the local pastor was showing me through his house he discovered another guest who had entered unannounced. A neighbourly hen had found her way in through a window. She had taken possession of an empty box on the lower shelf of a book-case.

We supposed she was there on business, so did not disturb her. Sure enough, a little later she went off, leaving a freshly laid egg. Glassless windows certainly have their advantages.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

The widow who had been asked to write a testimonial for a life insurance organization sent in this:

"On August 9th, my husband took out some life protection. In less than a month my poor husband was drowned. I consider life insurance a good investment."

The buxom woman was applying for a separation from her small spouse.

"Your Lordship," she said, "he broke every dish in the house over my head, and treated me cruelly."

"Did your husband apologize or express any regret for his actions at the time?" asked the judge patiently.

"No, your lordship. The ambulance took him away before he could speak to me."

He: "I see by the paper that a woman in Omaha just cremated her fourth husband."

She: "Isn't that always the way? Some of us can't get a man while others have husbands to burn."

Customer: "I want a box of cigars, please."

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am—a strong cigar?"

Customer: "Oh, yes. My husband bites them terribly."

On his way home a drunk stopped at a lamppost and pulled out his house key.

A passing policeman noticed him fumbling around, trying to insert the key into the post, and asked politely, "Nobody home?"

"I'll say there is," said the drunk. "There's a light upstairs."

"Personally," said the young college girl, "I'm going to have a go at literature, mother. No nonsense about artistic ideals. I'm going to write for money."

"My dear," said her mother, "you've been doing that for four years."



# This is Our Inning

(An M.E.B. article, from our students' Mission Education Bureau.)

**I**F THE man at bat hit a home run with two strikes against him you would say that he was lucky. Now if you are a Catholic, then you are just as lucky as the aforementioned baseball player. Statistics tell us that two out of every three people in the world are pagans. Thus, when you were born, you had "two strikes on you". But you were "lucky" enough to belong to that exclusive 1/3 class. I said "lucky" but of course, as we know, it is more than luck. All has been arranged by the loving care of Divine Providence.

If you were born in Canada, then there was one chance out of six that you would be a Catholic. If you were born in the United States there was one chance in five that you would belong to the true Church of Christ. But of all the people born in China, only one out of every 160 will be born into a Catholic family. In Japan, the statistics are rapidly changing to-day, but the last investigation made before the war reveals a situation even worse than in China,

for of every 650 people born, only one is born within the fold of the Catholic Church. The circumstances in Santo Domingo are startlingly different, and require an explanation for of every 80 children born in that territory, 79 are Catholics. The graph below summarizes what we have said







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above. The white portion represents the entire population of each country, and the black bar indicates the percentage of Catholics in that country.

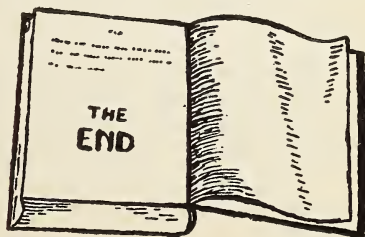
Now imagine yourself entering a dark room at midnight. You can see nothing. Then you light a candle. You are able to see a few things within a certain area, although not too clearly. Most of the room remains in a semi-darkness, and weird, flickering shadows resemble the hallucinations of the insane. Those are the conditions in Japan to-day, where the light of faith has but recently been kindled. China could be compared to that same room illuminated by five candles. Some better, to be sure, but still the objects remain obscure and hazy. Now then, let us place 64 candles in that room at strategic points. For the most part the darkness disappears, and the room is filled with a soft glow. Such is the situation in Santo Domingo to-day.

But why the missions in Santo Domingo? These candles of which we spoke, the light of our Faith, have been burning there for centuries and in great numbers, yet left untended. That flame has steadily eaten its way through the wax, but has not been trimmed or controlled. Now that famished flame has almost reached the base. It is our duty to prevent

that flame from going out. It is not sufficient that missionaries simply convert and baptize; they must educate and confirm those in their care. It is only when Christianity has become deeply and firmly rooted, that the people are withdrawn from the narrow limits of the "mission object". On this very point, Pope Benedict XV, while speaking of the duties of a missionary in the mission field, says: "He must—foster, bring up, and protect those whom Jesus Christ has begotten, nor should he allow them to drift and perish."

These people outside the fold of Christ, and those within not strong enough to stand alone, are termed the "mission object", and it is to them that our boundless Charity must extend. It was of them Christ spoke, when He said; "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is not for us to favour some and ignore others. It is for us to love, to pity, and to help, for the lands of paganism are the playgrounds of Satan. If we are to be true to God, we must fight for His Kingdom and thrust back the powers of Hell.

We began this discussion by comparing ourselves with the baseball player who hits a home run. Now if there are two men on base, it is up to our hero to "hit them home." We are face to face with the same opportunity. Two-thirds of the worlds bases are "loaded with pagan runners." It's up to us to hit them home!

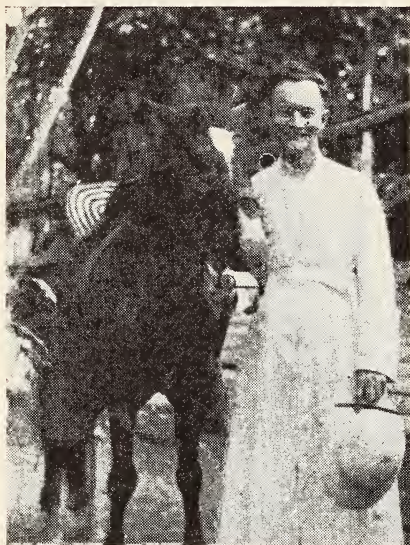


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# The Turpentine-tree Case

or

## Hobo Saint



By

J. E. Gault  
S.F.M.

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VICENTILLO is just another of the two hundred and fifty mission stations which are cared for by the Scarboro priests in the West Indies. I will never forget it, as I will never forget many another, because the first night I spent there I had to sleep in a filthy shack and failed to sleep as snug as the other bugs in the rug. The following night I made my way on horseback to bless a little cemetery, lost in the mountain wilderness. The ceremony took place between nine and ten p.m. by the light of a few candles.

On this occasion, I did not have time to make a visit to El Jobo (the turpentine-tree), which lies beyond Vicentillo. It is situated further in the mountains and more remote from civilization.

Recently, Father "Bill" McNabb and Father "Bob" Moore decided to

investigate this particular section of their parish of Hato Mayor. They made their way to the uppermost limits of the territory and after due enquiry made arrangements for a real mission visit. That is, a visit of two or three days when the priest offers Holy Mass, gives instructions, baptizes, hears confessions, assists at marriages, etc.

The next day, Father McNabb received a visit from a native of El Jobo (it is pronounced like the English "hobo" and you may be sure that the poor man looked the part). He had startling news for the "Padre". A saint had appeared in his house.

Then he went on to describe the visit. That day as he was busy (likely dozing) in his little palm-board hut, a woman entered, sat down, folded her arms and said: "Salute me. I am Seniorita Elupina



Peguero. I have come to live on earth again and want the people to join me in prayer this evening."

The scene of the prayer-meeting was to be the home of the message-bearer. He had come to the "Padre" in order to obtain holy water, pictures of saints and incense for the wonderful occasion.

You are likely wondering about *Senorita Elupina Peguero*. Some years ago she lived in a neighbouring town, called *Sabana de la Mar*. She acquired a great reputation for sanctity. Although she has been dead for ten or fifteen years, her memory is still held in real veneration. The natives always refer to her as "the Saint." Two years ago, special ceremonies were carried out in her native town, to celebrate the anniversary date of her death.

Father McNabb told the enthusiast that his "holy" visitor was likely an impostor and that he would look into the matter during his visit to that section on the pre-arranged date. The man was not to be deprived of his "vision" so easily and he tried to assure the Pastor that he too would be convinced upon talking to the ethereal being.

For the poor fellow, it seemed that the date for the visit would never come. During those anxious days he made two or three more visits to the priests' residence.

During one of these visits, it was discovered that the "Saint" was not a visitor who had suddenly appeared



out of nowhere. Rather, the spirit of the "Saint" had taken refuge in the body of a thirteen-year-old girl. To wit, the seer's own daughter. Thus, *Senorita Elupina Peguero*, being re-incarnated, could continue to live on this earth. Such a wandering spirit in *El Jobo* could make a very profitable living among the credulous and superstitious natives. Nothing is too good for a visitor from beyond the grave.

Upon further questioning about the child, it was learned that she was not yet baptized. Then, Fr. McNabb began to fear the possibility of devil-possession. However, this fear was dispelled when he finally made his visit to the mission so "favoured by heaven."

When the "Padre" entered the house, he noticed that an improvised altar had been set up. It was covered with holy pictures and candles. Incense was burning and its odour mixed with that of some cheap perfume, made the atmosphere heavy. On the table of the altar were a number of eggs (a gift from some poor soul who desired the patronage of the "Saint"). Beside the altar sat the "re-incarnated saint" herself, clothed in a long white dress.

After observing, listening and questioning, Fr. McNabb condemned the hoax in no uncertain terms. When



asked to baptize the child, a victim of plotting elders, he refused. Thus, the efforts of the family to benefit in a material way or to gain notoriety, failed. The Pastor considered the case closed.

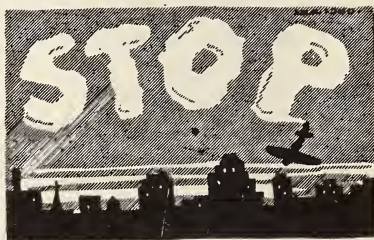
Later, the hopeful father brought the child to the church in Hato Mayor, begging the priest to baptize her. Once again refusal was the only reply.

However, do not worry, my good Catholic reader, that child will not be left un-baptized. In the same district, long neglected due to the lack of priests, there are many persons, older than the "heroine" of this little story, who are without baptism. Fr. McNabb has arranged to send a catechist to their rescue. In due course, everyone interested will be sufficiently instructed in the Faith to be received into the Church at the sacred Font. Your prayers are requested for the success of this effort.

How pitiful! I do not mean that the mission has been supplied with a catechist but that there are well over

two hundred other mission stations of the same type, under our care, which have no one who can teach Christ's message. Not only are they without teachers but they do not possess even small chapels. The kind of chapel required is not very expensive. It consists of a mud floor, four walls of palm-board and a grass roof. However, to build more than two hundred such buildings, is a problem which presents many difficulties.

What is to be done? If you discover an answer to this question, dear reader, please inform our priests in the West Indies. They have been trying to solve the puzzle during the past six years.



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## HAN MING, THE REFUGEE *(Continued from page 4)*

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spread straw over the mud and on the straw sleep, eat and live. Each lad has a padded quilt. They all sleep together, fully dressed. The local government gives them ten ounces of rice a day. They sell part of it to get some vegetables. They steal and beg whatever they can get and search vacant lots for edible roots. They put everything into one big pot and cook it with lots of water. In this way they manage to get two meals a day—meals of a soupy gruel. It is enough to keep them alive. But that's all!

Han Ming has joined my doctrine

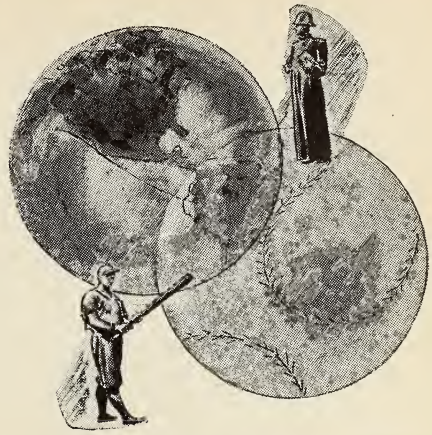
class and some day, we hope he will begin to realize that all this suffering and misery is nothing at all—that it is only His Holy Way of bringing a young Chinese refugee into the True Fold.





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# B A S E B A L L!



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IN view of the increasing numbers of Europeans arriving in Canada and who will become citizens of this fair Dominion it has been thought advisable to explain something of one of our games, viz., namely and to wit, the one whose invention is attributed to Abner Doubleday: baseball.

Some say that it was originally called Rounders, and it may be so, but today's game has evolved to such an extent that it requires interpretation. In its early stages baseball required nine players on each side or team. This has been changed: there are now *four* sides or teams, a double effort all proceeding simultaneously. There is sometimes correlation between these two struggles but there is no necessary link. The first struggle is between a unit called *Team A* and another similar unit called *Team B*; henceforth we shall refer to these two units as the *Pygmies* and the *Dwarfs*. In certain quarters similar names are chosen referring to other such freaks of nature as *Giants*, etc.; sometimes names are taken from the animal world: *Lions*, *Tigers*, *Bears*, etc. Articles of clothing also may serve to inspire names: *Black Sox*, etc. It is clear therefore that *Pygmies* and

*Dwarfs* will serve admirably for our present purpose.

The other struggle is between a unit called *Umpires* and another unit called *Fans*. These units vary in number, the *Umpires* never exceeding four whilst the *Fans* might be present in strength . . . as many as 25,000 at one contest, depending on the time of the year (September being the favorite month). Lest it be thought that this contest be uneven, it should be explained that the *Fans* are restricted to a certain area called "the stands", whilst the *Umpires* move within another area called the "playing field". There are other rules which are so arranged that 4 *Umpires* can easily defeat 25,000 *Fans* if they have a good day. Should they be unfair about the rules, the *Fans* designate some of their number to even the score by heaving pop bottles at the 4 men dressed in black. It is for this reason that a few hundred other men dressed in white patrol the stands at all times, dispensing pop bottles at a slight cost to each *Fan*.

## *Pygmies vs. Dwarfs*

The first contest is the one between the two units known as the "players". These men wear special costumes so

that they may be clearly distinguished from the *Umpires* who also operate within the same area called the playing-field or diamond. This first contest is called "the game" and it is the one which is reported in the newspapers and serves to provide data called statistics. It is important to understand this data as it will be referred to again when we speak of the fights between *Fans*. The statistics refer to the number of times each *Pygmie* (or each *Dwarf*, as the case may be) goes to bat, or hits, or is struck out, or hits a foul, or has a sore arm, or heel, or strains a ligament (each player is abundantly supplied with ligaments and is expected to stretch or strain several in each season), or gets married, divorced, etc.

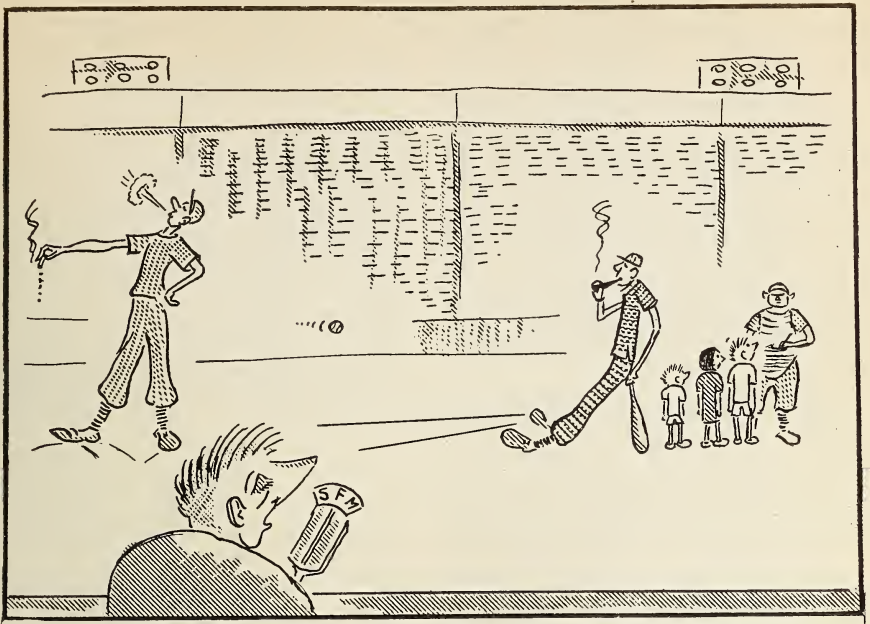
The most important statistic concerning any player is the locale of his birth. If it be Pine Bluff, Arkansas, he has a distinct advantage. The smaller the town and the less well known it may be, the better. If a man were born in Chicago, Toronto, New York or Montreal, he has no chance at all. In such cases the place of origin is never mentioned. If his hometown has an odd name, he is supposed to be a "character", a quaint individual, a colorful person, or in plain English, a nut! This has nothing to do with his ability as a baseball player but after all such ability is secondary. Essentially baseball is an entertainment, the modern equivalent during the summer months of the ancient Roman circus. Obviously then the characteristics referred to are dignified by the name of showmanship, and are highly prized. Precisely why a man from a small town is supposed to be more amusing than the citizen born in a metropolis has always been a mystery. But let a man say his home is in Stittsville, and everybody present is supposed to be convulsed. An investigation into the causes of this is at present under way and will be reported in due time.

To begin the game, the nine players of one team (let's say the *Pygmies*) assume certain positions on the playing field in a certain pattern. At the same time, an *Umpire* is stationed behind one of the players known as the catcher. The reason for this is to allow the catcher to inform the *Umpire* as to the value of the pitch, throw, etc., from the mound. To get this information the *Umpire* leans over the catcher's shoulder and watches the signal. It is against the rules for the catcher to speak to the *Umpire* until after the pitch. It is the *Umpire's* duty to determine the value of the pitch *before* it is thrown, and if he is in error, then it is proper for the catcher to reprimand him. Such a reprimand sometimes assumes a violent form. The catcher is quite in order when he waves his arms, shakes his fists, shouts insults, but he must do all such gesticulating within two minutes. Then the game is resumed; with a new catcher should he go beyond the time limit.

To help this bit of excitement, there is another player kept close by from the other team, i.e., one of the *Dwarfs*. He carries a club to emphasize his point. To prevent his using the club effectively, the *Umpire* is required to wear glasses, and as every schoolboy is taught in the first grade: it is illegal to hit a person wearing glasses. Needless to say the term "glasses" is a synonym for "spectacles" and has nothing to do with the item held in the hand of every Man of Distinction.

The man with the club is called a batter. The club itself is called a bat (whence batter), or sometimes "the willow" (a word originating in Willowdale, Ontario). It is his duty to quarrel with the *Umpire* every time the latter evaluates a pitch as a "strike"; whilst the catcher does this function whenever the latter calls a "ball". This might be hard for the *Fans* to determine but they take their cue from the action of either catcher





SLOTSKEE, FEEDIN' HIM THE OLD SLOW BALL

or batter. If the former is excited, it was a ball; if the latter, it was a strike. The man carrying the bat is the batter and the chap who is hiding behind the suit of armour is the catcher.

This suit of armour is an interesting thing. Everyone knows that besides being a target for the pitcher (to facilitate the procedure they try to get big men for this job), the catcher's function is to deceive the *Umpire*. As the latter leans over his shoulder, all the padding makes it easier to conceal the signal from the gentleman in black. To begin with, the catcher wears a peak cap which is placed on the head back-to-front. This prevents the *Umpire* from getting too close. He also wears a mask, lest the *Umpire* be a lip-reader. But with his cap on back-to-front the *Umpire* usually can't tell which way he is looking.

A long padded vest is the protection the catcher needs against the batter. Sometimes the latter loses his temper and before the *Umpire* can

do anything he pushes the bat into the catcher's midriff. Even on a hot day the catcher is glad to wear his padded vest to prevent this. It is said that in the early days of baseball such vests were bullet-proof.

The catcher may also be distinguished by leggings or shin-pads. In winter these are worn by hockey players; in summer for baseball. Indoors they are worn by bridge-players, but that's another story.

Finally the catcher wears a special glove called a mitt. In cricket he is allowed one on each hand but in baseball one hand must be bare. This is to allow him to gather sand, dirt, dust, twigs, etc., and throw them in the batter's face as required. Sometimes he does this to the *Umpire*. This last is always highly appreciated by the *Fans*. With something in his eye he can seldom detect the correct signal.

It should be mentioned that all nine players on the field are equipped with gloves, of a simpler design than the catcher's though (except the First

Baseman who is frequently left-handed), and all must have one free or bare hand. Any player wearing two gloves would be immediately expelled by the *Umpire*. This free hand has various uses. Perhaps the most interesting one takes place when a baseman retards a runner by hooking his fingers through the latter's belt. This is allowed providing it be done without being seen by the *Umpire*. Statistics show that John McGraw of the N.Y. Giants holds the record for this feat.

One of these lightly-gloved players is known as the pitcher. He is the anode to the catcher's cathode hence this combination of players is known as the battery. The pitcher stands on a mound. It is a slightly raised area in the middle of the diamond and is equipped with two holes and a rosin bag. From this eminence he has a better view than anybody else in the ballpark and with players on bases he is expected to watch 1st base, 2nd base, third base as well as detect the catcher's signal which is being hidden from the *Umpire*. A pitcher with good eyes can also avoid all pop bottles being hurled in his direction. As you can see, he is a very busy

man; consequently the pitchers' union (local 908) has arranged that they work only three days a week. It is the pitcher's principal duty to delay the game. He does this by disagreeing with the signals from the catcher, by winding his arms slowly about his body and finally by placing one foot above his head. This is continued until the *Umpire* shouts "Play Ball". And here we end the first lesson.



PLAY BALL !





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

The month of June, month of the Sacred Heart; month of examinations; month which begins the summer vacation always brings with it several problems and worries. Here's what I mean:

When this time of the year rolls around I think of all the boys and girls across Canada who are writing their examinations and I begin to worry about them. Most of them will pass because they have already worked hard during the year but then others will fail. Why? Because they did not obey their parents and teachers; because they were lazy; because they forgot to say their prayers; because they could not be bothered with anything. I feel very badly about these because nobody can help them except themselves . . . and they won't do that.

Of course you know that some will fail, or at least have to stay in the same class next year because they were sick. That's nobody's fault and only God understands why this must be. Its no reason for us to get excited nor to complain. His plan is always the best although it gets so complicated we can't see many reasons for things.

But most of the Buds will work hard, study every night, and pass with

pretty good marks and that makes me glad. Prayer and hard work get results as the saints have shown us and as we know from our own experience. It will make the parents glad too and will give satisfaction to your teachers. Do you ever think how much you owe your teachers? Without them where would you be? To express your thanks just remember them at Holy Communion; they will appreciate that.

When work is over we want to play; and that's what a vacation is for. However, one little fear comes to me: be careful! In some places the doctors tell your parents to keep you away from the water because of polio. If you live in such a place . . . do exactly as you are told! This will please God, please your parents too, and perhaps save your life. If the swimming is good where you are, take all the usual safety measures every time. Never swim alone; never go beyond your depth; try to have a row-boat with somebody in it who knows how to row while the others swim nearby. If you do all this and wear your Scapular medal I'm sure everything will be alright. While you are having a good time, I'll be thinking of you.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim,

I am sending you twenty-five postage stamps. I am thirteen years old and would like to join the Rose Garden. I would like pen pals from all over the world.

Anne Dufault,  
LaPasse, Ontario.

Dear Anne,

Thanks for the stamps and welcome to the Rose Garden. Your membership card with the promises and prayers has been sent. Always remember the three conditions or promises and you will be a real missionary. To get a penpal, Anne, all you have to do is pick a name out of the lists on page 29, write to her and then her answer will come.

Dear Father Jim,

I would like you to put my name in the CHINA for PenPals. I am fourteen years old.

Madeleine Hackey,  
Fair Vale Station,  
New Brunswick.

Dear Madeleine,

Why not write to the Bud whose letter you like best in this issue? Then you will have a penpal quickly. Thanks for your letter.

Page Twenty-Six

Dear Father Jim,

Enclosed you will find a sum of money which our little children had been saving for the coming of the Easter Bunny. When they were asked by their Mommy if they would send it to you to get some Easter eggs for some poor little Chinese children who have no money they all agreed.

Father our children are very young. The eldest is John who is six years old, then Jerome, five, then Geraldine three, and baby Doreen, two. Are they eligible for the Rose Garden?

John F. Gover,  
Oxen Pond Road,  
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear John,

I think its wonderful to have such generous children and I'm sure St. Theresa would be very annoyed at me if they were not admitted to her Rose Garden. Here's the way I look at it:

Membership in the Rose Garden has three requirements. The Buds must (1) Receive Holy Communion Monthly for the increase in missionary vocations; (2) Pray daily for the conversion of infidels; (3) save pennies for the missions. Already John and Jerome, Geraldine

CHINA



and Doreen have saved pennies and made their gift. Now that they have received their prayercards I'm sure they are praying daily. Finally they are not old enough to receive Holy Communion but that's no fault of theirs is it? In due time they will do that too. Welcome to them by all means.

*Dear Father Jim,*

*I would like to become a member of the Rose Garden. Will you please send me a mite box? Thank you.*

*Patsy Heller,  
11643, 91st St.,  
Edmonton, Alberta.*

Dear Patsy,

Thank you for your letter. You are now registered and your membership card has been sent. Remember the promises you are asked to make: (1) To receive Holy Communion Monthly for missionary vocations; (2) Say the prayer daily for the conversion of infidels (those people who have not got the Faith); (3) Save pennies for the missions.

In return for this work you will please God, honour St. Theresa and earn great merit for yourself. Thank you and you can be sure I'll remember you and all the other Buds of our Rose Garden at daily Mass.

*Dear Father Jim,*

*Enclosed you will find a gift for the missions which has been placed in my mite box by my family and friends. I hope this small offering may be useful to you in your mission work.*

*Norine Hamilton,  
Durham, Ontario.*

Dear Norine,

Indeed it will be a great help. To give one illustration, in Santo Domingo our priests frequently have to supply the people with catechisms, medals, holy pictures. The amount of money you sent will buy many of these and will thus help spread the faith. Thank you and God bless you.

CHINA



One of our youngest Buds is Lily Zinko of Lac LaBiche, Alberta.

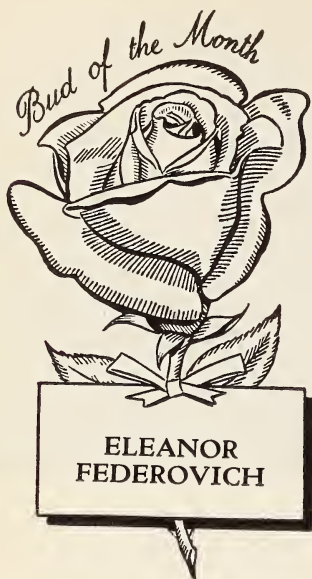
*Dear Father Jim,*

*Please use the enclosed dollar to renew my subscription to CHINA for 1949. I enjoy reading the magazine and I would like to have a few penpals. Tell me something about the patron Saint of Canada.*

*Betty Moore,  
Vankleek Hill, Ontario.*

Dear Betty,

Thank you for the subscription money; that too helps the missions. To get penpals, simply choose a name and address out of the list printed at the end of our Rose Garden and write to that Bud. Tell her all about yourself. where you live, what your town is like, what school you attend, and you will soon get an answer. Just last week one of our Buds received a letter from Germany! I'll put your name on our list and it will be printed someday too. But don't wait for that; choose a name now from the list on page 29.



Our June Bud of the Month is from Fork River, Manitoba. Her latest letter tells of a pen pal in Germany! Thanks for all your help, Eleanor, and congratulations!

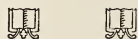
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Guess Who?

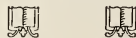


Mary Ann Boudreau of 27 Brussels St., one of our very active Buds from Halifax.



### BOOKS WANTED

Rauschnig: Voice of Destruction.  
Ingram: After Hitler, Stalin?  
Adler: What Man Has Made of Man.  
Belloc: Servile State.



Save stamps for the Missions.

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# New Members and Pen Pals

## KINGSTON, ONT.

Millan, Anne, 13, Frances, 11, Jerry, 10, Jim, 9, John, 14, Leo, 11, Norma, 15, 179 Montreal St.; Miller, Ann, 11, Bernard, 9, Joyce, 15, Monica, 13, 170 Rideau St.; Mills, Anne Marie, 12, Thomas, 13, 13 Tenth St.; Minard, Lois, 11, 74 Patrick St.; Mloszewska, Irene, 12, 84 Gore St.; Mollis, Bellan, 14, Sophie, 12, 21 James St.; Morden, Shirley, 11, 125 Market St.; Morrison, Charles, 9, 44 L. William; Murphy, Barbara, 10, 7 Charles St.; Murphy, Cecilia, 17, Kenneth, 11, 76 North St.; Murphy, Connie, 10, 106 Raglan Rd.; Murphy, Francis, 7, 512 Johnson St.; Murphy, Helen, 10, 329 Barrie St.; Murphy, Marie, 10, 214 Division St.; Murphy, Peter, 13, 90 Rideau St.; McHenry, Phyllis, 16, Hotel Dieu Hospital; McKeighan, Bill, 14, Paarcia, 15, 350 Rideau St.; McKenna, Eleanor, 12, Joe, 14, 32 Connaught St.; McKenna, Mary, 13, 823 Montreal St.; McLaughlin, Betty, 12, Jimmy, 13, May, 16, 363 Johnson St.; McMurray, William, 7, 7 Aberdeen St.; McNeill, Mary, 9 R.R. No. 1; McNeill, John, 12, R.R. L. Vimy; McNeill, Neil, J., c/o Harry McNeill, R.R. No. 1; McNeill, Vincent, 8, 286 Johnson St.; McNicholas, James, 13, Robert, 13, 142 Albert St.; McQuaid, Donald, 12, 121 Stephen St.; McShane, Howard, 11, 28 Twelfth Ave., Kingston Heights; McVan, Leah, 11, 324 Macdonell St.; Natts, Marlyne, 10, 40 Quebec St.; Naylon, Geraldine, 16, 243 Montreal St.; Neal, Barbara, 15, Raymond, 13, 14 Corrigan St.; Nicholson, Bobby, 10, 332 Sydenham St.; Norris, Arthur, 8, 453 Frontenac St.; Nourry, Peter, 11, Theresa, 14, 35 George St.;

Noyes, Connie, 11, Florence, 13, 38 N. Albert St.; Nurse, Patricia, 16, 204 Adelaide St.; O'Brien, Basil, 14, Doris, 17, 387 Barrie St.; O'Brien, Helen, 15, 23 Beverley St.; O'Brien, Leona, 11, Mary, 14, Patrick, 7, 196 York St.; O'Connor, Charles, 10, Nicholas, 9, 225 Johnson St.; O'Connor, Joan, 14, 50 O'Kill St.; O'Connor, Margaret, 19, 176 Johnston St.; O'Grady, Barbara, 13, 109 Charles St.; O'Grady, Frances, 13, Katherine, 14, 104 Toronto St.; O'Leary, Vincent, 10, 228 King St. E.; Olsen, Gordon, 10, Joyce, 15, 50 Earl St.; Olsen, Kenneth, 8, 50 Earl St.; O'Neill, Grace, 12, Joan, 14, 4 Rideau Terrace; O'Neill, Kathleen, 10, 101 King St. W.; O'Neill, Monica, 14, 382 Alfred St.; O'Reilly, Alex, 12, 537 Bagot St.; O'Reilly, Doris, 14, Sylvia, 12, 110 Rideau St.; O'Reilly, Marlene, 12, 50 Place D'Armes; Orme, Ronald, 12, 26 Quebec St.; Orser, Douglas, 9, Frances, 12, 1313 Montreal St.; O'Shea, Earl, 14, Peter, 13, 46 Concession St.; O'Sullivan, Adrian, 11, 137 Colborne St.; Owens, Patricia, 11, 354 King St. W.; Paircich, Stella, 13, 41 Cowdy St.; Paquin, Ethel, 11, 6 Corrigan St.; Patry, Mary E., 9, 327 Earl St.; Patterson, Bill, 13, 17 Jenkin St.; Patterson, Carmel, 10, Irma, 11, James, 8, June, 12, 122 Bagot St.; Patterson, Catherine, 14, Harry, 13, 868 Princess St.; Payne, Joyce, 11, 94 Bay St.; Payne, Rose Marie, 18, 516 Victoria St.; Pchola, Edward, 10, Helen, 13, 162 Stephen St.; Pecor, Anne, 10, 30 Ellice St.; Pecor, Marion, 15, Sylvia, 12, 30 Ellice St.; Pelletier, Shirley, 12, 180 Clergy St.; Pelow, Desmond, 7, Duane, 13, 279 Ontario St.; Pepplat, Bobby, 8, Lawrence, 8, Lorraine, 13, Mary, 11, 149 Division St.; Percy, David, 9, Hugh, 7, 65 Earl St.; Perry, Leo, 15, 107 Rideau St.; Peterson, Clara, 14, 125 Patrick St.; Phelan, Eleanor, 16, 459 Barrie St.; Pickett, Alice, 14, 197 King E.; Pickett, Joan, 14, Howe Island; Pilszok, Stanley, 12, 545 Bagot St.; Pindur, Joseph, 11, 145 Hickson Ave.; Plumbridge, Jack, 11, 277 Rideau St.; Plunkett, Michael, 8, 289 Frontenac St.; Pollice, Lois, 11, 59 Mulberry St.



Room No. 1, St. Anthony's School, Toronto. Here we have a whole class filled with energetic Buds. St. Theresa is proud of every one of them. Thanks for filling those Mite Boxes and keep up the prayers.

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# ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## Congratulations

CHINA extends heartiest congratulations to the following prelates and priests who are observing the jubilee of their ordination to the priesthood this summer:

Most Rev. M. M. Johnson, D.D., Bishop of Nelson, observing the Silver Jubilee of his ordination.

Very Rev. Canon John T. Brownrigg, retired, former pastor of St. Mary's Parish, Ottawa, who observed his Golden Jubilee on May 31st.

The following Monsignori are observing their Silver Jubilees:

Rt. Rev. J. F. Ingoldsby, D.P., President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

Rt. Rev. L. J. Byrne, D.P., P.P., Pastor of St. John the Apostle Church, Kingston.

Rt. Rev. J. A. O'Brien, D.P., Rector of the Basilica of Christ the King, Hamilton.

Rt. Rev. John J. O'Neill, D.P., Pastor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, Ottawa.

Very Rev. Msgr. W. B. Markle, English Secretary of the Canadian Hierarchy, Ottawa.

The following priests are observing their Silver Jubilees:

Toronto Diocese — Rev. G. R. Quinlan, Rev. D. V. Hickey, Rev. M. J. Nealon, Rev. J. B. O'Reilly.

Kingston Diocese — Rev. J. W. Callaghan, Rev. I. F. Donoghue, Rev. A. Fowler, Rev. J. G. McCabe, Rev. G. T. Martin, Rev. J. J. Shannon, Rev. C. E. Baker, Rev. B. L. Farrell, Rev. J. F. Feeney, Rev. S. Lesage.

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society — Rev. Vincent Morrison, S.F.M.

## News from China

On May 31st, 1949, word was received from Fathers Hugh McGettigan, Gerald McKernan and John McGoey that they were safe in Shanghai after the recent capture of that city by Communist forces.

On June 2nd, 1949, the following cable arrived from Father McGettigan: "News from Mission. All personnel safe and well." Evidently Bishop Turner had sent him the good news about our priests and sisters in the Diocese of Lishui.

## Monsignor Fraser

Just before going to press, we learned that Monsignor Fraser, founder of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, had arrived safely in America from China on his way to attend the General Chapter of the Society to be held this summer.

## Prayers for the Dead

Rt. Rev. Arthur Benoit, D.P., vicar-general of the Archdiocese of St. Boniface and pastor of Holy Cross Parish.

Rev. Anthony Weiler, C.R., St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

Rev. Brother Liguori of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Toronto.

Mr. Harry St. Onge, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Dominic LeBlanc, Amherst, N.S.

Mrs. George Costby, St. John, N.B.

Mr. H. M. MacDonnell, Toronto, Ont.



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# Sleepy Lagoon

By  
L. C. Curtin  
S.F.M.



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Another interesting village in the Dominican Republic is called Guerra. Now, it has no church and no presbytery. The Pastor, Father Gerald Doyle, S.F.M., lives with the neighbouring Pastor in a town which is about twenty miles away. A highway connects the two places so that communication is quite easy.

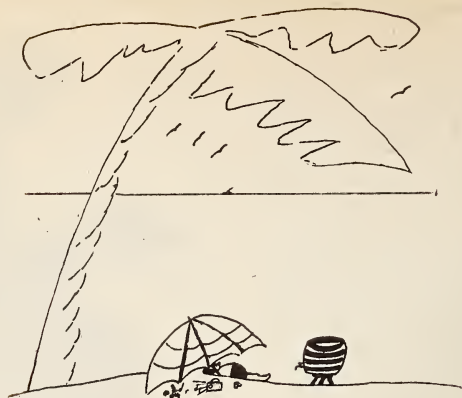
One Sunday I was making my way to Guerra by bus to offer Mass for the people. The journey came to a sudden halt about two miles outside the town at a place called "Laguna de los Cimarrones" (Lagoon of the Slaves). Everyone vacated the bus in a wild scramble to join the crowd already gathered beside the lagoon.

As the time for Mass was drawing near, I looked enquiringly at the bus driver. He then told me about the tragedy which had taken place the evening before. A young fellow, only eighteen years old, had drowned. He was the son of a local doctor and was also studying medicine.

There had been heavy tropical rains, so the young man had taken advantage of the high water to hunt ducks on the small lake. Since he was alone, no one knew exactly what had happened. However, it was presumed that he waded out to recover a bird he had shot and in doing so had gone beyond his depth. The water is deceptively deep and its outlet is said to be an underground river. Perhaps he had been the victim of some treacherous under current.

The unfortunate incident had caused great consternation in the village. Few remembered the obligation of Sunday Mass. In fact, the congregation was very small; less than a dozen. The others let their curiosity get the better of them. Life is so humdrum in these tropical hamlets that even a death will inject vitality into the daily routine.

A missionary must not let himself become discouraged by such results. He must look hopefully to the future. Who knows? Perhaps no one will destroy the village routine next week and a few more souls will show up for Holy Mass.



THERE IS NO USE ARGUING HENRY, WE MUST  
GET BACK TO TORONTO TO RENEW OUR 'CHINA'



# C A I N A



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

JULY AUGUST 1949



## EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

Port Hood Parish Burse .....	\$ 577.30
St. Madeleine Sophie Barat .....	2,742.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,510.50
Mrs. E.J.M., St. John's, Nfld. ....	20.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	2,332.23
Mrs. M.E.D., Toronto, Ont. ....	20.00
Mrs. M.T., Toronto, Ont. ....	5.00
St. Jude .....	1,546.00
N.McD., Sydney, N.S. ....	20.00
Mrs. J.McG., Kenilworth, Ont. ....	1.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,282.07
W.T., Toronto, Ont. ....	2.75
Mrs. W.O.K., Toronto, Ont. ....	1.00
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,257.00
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
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Rev. Dr. Foley Burse .....	213.00
St. Christopher Burse No. 2 .....	207.20
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Mrs. J.McG., Kenilworth, Ont. ....	1.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	684.62
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*As another scholastic year begins may we remind you of the help needed to meet this expense. The beneficiaries of your generosity will someday represent you at God's altar.*

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**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**

**SCARBORO BLUFFS                                  ONTARIO**



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# Miracle Co-Operative in Yamasa

By  
John McIver  
S.F.M.



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ONE of the lamentable facts concerning the state of the Church in Iberamerica is that the practice of religion is left to the women and children. Men too often consider themselves exempt from the obligations of Sunday Mass and reception of Sacraments. This may seem quite a strong statement but it is all too true.

Up here in our parish at Yamasa we think we have discovered one potent remedy. Month by month we are getting more men to Mass and Holy Communion. How is it done? Well the scheme is one which is using economic aid as a motive. However, before you condemn our own version of a Marshall plan, you had better let me explain. We have not struck gold, nor do we give away prizes as they do on the radio, nor have we found a rich uncle who is supplying us with funds. The truth

of the matter is that we have organized a Credit Union.

In October of 1947 we invited a group of fifteen men to discuss some of their economic difficulties. On that first Saturday afternoon the fifteen good men and true, all farmers, came to the rectory. Their greatest problem turned out to be some means to tide them over the few months before harvest time. When a man ran out of funds two or three or four months before he could harvest his crop, he had to borrow. The money-lender then had to gamble on the success of the coming crop. He also had to guess the value of the future crop as there might be a fluctuating market; finally there was the risk of being able to collect. Consequently the money-lender charged a stiff rate of interest, or else laid claim to a percentage of the crop. On the other hand, the farmer in distress had to

sell his crop in advance for a fraction, perhaps 25%, of what it was really worth. What was plainly needed was some sort of short-term security.

After several weeks of such meetings it became apparent to the little group that what had been done elsewhere could be done in Yamasa as well. They decided to form a Credit Union. From the beginning everybody realized there was much to be learned and that all the learning in the world was useless without cash. They decided to study and save: to study they met every Saturday in the parish rectory, and to save they put their loose money in a common box. An account of this money was kept in a scribbler provided by their pastor, and nobody was discouraged by the small amounts of ten to twenty-five cents being contributed. The experiment did not provoke much comment at first but every week the group saw their little "bank" growing.

The spiritual side of the movement grew at the same rate. The group was known as the Accion Catolica de los Caballeros. Every member was required to assist at Sunday Mass and to receive Holy Communion once a month. It was agreed that the Second Sunday of each month would be the day for all the members to approach to altar-rail in a body. As far as numbers were concerned they did not make much of an impression for the first several months. Gradually though they began to realize that this was no empty formality. They became Grace-conscious, and their brotherhood in the Mystical Body began to have its influence. There was less shyness, soon replaced by a certain pride and even eagerness to march shoulder to shoulder in their newly discovered brotherhood. If they could pray and worship together, could they not help one another and be their brother's keeper? The lessons of cooperation

on both spiritual side and economic studies were united. When one brother stood in need spiritually, all could pray for him; if the need was material, their credit union be the means to help him.

When there was a sufficient amount in the "bank", the union had a wonderful means to help its members. When one of the group needed a few dollars to buy a bag of rice to feed his family, he could borrow from the credit union. It was no longer necessary to sell next year's crop for half its worth. Or the prize pig could be allowed to grow to its full measure without fear that bad luck might force its owner to sell early.

Little by little more people showed interest as the members of the Men's Catholic Action Group became authorities on finance. Their best argument was always that they had a bank account—a rather rare possession. Admittedly no individual had very much invested but "we" had nearly a hundred dollars and the amount kept growing, week by week. Word spread around that the union would soon be lending its funds at *one percent* interest. Everybody was interested in this aspect of the union and wanted to join the group. Mem-

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## C H I N A

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Established 1919

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RT. REV. J. E. McRAE

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Vol. XXX

No. 7





Father Moylan, S.F.M., tests the depth before trying to ford  
(or should we say jeep) a stream.

bership seemed to be the *open sesame* to enjoy credit, hence the questions most asked were on conditions for admittance to the select group.

Invariably the treatment of such prospective members was the same. Are you married by the Church? Well if that is not properly arranged you had better see the pastor right away as only practicing Catholics can join the Credit Union. And of course you must attend Sunday Mass without fail. And there is also the little matter of monthly Holy Communion. And you must also attend the meetings every Saturday night at the rectory because that's where we learn all about saving our money and then lending it back to ourselves. We are really learning a lot of things in those meetings, especially how we can and in fact must help one another. The reason for this obligation is that we are all brothers in Christ . . . and that's why we receive the Sacraments together on the Second Sunday of the Month.

Of course everybody who made inquiries did not join the union. But some who were not interested at first are more impressed now that they see some results. And it must also

be admitted that those who are seriously interested do not find things easy. For men who thought they were good Catholics it is hard to realize that missing Sunday Mass puts them in quite another category. It is also very difficult for them to begin monthly Confession and Holy Communion. Some have thought that to make such strict conditions would be the end of a Credit Union. Experience has shown such pessimism to have no foundation.

As tangible proof of encouraging results we have found it necessary to have a special Men's Mass on the second Sunday. The latest on this is that the women have been forbidden to assist at this Mass . . . we need all the space for the men! In Latin America this is news!

Some people have been wondering what has happened in the parish of San Jose in Yamasa. To my mind the answer is quite simple. With the Grace of God we have been applying some of the social doctrines of the Church. These men have learned what it means to be members of the Mystical Body. They know what happens when the brotherhood of

(Continued on page 9)

# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

Pat and Mike were obliged to halt their heavily loaded cart to make way for a funeral. Gazing at the procession, Pat suddenly remarked: "Mike, I wish I knew where I was goin' to die, I'd give five hundred dollars to know the place where I'm going to die."

"Well, Pat, what good would it do if yez knew?"

"Lots," said Pat. "Shure I'd never go near the place."



A grave digger absorbed in his thoughts, dug a grave so deep he couldn't get out. As the chilly night came on he became more and more uncomfortable, and started shouting for help.

At length a passing drunk, attracted by his cries, heard him and staggered over to investigate.

"Get me out of here," shouted the grave digger. "I'm cold."

The drunk regarded him with surprise, "No wonder you're cold," he answered, "they forgot to put dirt on you."



A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity. "Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue should I be showing?"

Willie (promptly): "Brotherly love."



G-Man: "Got away, did he! Did you guard all the exits?"

Constable: "Yes, but we think he must have left by one of the entrances."



Two ladies who had not seen each other for a long time, met on the street.

"Oh! Mary," Blanch excitedly exclaimed, "I've had a lot happen to me since I saw you last. I had my teeth out and an electric stove and a refrigerator put in!"

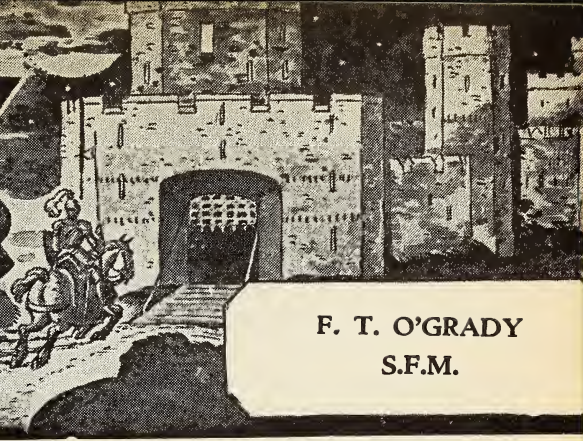


"What pretty hair you have, Mary," said the visitor. "You must have got it from your mother."

"No," replied little Mary, "I must have got it from Daddy. His is all gone!"



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

WRITERS generally, in search of an interesting subject are always told to stick to human interest topics. It is readily admitted that a reader is more interested in his fellow humans than anything else. And again, of all the human beings in this world, each one of us is most interested in himself. If a story can be written which might have happened to anybody, it is a better story than one of the sort which has happened and could only happen once.

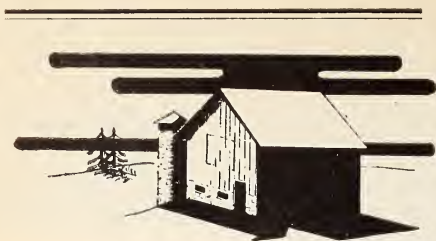
It is natural for readers to project themselves when dealing with fiction. In a murder story, the reader becomes the sleuth, always seeking clues, suspecting every character, and finally comes that glow of satisfaction: "I knew it all the time!" No reader casts himself in the role of the villain; always the hero. Hence the appeal of a recent movie: *The Secret Lives of Walter Mitty*. Every man has secret lives wherein he is always the hero. Which raises the question: what am I really?

It is said that each one of us is one man when he is talking, and quite another the minute he sits down to write. As he speaks, he reveals himself as he is on the surface. At a desk, his training takes over: one soon sees the influence of education, of training, of culture, of reading, of teaching and all too often these come through in a very stilted fashion. The net result cannot be

the true man anymore than the thoughtlessly uttered word can reveal true character. In fact, a man's character has so many facets, one wonders if he is ever completely revealed. Hence friends never judge you on a single act. They excuse an individual mistake on the grounds of some past virtue. In fact they excuse so much that they have merited a definition: a friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same.

Hamlet is the classical example of a man trying to understand himself. His reflections were such that people have been debating ever since as to the degree of his madness. How much was "put on"? And perhaps each one of us has wondered at regular intervals: "I wonder if I'm perfectly normal?" Chesterton maintained that everybody was crazy. It was just a difference of degree!

William James had this to say: "I am often confronted by the necessity of standing by one of my empirical selves and relinquishing the rest. Not that I would not, if I could, be both handsome and fat and well-dressed, and a great athlete, and make a million a year, be a wit, a *bon-vivant*, a lady-killer, as well as a philosopher; a philanthropist, statesman, warrior, and African explorer, as well as a 'tone-poet' and saint. But the thing is simply impossible." Then he goes on to point out that some of these contradict the others; yet, in



theory at least, a man could begin his life with all of these as possibilities. And we also know that at different times the same man shows traits of apparently different characters. At one moment you may be a Dr. Jekyll; and the next you are Mr. Hyde. What are you really?

Besides such contrasts of conduct, we find similar contrasts in our convictions. Everyone is prepared to admit general principles, and then is equally prepared to admit *every* instance as an exception! Thus, people will convict a lynching mob, but acquit every individual in the mob. They assume, apparently, that some mysterious force overcomes every individual the moment he becomes part of a mob and then under this "mob psychology" frenzy, the individual is exempt from responsibility. The explanation is not outside the individual; it's just that his association with the group has stirred up an evil element within him. Such an evil element is a tendency, an attitude, a relic from original sin. But it is not of such a nature as to destroy freewill and responsibility.

St. Paul had long ago spoken of the twofold law in man. The law of the mind battled the law of the members. Other philosophers had referred to the struggle between reason and the lower powers of man, the angelic versus the bestial in every one of us. A struggle of this kind seems to explain the modern frustrated man, the contemporary creature who is a walking anxiety, and a perpetual meal ticket for psychia-

trists. Are things getting worse and how bad can they get?

They say that ulcers are increasing in number and virulence. Our news sources assure us of the increasing inroads of cancer. The institutions for the mentally unbalanced are being built at a faster pace and with the threat of another global war it would seem that man is about to join the long list of extinct animals. With famine, war, possible pestilence, world wide hunger, all nature appears to be in revolt. There is a wild scramble for security, on the part of nations and individuals. With such flight, there is a decline of integrity, of responsibility, and an increase of selfishness. It's a vicious circle, with man enveloping himself within the cocoon of his own ego.

Having fled the world, the individual finds himself confined to the limits of his own introspection. Looking within, what does he see? A disordered array of powers, of appetites, of emotions reminding him of a dismantled radio set. In amateur fashion, he attaches this wire to that amplifier, removes several tubes and replaces them in a different order . . . and finally discovers that the product is now so compact, he has no wire left to plug into the







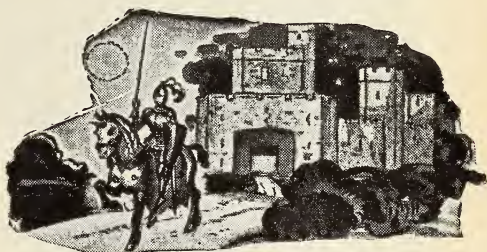
Watermellon

wall socket. The acme of portability has been reached. It seems too bad that there is no room for a battery within.

On second thought, we notice that the powers we have all reach outward. The mind seeks the truth of things and the will moves us to act in accordance with desire. There is a correlation, coordination, direction to our activity and this activity is not always selfish. In fact experience shows that when activity is least selfish, the individual concerned is a happier man. The extreme practice of this shows us the extrovert: the man who is totally concerned with others. When he runs true to form, he is fairly painful to those around him! The other extreme is the introvert, the chap who is so wrapped up in himself that he gets lost in the labyrinthine ways of his own mind. To unwind him is very difficult; sometimes impossible. He retreats into a private and unreal world.

My problem at the moment is to decide what sort of a person I am during extreme and unrelenting heat!

There is no escape from the discomfort nor the conversation which harps on the subject. Everyone is hot but methinks it does little good to talk about it. If I am one man when talking and another when writing, is it also true that I am one person when hot and another when cold? Is there a connection between introversion and hot weather? Does anyone have any statistics on this? Could I not be allowed to retreat into a private world, even a slightly introverted world, to avoid at least the conversation about the heat? Surely the risk would be worth it. At the moment I feel no interest whatever in the other fellow. It's a hot, *hot*, HOT August day and thought of all my wonderful human faculties with their objectives outside of my selfish person leaves me cold. Did I say *cold*? Oh, well. If autumn breezes are in the offing, can snow be far behind?



## Miracle Co-Operative

(Continued from page 5)

Christ under the Fatherhood of God leads men to the Sacraments and then enables them to help one another by helping themselves. They now know that the Church is interested in the economic plight of the Latin American farmer because it is part of his life. And all of that life must be lived for Christ. They know now in concrete fashion the meaning of the proverb that God helps those who help themselves.



## Lady Ching

By

John Kelly

S.F.M.

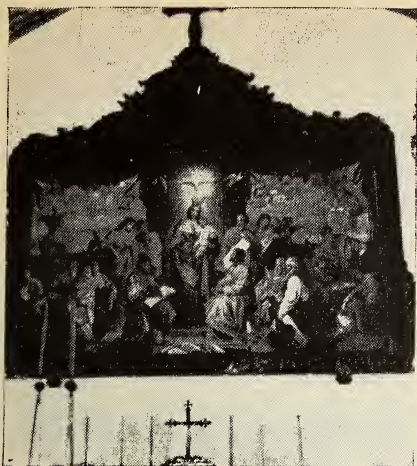
WHEN I first met this gallant old soldier of Christ she was eighty-six years old! Lady Ching was blind, and had been blind for many years. She still visited people though, led by her grand-daughter. Instead of walking arm in arm, they used a sort of cane, with the younger woman holding one end and the heroine of our story holding the other. Perhaps it was easier this way as the old Lady had "lily" feet, bound when she was a baby . . . and even now only four inches long . . . and crippled.

Lady Ching had been born in a pagan family and given in marriage when she was sixteen. After this marriage, she and her husband had met

a Father Maw and they had both entered the true Church. A few years later her husband and child were both dead and the young widow had to return to her village—a Catholic, and the only one in all Pukiang.

Ching Ta Lien was her nephew and she had taught him the prayers and the catechism as he grew up. Other members of the Ching clan gathered around to listen to the prayers and doctrine. Eventually they held a meeting of all the inhabitants of the small village and agreed to send a delegation to the nearest priest, asking for him to come to instruct them and then to receive them into the Church. The first mission of the present parish of Pukiang was opened





Picture above main altar, Queen of the Apostles church, Pukiang.

in Lady Ching's own village, five miles from the present church.

All of this happened fifty years ago! Since then the original thirty converts have all passed to their eternal reward but old Lady Ching remains and still runs her village with an iron hand! Woe betide the one who misses Sunday Mass. Excuses are not easily received. You say you were indisposed? How can you sound convincing to an old lady of eighty-six with crippled feet, and blind besides, who has walked five miles to Church and received Holy Communion!

Lady Ching did not always have her way though. During the days of the Boxers, when a band of "red-headed" bandits had occupied her village, she and all the other Catholics had to flee. She was young then, she told me, only forty, and all had hidden in a little village in the mountains. When the bandits left, they had taken all her rice and furni-

ture. Lady Ching was very poor indeed until the next crop of rice.

Then again it had not been easy when the rebel army had occupied Pukiang in 1927. The only thing which saved her was her great age. And later again during the Japanese invasion, she was left alone because they considered her an old crone of no importance. Both of these times, her home provided a hiding place for the parish records, vestments and Sacred Vessels.

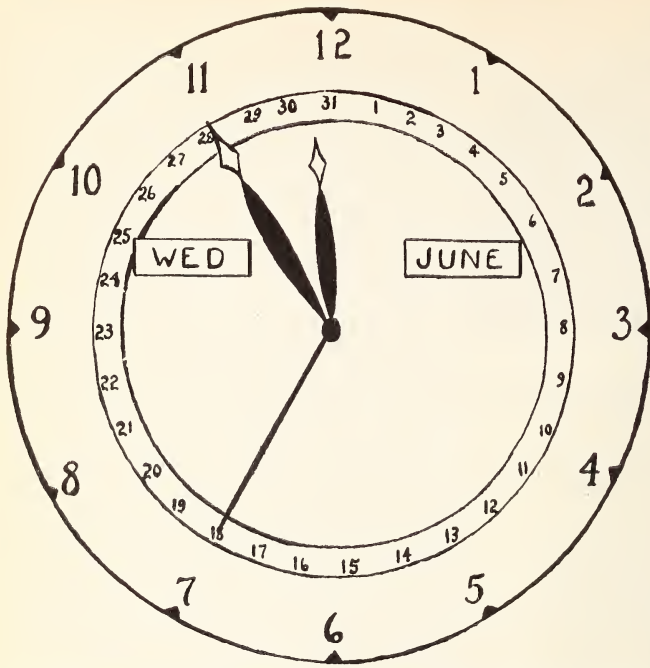
The last time I saw Lady Ching was in December 1948. At that time I brought Holy Communion to her in her home and anointed her. "Well, Old Mother, perhaps God will take you to Himself this time?"—"Oh no, Shen Fu, not this time. If I die, who will teach the girls their catechism? I know I am very old and to tell the truth I shall be glad when God calls me. But now I have to see that my great-grand-nephew is prepared for First Communion. And I must see Su Naw (the granddaughter) married before I die. They might give her to a pagan if I am not here."

And she was right! Lady Ching still teaches catechism; still checks up on Mass-missers, still walks the five miles on her crippled feet to Mass and fasts for Holy Communion. She is certainly a remarkable old lady: at eighty-eight years of age!



#### WHAT THE POPES THINK OF THE ROSARY

"We do not wish here to pass over in silence the fact that the Blessed Virgin herself, even in our times, has solicitously recommended this manner of prayer, when she appeared and taught it to the innocent girl in the grotto of Lourdes."—Pius IX.



# The Chair for Young Shapiro

By

Thomas  
Moakler

**F**ATHER MIKE DILLON turned and blessed his people. The Mass was over but Holy Mother Church would gather up all the wondrous lessons of the august Sacrifice and repeat them to her children before they left her table and the Bread of Life to return to the world. Father Mike bent over the gospel according to St. John, that memorandum from heaven that gathers in its compass all the rays of revelation regarding Christ scattered throughout the Holy Books and shows in what manner all the blessings of creation and redemption proceed from Him. On the altar, to the eye of faith, the glory of His divinity is revealed under foreign and veiled appearances but from there He pours out light and life, truth and grace into all susceptible hearts. As then when "His own received Him not," so now, on the altar, the world and darkness do not recognize Him. Now,

as when first He came, many receive Him not, and so remain in the shadow and night of death. Father Mike had introduced the Sacrificial Celebration by the longing cry from the Testament of old: "Send forth, O Lord, Thy light and Thy truth!" He concluded it now with the more worthy and more dignified words of the new: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we saw His glory . . ." The tiny acolyte answered for the housewives, the truckmen, the policeman near the door and the other faithful their heart-felt "Deo Gratias."

Father Mike received his biretta from ten-year-old Francis Pacelleri, better known to his intimates as "Patch," and turned from the altar of God to continue the ministry of the day. The day would bring no such awful responsibilities as those with which he had been occupied for the past half-hour but then they



would bring no such consolation either.

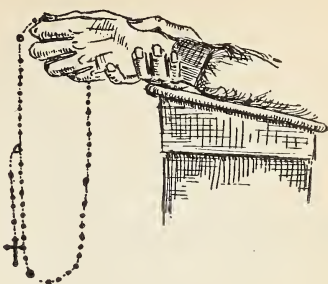
The sacristy was inconveniently located well down in the body of the church to the epistle side but Father Mike did not mind. It gave him the opportunity of a bow to the Blessed Virgin's altar. Devotion to Mary was the passion of his priestly life. As he walked he breathed a fervent prayer of thanks to God, abiding in himself and also in Patch. He thanked God that on this day, the fifteenth anniversary of his ordination, he was up to his rapidly receding hair line in his "Father's business."

On this sunny morning in June there were plenty of headaches in the Little East Side parish awaiting the attention of the newly-appointed pastor. For one thing the year was 1926, an era when names like the Five Points Gang, Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood and Al. Capone were household words. His fellow priests had warned him that there were more Tommy guns than rosaries in the parish.

But Father Mike was undismayed. He had been born and reared in this parish. Long ago he had served at this same altar as dutifully as now did "Patch" and the other lads. He had peddled papers on the block surrounding the church and could remember that always, well almost always, he had followed his mother's suggestion, renewed each day, to "make a visit" before coming home to her with his profits.

As he passed the little shrine of the Immaculate Conception he remembered when as a lad he had knelt before it. His mother had taken his hand and whispered: "Michael, darlin', (it was her only weakness that she resented anyone calling him "Mike"), "Michael, this is the way you must always treat our holy Mother. Keep your hand in hers and then you will always be good; you will always be Mary's boy."

He was the last of ten children and it was a happy day for her when the



prelate ordained him at this very altar. It was hot today for June but the little church was not as hot today as it had been then. All his friends for blocks around had come to see the Dillons' "youngest" made a priest and the heat in the overcrowded space had been almost overpowering.

Arriving at the sacristy Father Mike reshaped his thoughts from pleasant reverie to prayerful meditation as he began to unvest. Then "Patch" was beside him to tell him that his "Ma" would like to speak to him. Mrs. Pacelleri's information was disquieting. Eddie Shapiro, one of his young parishioners, had killed a policeman last night during a bank robbery. He was now being held. His widowed mother was almost out of her mind.

Back at his prie-dieu Father Mike reflected that he was not having much success concentrating this morning. His thanksgiving would have to be heavy on the petition side. He prayed to the All-Wise Pastor of souls within him for the charges that He had given him.

He prayed especially now for the Shapiro family. He had many widows in the parish, some made so by God, others by men, gunmen, to be exact. One such widow was Maria Shapiro, whose husband, Tony, had been killed in a recent gang-war. Poor Maria, left to

support her four boys all alone, had become embittered against God and man alike. It was three years now since Maria had been called to a nearby morgue to identify Tony's riddled body. Since that day Maria had not entered the parish church. Her four boys did little better.

Six months ago when Father Mike had been given the parish the Shapiro family was one of the many similar pastoral responsibilities he had inherited with the appointment. The two curates had briefed him. Maria was not antagonistic but in no way co-operative. He had talked with her but to no avail. He was managing to keep the three youngest in school. But nineteen-year-old Eddie fended for himself entirely. Last night's episode had been almost inevitable considering the sort of company the lad had been keeping.

The immediate future would be a battle royal with souls as the stake. Father Mike bowed his head and with his hand in Mary's begged the great High Priest to grant him victory.

The next few days he worked overtime on the Shapiro matter. He had little success with Maria but young Eddie, bewildered by awful tragedy, was more susceptible. He seemed to enjoy Father Mike's visits to his prison cell. But still he balked on confession.

The day they brought him to Sing Sing with the verdict of the court ringing in his ears Eddie was ready and willing to make his peace with God. The State of New York had sentenced Eddie to die in the electric chair. When he stumbled dazedly into his cell in the death house Father Mike was sitting on his cot waiting to comfort him. The lad fell to his knees, sobbed out his confession in the long-neglected formula and as the priest raised his hand in absolution began to know the peace of innocence restored.

Father Mike had enough influence to get a big concession for young Eddie. He had him shifted from



Sing Sing to a city prison and there in its tiny chapel said Mass each morning of the six weeks preceding the execution. Eddie was given permission to attend and with a little help recalled the Latin responses he had once learned from the Sisters in the parish school and served Father Mike's Mass. Each day for the six weeks Eddie received Holy Communion.

The night Eddie died Father Mike was with him to the last. When they pulled the switch Eddie had just finished asking Mary, full of grace, to remember him at his hour of death.

On his way back to New York Father Mike prayed as he had seldom prayer before. Never in his ministry had he been brought to realize so clearly the pastoral character of his calling. The day the prelate had made him a priest forever he had become a mediator between God and men. In this hour that responsibility was particularized. Now he stood between a heart-broken mother with three children and the God they were



made to serve. This was a moment for holding hands with Mary. He asked her to put the right words in his mouth when he went to comfort Maria.

He could warn her, he thought, that this was where her bitterness had led her oldest boy. If she persisted the other three might end up the same way. Perhaps they would not be as blessed as Eddie had been. "Four souls are way down one side of the balance and I don't know what to do to even things up."

As he mounted the rickety stairs to the cold-water flat the atmosphere of strain he had somehow shaken off on leaving the death house came back to him again. Four or five of the neighbours were with Maria in the little flat. One of the women began to sob quietly as he entered but it was not Maria. She sat, staring numbly at her hands folded in her lap, her sorrow too deep for tears. Mrs. Pacelleri looked at him; "She hasn't eaten a thing all day."

On a daybed in one corner two of the Shapiro boys were sleeping peacefully in well-washed sleeping suits. Beside them, fully dressed, slept "Patch." The children of the poor are always at home anywhere among their own. On the wall, above the sleeping children, hung a cheap reprint copy of Raphael's immortal "Crucifixion." The commercial artist had caught something of the sweep and fire of grand emotion that had moved the master in his original. Then to Father Mike, in a sudden flash of inspiration, came the understanding he had prayed for. He began to talk.

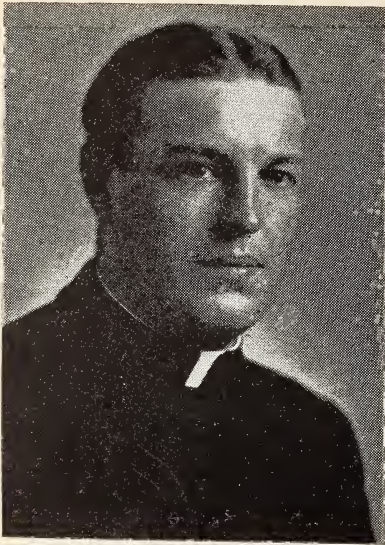
"Tonight, Maria, God brought you very close to Himself. Tonight he gave you the self-same burden of sorrow that long ago He gave another Maria to bear. That other Maria had a Son too, and He went to the electric chair of His day." The neighbour who had been sobbing looked up at the priest as he spoke and forgot to weep. Father Mike had



a very attentive audience. But, Maria! Was she listening; could she be reached with this plea that he had prayed Mary to give him?

"Think, Maria, what a privilege it is to be asked to bear the same pain he asked His own dear mother to bear. Mary's boy didn't kill any man. He only went about doing good, feeding the hungry, curing the lame, the lepers and the blind, even bringing the very dead back to life. And what did they do to Him. His mother had to stand by and watch in agony of mind and heart while His enemies worked to have Him put out of the way. They packed the jury with His worst enemies, paid people to tell deliberate lies at His trial. The judge who condemned Him said he didn't have a thing on Him yet sent Him to His death. Mary's boy didn't have a chance. It was the worst sell-out in history.

"Maria, God did not ask you to see your boy condemned after an unjust trial. Instead the men who sorrowfully condemned your boy allowed him to spend six weeks in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of his holy faith. They surrounded him going with all the dignity they could  
(Continued on page 18)

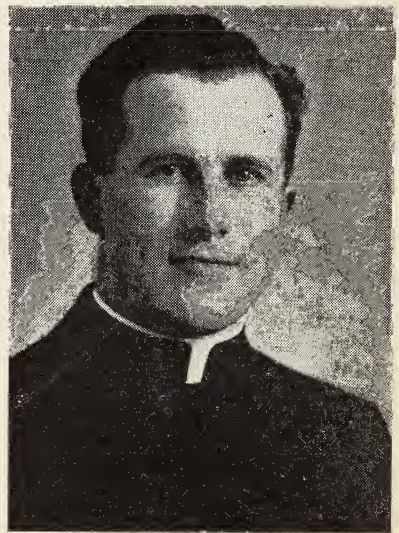


Linus Wall, S.F.M.  
Harbour Grace, Nfld.



# China Offers Com Three Newly Orda Scarboro Foreign

*Sacerdos  
Alter  
Christus!*



John L. Keeler, S.F.M.  
Toronto, Ontario





ratulations to the  
ned Priests of the  
Mission Society



Rt. Rev. John E. McRae  
Superior General



Gerald F. Kelly, S.F.M.  
Fort William, Ontario

*Ad  
Multos  
Annos!*

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## The Chair for Young Shapiro

*(Continued from page 15)*

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offer. The men who put him in the chair tonight cried when Eddie thanked them for all their kindness to him.

"God asked our Blessed Mother to stand beneath the cross for three long hours to watch her Son's life ebb out by inches. Maria, when your Eddie died tonight you were here with the good kind neighbours God gave you to comfort you in this awful hour. Yes, Maria, you were like Mary the Mother of Sorrows tonight but God did not ask you to bear what He asked His own Blessed Mother to suffer."

Father Mike's words had struck home to all the other women. They were roused to sympathy for Mary, Mother of Sorrows on a more personal level than they had ever experienced before. Maria looked up and the dullness left her eyes. She faced the picture of the crucifixion, her lips moved in silent prayer and the tears came to the relief of her tortured mind and her broken heart. They came also as a welcome flood to wipe away the bitterness from that soul that had held out on God for so long.

We heard this story of Maria Shapiro and Father Mike Dillon in the smoking room of the "Ocean Limited" as she sped on her way into the night somewhere between Montreal and Halifax. We heard it from a priest with an unmistakable New York accent. "Whatever happened to Maria?" we asked. "Well, shortly afterwards she went to live in Brooklyn. She got a job in the ladies' department of a big store and, though it did not seem the ideal set-up for a woman with three growing boys, Maria more than managed to combine being a real mother with the

extra burden of earning a living for the boys and herself. I always kept in contact with them. The youngest boy, Joe, was a classmate of mine at Fordham. He was killed in the Pacific fighting. The other two also saw service but came out in good shape. Maria raised the three of them to be good Catholics and solid citizens. After that little talk from good old Father Mike she never could forget that God had asked her to bear a sorrow like unto the sorrows of that other Mary. She spent the rest of her life trying to imitate the virtues of her model. She died a couple of years ago and at her death she was regarded as the most outstanding Catholic woman in the parish.

"I told you this story tonight because I have been thinking a lot of Father Mike during this trip. You see, just before I started my journey I was celebrant at his funeral Mass. Yes, poor old Father Mike went to his reward last week."

As we finished our final cigarettes before turning in and began to make our way silently to our berths I whispered to the priest as he bent to get into his "lower."

"Father, sorry, would you mind repeating your name, I didn't quite get it the first time."

"It's Pacelleri," he said, with a grin; "Francis M. Pacelleri. When I was younger the kids on the block called me 'Patch'."







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# Paging Patience

By  
R. J. Pelow  
S.F.M.

*A Thought for August*

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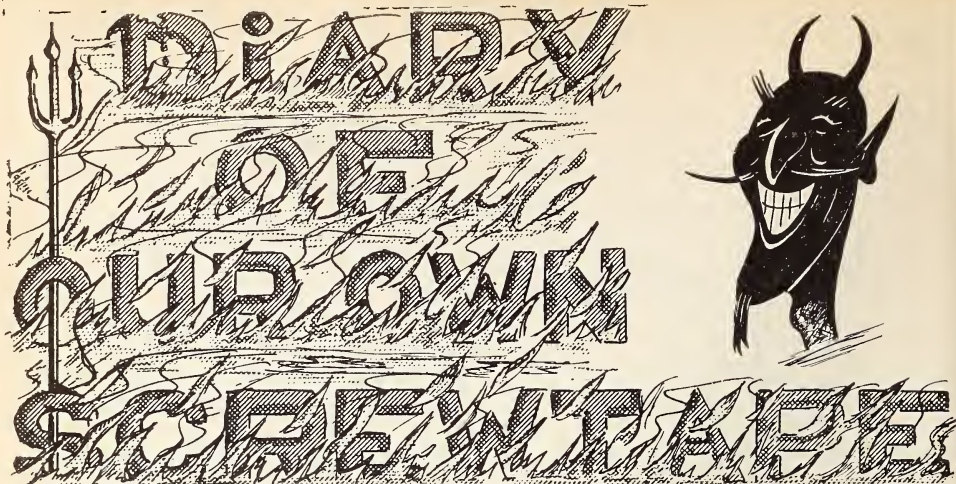
THE old rhyme runs to the effect that patience is a virtue which is seldom found in women, and never found in men. This old saying may be somewhat of an exaggeration but there is far too much truth in it.

Our Blessed Lord admonished us thus: "Possess your souls in patience." If His advice were followed by everyone not only would there be many more saints in the world but psychiatrists would have to go out of business. First of all, no one can follow the path of virtue long without patience, for it is a workaday virtue we are called upon to exercise every day. For when a person lacks the virtue of patience he is opening wide the door of his soul to discontent, unhappiness and even sin. Such a one does not know how to meet and accept the sorrows of life. Even the pagans recognized this, for the Greek writer Plautus in one of his plays says "Patience is the best remedy for every trouble." He wrote two centuries before Christ.

When a person possesses his soul in patience he knows how to bear the difficult and irksome things of life without ceaselessly complaining to his neighbour about them and without brooding over them in a kind of whining self-pity. Everyone has sorrows. Patience at its peak enables us to bear them with joy, at its lowest level prevents them from souring life.

We should meditate more often on God's patience with our forgetfulness, ingratitude and sinfulness; on Christ's patience with His Apostles during his life and with His enemies during His agony. Then we should take a good look at our own impatience which crowds so many of our days with its petty exhibitions.





**H**IS Foiled Majesty, Lucifer I, Emperor of the Commonloss of Fallen Angels, Condemned Souls and Would-be-such Souls, is burnt up about the progress of my present assignment. Sometimes I think he has concentrated his efforts so much on these humans that he has become worldly minded. Really, he is becoming very materialistic. One is given the impression that he is hampered by a body-enclosed intellect. Time means too much to him. He is always looking for immediate results. To hear him fume one would think that we angelic spirits lived in time instead of eternity.

Some weeks ago (according to worldly gibberish) he told me to coach an old Son of Adam who is coming down the home stretch. As far as I am concerned this animated mass of drying chemicals has fought a mighty bad fight. I fear he hasn't a chance in a million of going to Hell. Nevertheless, the Boss expects me to inveigle him into our lane before he finishes his course. So far, I have met with no success. Wherefore the Satanic panic. Lucifer is going to blow a spiritual fuse if some results are not forthcoming very soon.

Unfortunately, this old buck is just about as stubborn as Lucifer himself. He is so set in his ways that my progressive ideas hold no appeal for him. Just now a young fellow, who holds "grandpa" in high esteem, came around to seek his advice. One of my infernal pals took advantage of the youngster's growing interest in life and its purpose to persuade him to read a few books by our friends, the "modern" philosophers. Naturally, after imbibing the "advanced" ideas of such "learned" men, he began to wonder if he was just being a "dope" by trying to live up to his Faith, instead of subscribing to the current notion that youth is a time for pleasure.

It was on this point that he consulted my aged sage. I merely tried to get my charge to make the very general statement: "enjoy yourself, lad; you are young only once". I did not dare urge him to say anything more drastic in favour of youth and progress for fear of shocking him into complete silence. There was no need to take that chance since such an indefinite remark from this trusted and experienced friend would have been sufficient to cause the wavering youth to cease battling



against the current and start floating down the river of earthy dreams.

Not only did the old boy refuse to make the simple statement but he flew into a tirade against such "softness" as he called it. The gist of the lecture was that youth, far from being a time for pleasure was really an opportunity for heroism, especially in the circumstances of modern life. He even quoted Scripture to show the falsity of the "youth for pleasure" campaign. "A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The lad went away convinced that by living up to his Faith, far from being a "dope", he was showing strength of character which would stand him in good stead both in time and eternity. This all spelled trouble for my devilish friend whose job it was to get the youngster to follow the line of least resistance which is a one-way street to Hades.

From this incident you can see the futility of trying to get my protegee to give up the fight. To my mind, he is a lost soul to Lucifer. My best bet is to thwart his every effort to do good before earth swallows up his clay shell.

At the moment, the old man is considering the making of his will. He has been giving much thought to this matter, lately. What ho! He is deciding to donate five thousand dollars as a fund for the education of priests for the Foreign Missions. Here's where I go to work.

A few chosen thoughts on the futility of the missions will do the trick. For instance, many of the can-

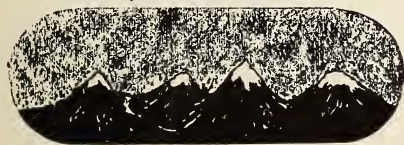


didates for this work give up before attaining the priesthood. Even if they do receive ordination their lives merely constitute a waste of money, time, talent and energy in far away places which are of no interest to one who lives in Canada. Why molest the poor pagans? Leave them in their ignorance. Good pagans are better than bad Christians. Don't throw your money down the drain. There are more immediate and pressing needs, etc.

He is taking to my line like a devil to sin. In fact, he is deciding to forget about the Foreign Mission effort. Success! I can certainly wow these shallow thinking humans.

Ah! ah! He is still wondering to what good cause he can give the sum of money. What to do?

Well! Here comes the hell-sent answer to my problem. A gentleman is entering the door. He is one of the many who, last night, attended a mass meeting dedicated to the arousing of interest in a new organization called: "The Universal Comradeship for the Promotion of Eternal Peace Among the Free, Democratic Nations



## BOOKS WANTED

EVERYDAY TALKS FOR  
EVERYDAY PEOPLE, by  
*Cyprian Truss, O.F.M.*

THE HOUSE OF GOLD,  
by *Bede Jarret, O.P.*

FROM THE PILOT'S  
SEAT, by *Cyprian Truss.*

LET YOUR MIND  
ALONE, by *James Thurber.*

of the World". Of course, the meeting was brought to a close by an impassioned appeal for funds to help such a worthy cause, and my new-found colleague was swept away with enthusiasm and zeal to do his part in its behalf. What a nit-wit! He does not even suspect that the organization is merely a Communistic method of sabotage and deceit.

The would-be-promoter-of-peace is spilling his ardour into the eager ears of my protege. The sale is just about to be transacted. Going. Going. The five thousand dollars have gone to the "Universal Comradeship".

You just can't put anything over on Screwtape. Not only did I snatch the substantial donation from the cause of our Great Enemy but actually transferred it to the hands of the most powerful opposing force to the establishment of His Mystical Body on earth.

The old man is pulling out a check book.

Blazes! What's this? An interruption at the crucial moment! It's that Seminarian who is studying for the Foreign Missions. I suspect some angelic skulking in this coincidence. I might have known that the old fellow's Guardian Angel would not let

my clever plan pass without interference. He will not outwit me, however. These Seminaricians always wander off in such theological garble that no layman ever knows what they are driving at. They think they are impressing someone.

What next? He is going to tell the old man a story. This should be rich. Let's listen in:

"A most good and wise Ruler once asked for the willing and loving service of His subjects. For a time they were loyal. Then the enemy of the Great Ruler made fantastic overtures to them. He instilled into their hearts a deep discontent with their lot as subjects and assured them that rebellion would result in their equality with their Ruler. Foolishly they gave in to the temptation. To their everlasting shame and disgust they discovered that they had exchanged a just and merciful rule for that of cruel tyranny. The seducer, who had promised them freedom, became their dictator."

"Realizing that they had been deceived, they immediately repented and the merciful Ruler promised to win them back at some future date. Meanwhile, they and their children would have to endure the just punishment due to their rebellion."

"After a long time, during which the people were made to realize the







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evils of a tyrant's reign, the rightful Ruler sent His Son to begin the campaign of reconquest and to provide the wherewithal for carrying it to a successful completion. Having set up the organization, He apparently withdrew, leaving those who had freely given themselves to His service to accomplish the complete submission of the country to the rule of His Father. These ambassadors were to go forth into the whole land to teach its inhabitants about the forgotten Ruler and to persuade them to love and serve Him. An opportunity was to be given to all to willingly submit before showing His awful power and majesty in the destruction of the enemy and the calling to judgment of every citizen."

"Such is the story of God's relations with His creatures, who turned away from Him of their own free will. He justly desires that they recognize Him as their supreme Ruler to whom they owe their very existence. He desires also that they freely and lovingly submit to Him; that they

work, in like manner, to restore the world to Him. The Church established by His Son exists for no other purpose than to extend His rule over all peoples. There is no other reason for creation than to give glory to God. Man exists only to know, love, serve and enjoy God."

"Is it not clear, then, that the Foreign Mission effort is the one organization which is attempting to realize the purpose of the created universe. It is the one useful endeavour above all others. In a sense, it is the only really worthwhile endeavour. It alone establishes the cult of the true God on earth and for all eternity."

Eureka! I'll not lose the check by a fairy tale like that. Screwtape always gets his check.

But! but! What's this? He can't do that to me. The old buck, to whom I have given my undivided and selfless attention, is passing the check over to that young pup of a theological undertaker.

Ouch!

(We are sorry, dear readers, but this page in Screwtape's diary was brought to an untimely conclusion. That last exclamation was uttered by him as he received a prod from the rear. He was last seen going down the one-way street to Hades, ducking from one lick of flame and bellow of smoke to another with his Riled Travesty of Majesty, Lucifer I, in hot pursuit.)



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# How Steadfast Are Converts from Paganism?

(M.E.B.)

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THE strength of the faith in mission countries is frequently questioned by people in this country. One wonders if the term "rice Christian" is a thoughtless accusation or whether there is some foundation for the charge. What does history say? Well, in 1614, an edict was issued by the Japanese Emperor forbidding the practice of Christianity. The rulers of the various states were ordered to send to Nagasaki all missionaries living in their territories to destroy all churches and to force all Christians to give up their faith. Then terrible persecutions ensued and many thousands of Japanese suffered the most terrible agony and death rather than deny Jesus Christ.

These frightful persecutions came to a tragic end in the Shimabara revolt of 1637 when 30,000 Christians rose up against the Emperor and fought his armies. After a short struggle, every last one of the 30,000 was put to death and apparently Christianity had disappeared from the Land of the Rising Sun. However, though the light of faith burnt low, it was not extinguished but continued to shed its light in the hill country for two and a half centuries. The glorious faith of these brave people was not to go unrewarded and although there were some martyrs, the Japanese government finally pro-

claimed freedom of religion in 1873. Certainly the Catholics of Japan have proven that their faith is as strong as that of any other nation.

Indo-China provides us with another example of sturdy belief. The history of the Church in this country is a long tale of endless persecution for over a century and a half. The most disastrous episode took place in 1833. It is estimated that over 200,000 converts laid down their lives for the faith during that particular crisis. The tortures they endured were almost indescribable but it is known that in many cases Christians were actually sawn in half! Certainly only the deepest love of God can explain the fortitude necessary to die such a death for the faith.

The history of the Church in China proper furnishes another startling sample of supernatural courage: this was the massacre of Tientien in 1870 when 30,000 Catholic Chinese shed their blood for Christ. And again in 1900 the Boxer Rebellion brought on innumerable massacres of Christians, as well as the martyrdom of forty-five priests and ten Sisters.

The history of the Catholic Church in the so-called pagan lands gives the answer to the query: how strong is the faith in mission lands? In fact, the greatest success of the missions has been their interior and qualitative success, since the vast majority of converts have been sincere and convinced, zealous and courageous, even to the point of martyrdom. It is true that there have been defections, but then again was not Judas one of the twelve?

Just as the converts from paganism have always showed themselves to be valiant defenders of the faith when the opportunity arose, so will their descendants and converts of today show the same fortitude, *if* they are given the chance to know and love the true God. By your prayers and mission interest you can help us bring them this grace.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

How are you enjoying your summer vacation? I hope all is going well because after working hard at school during the past year, you deserve a good rest.

Sometimes I wonder about the angels and their vacation. Do you think they get any? Can you imagine a group of angels going on a picnic? How could they eat? Or swim? Or play baseball? Or run races? They just couldn't do it because they have no bodies. On the other hand they don't need a rest if they have no bodies. Is it your soul or your body which gets tired? Your body of course, isn't it? Then you lie down and let that body get its rest and after a long sleep, why you feel wonderful again and ready for work and play. So angels get no holidays or vacation because they could not use one. What do they do in the summertime? Well that depends.

It depends on the sort of angel you are talking about. No two of them are the same. They all have

different jobs. But all of them have this in common: all of them are wonderfully happy and cannot lose this happiness. They passed their test and are now enjoying their reward. Suppose you are thinking about your Guardian Angel: each one of us has a Guardian Angel to watch over us, protect us against danger and help us get to heaven. Well that sort of angel is always pretty busy. Boys and girls keep them even busier than grownups because most boys and girls are either getting into or getting out of trouble! So you see we really need a Guardian Angel. And it's also a good idea for them not to have a body so that they can never get tired! If we keep them so busy, they have to be ready night and day to help us and that's why God made those wonderful creatures that way.

When you say your prayers to-night, don't forget a short prayer to your Guardian Angel. Thank him and ask him to keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim,

I was reading in a book at school when I heard about your CHINA magazine. My teacher gets it every month and she lets grades five and six read it too. She told us we could write to you for mite boxes and when we saved enough pennies these would be sent to the pagan children in China. I'll close for now and hope to hear from you soon.

Donald Behm,  
St. Lina, Alberta.

Dear Donald,

Yes indeed I am very happy to send mite boxes to all the Buds in our Rose Garden. We are all working for the missions with St. Theresa. You know she said she always prayed for the missions when she was alive and then she said she would help them even more after death. That's why we want to join with her now in this wonderful work. All over the world there are missionaries and they are depending on our prayers. Say that prayer you will find on your enrolment card and you will be doing your share too.

Dear Father Jim,

Please find enclosed the contents of my mite-box. We saved many

pennies and then got this money order for the missions. I hope it will help.

Phyllis Comeau,  
Digby, N.S.

Dear Phyllis,

Your fine gift for the missions is already doing its work. We need money always to buy food and clothing for our missionaries as well as catechisms in Spanish and Chinese for the boys and girls in distant countries. Some of this money must also be used to buy medicines which helps those children recover from sickness. You've noticed the pictures of the Sisters in our CHINA magazine? Well they are nearly all nurses and they know just what to do with the wonderful medicines your money helps buy. Thank you very much Phyllis.

Dear Father Jim,

I am enclosing a donation of money to help out the missions. I hope it will christianize a little Chinese boy or girl.

Jude Meraw,  
Tweed, Ontario.

Dear Jude,

That's a wonderful name you have. I suppose you knew your patron Saint is the one so many people pray to when they need help very badly. That's the way it is with the Chinese



children. They need help to bring them the light of faith and I am glad so many Canadian boys and girls are doing their best. Thanks for your assistance, Jude.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am sending you eighty stamps which I hope will help the China mission. I am hoping to be able to join the Rose Garden. I am ten years old and in Grade V at school. My hobbies are reading, collecting stamps, dancing and skating. I hope to receive some letters from other Rose Buds. I shall also keep saving stamps to send you for the missions.*

Evelyn Lewis,  
Holyrood,

Conception Bay, Nfld.

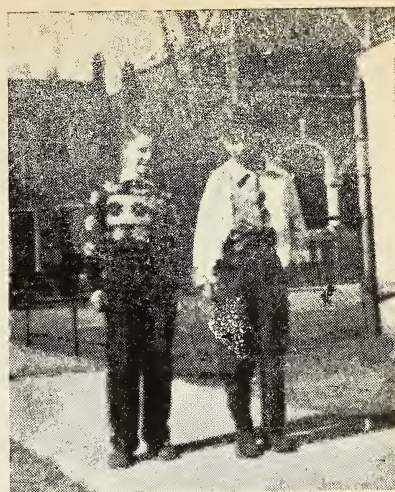
Dear Evelyn,

Thank you for the stamps. So you like to read? I do too. I like stories about distant lands which tell of their strange customs and different manner of living. Perhaps someday you will get a letter from a Rose Bud in some distant country who will describe how they live. You know the Buds in the Dominican Republic have never seen snow! It's always hot there, winter and summer, so they won't know what you are talking about when you mention skates! Anyway, you can pray for them and



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CHINA



Dick Payne and Archie Ouellette of St. Agatha's School, Ottawa.

that will always be something they will understand and be grateful for.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am nine years old and in grade IV. Please put my name in the Rose Garden list and then send me a mite-box. I will also say the prayer for the Chinese every day.*

Anne Marie Locke,  
15 Botwood Road,  
Grand Falls, Nfld.

Dear Anne Marie,

Hello Anne Marie and glad to have you working with us as a junior missionary. We need all the help we can get. Keep at those prayers and sacrifices. That's what St. Theresa wants of every Bud.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am sending you some used stamps. I hope this will help you. Sorry I have not written for so long and I will be sending some more to you soon. Please send me a mite-box and publish my name in the CHINA.*

Blanche White,  
Shallop Cove,  
St. George's, Nfld.

Dear Blanche,

I am always pleased to hear from our Buds. Write to me often to let me know how you are getting along at home and in school. I hope all of you worked hard this year; I know you have done very well for the Rose Garden.

Dear Father Jim,

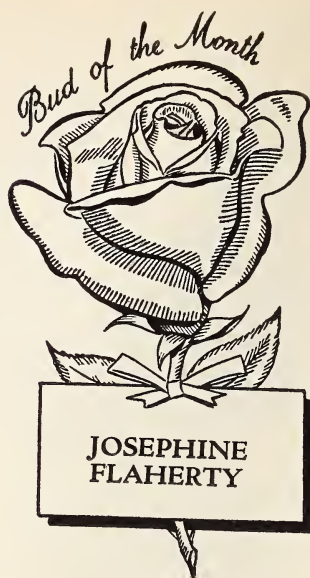
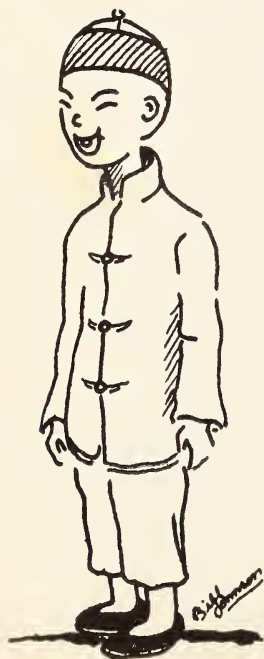
I would like to become a Rose Bud. I am eleven years old, and would like to help China's children. I would also like to subscribe for the CHINA magazine. Enclosed is \$1 for the subscription.

Mae Carey,  
Islay, Alberta.

P.S. My three brothers and I would like mite boxes.

Dear Mae,

We are always happy to invite another Bud into our Garden. The more the merrier. What are your brothers names? I'd like to list them too. And be sure that all four of you say the prayers for the missions, please.



Josephine lives at 124 Curzon Street, Toronto, and is a great worker for the missions. Always glad to hear from you Josephine and congratulations!



Save stamps for the Missions.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## KINGSTON, ONT.

St.; Murphy, Ronald, 14, Sharon, 10, 137 William St.; Murphy, Theresa, 15, Tommy, 11, 37 N. Albert St.; Murray, Joan, 9, Kenneth, 10, 515A Albert St.; Murray, Michael, 7, 40 O'Kill St.; Murray, Patricia, 9, William, 12, 13 N. Alfred St.; Murray, Richard, 7, 42 Johnson St.; Myers, Leo, 13, Pauline, 11, 147 Division St.; Macdonald, Patricia, 13, 110 Montreal St.; McAdam, Anne, 15, Mary, 13, Rose-lene, 10, 811 Princess St.; McAdoo, Joan, 13, R.R. No. 1; McCann, Michael, 12, Heathfield, St. Mary's Orphanage; McCannon, Pat, 10, Heathfield; McCarthy, Noreen, 13, 497 Barrie St.; McConnell, Edward, 7, 47 Union West; McCormick, Patricia, 12, 432 Brock St.; McCourt, David, 7, Joan, 12, 36 Lower Union St.; McCue, Audrey, 17, 359 King St. W.; McDermott, Charles, 9, John, 8, 213 Queen St.; McDonald, Jack, 10, 565 Princess St.; McDonnell, Joan, 15, 306 Brock St.; McEachen, Ann, 16, Thomas, 12, 83 Thomas St.; McElroy, Pauline, 13, 303 Barrie St.; McEvilla, Robert, 13, 26 Twelfth St.; McFadden, Genevieve, 11, 46 Patrick St.; McGuinn, Anne, 9, 305 Earl St.; McGuirk, John, 13, 177 Russell Street; Pothier, Pauline, 12, 77 Main St.; Pothier, Ray, 10, 136 Wellington St.; Pothier, Walter, 10, Barriefield; Potter, Elwood, 13, 318 Rideau St.; Pre-coure, Margaret, 10, 354 King St. W.; Prior, Murray, 10, 217 Brock St.; Provan, Mary, 13, 115 Collingwood St.; Purcell, Alan, 8, 86 Lower William St.; Purtell, Bob, 13, 491 Barrie St.; Purtell, Evelyn M., 9, 12 Colborne St.; Radley, Peter, 8, 466 Brock St.; Raine, James, 13, Tommie, 8, Marconi Station, P.O. Box 39; Raymond, John, 8, 172 Ontario St.; Apt. 6; Rea, Paul, 12, 35 Division St.; Reid, Billie, 12, Dolores, 11, 144 Charles St.; Reid, Howard, 12, John, 15, 328 Montreal St.; Renell, Patricia, 9, Robert, 7, 256 Earl St.; Renfrey, Harry, 8, 16 Clergy W.; Rines, Carl, 9, Douglas, 7, Jimmie, 11, Marlene, 10, R.R. No. 2, Division St.; Rini Gerolima, 10, 83 Patrick St.; Rizzo, Grace, 10, 168 Mary St. N.; Roach, Marie, 16, Mary, 15, 30 Main St.; Roach, Marjorie, 10, 12 Severn St.; Robb, Betty, 12, 100 Lower William St.; Robb, Jimmie, 11, 30 York St.; Robertson, Catherine, 10, Jim, 9, William Herbert, 12, 262 Queen St.; Robertson, Dianne, 9, Tony, 12, 305 Brock St.; Roe, Eileen, 16, James, 11, St. John's School, 591 Bagot St.; Rooney, Helen, 18, 1 Aberdeen St.; Roy, Gervais, 12, Guy, 14, 39 Clergy W.; Ryan, Mary, 10, Patrick, 13, 449 Division St.; St. Onge, Gerald, 11, 301 Concession St.; Sampson, Cauee, 15, 120 Ellerbeck St.; Sargent, Billy, 9, 152 Bay St.; Sauve, Mary, L., 10, 72 Wellington St.; Savage, Charles, 11, Deon, 10, 170 Rideau St.; Savino, Concetta, 9, 373 McNab St.; Seguin, Joseph, 12, Shirley, 10, 3 York St.; Shangrow, Jeanne, 13, 512 Albert St.; Shannon, Patrick, 8, 247½ Earl St.; Shea, Anna Claire, 13, Bobby, 11, 137 Stephen St.; Shea, Edward,

10, Rosemary, 14, R.R. No. 6; Sherman, Norman, 11, 339 King St. W.; Simpson, Marlene, 10, 3-11th St.; Sitoski, John, 11, Joseph, 13, 139 Hickson Ave.; Smith, Brian, 8, 33 William, St.; Smith, Clifford, 12, Ronald, 8, R.R. No. 2 Division St.; Smith, Donald, 6, 368 Alfred St.; Smith, Donna, 11, 269 Brock St.; Smith, Joan, 12, 108 Barrack St.; Smith, Margaret, 13, 321 Johnston St.; Smith, Therese, 18, 181 Colborne St.; Somerville, Theresa, 16, 214 Union St. W.; Stachel, Annie, 13, R.R. No. 1; Stachel, Annie, 13, R.R. No. 1; Stevenson Doris, 14, 267 Queen St.; Stevenson, Frank, 8, Walter, 10, 40 Markland St.; Stewart, Joan, 13, 285½ Alfred St.; Stratford, Patricia, 10, 354 King St. W.; Suds, Kenneth, 11, 45 Division St.; Taillon, Donald, 11, Marilyn, 14, Shirley, 12, 175 Union St. W.; Taillon, Maureen, 13, 49 Bay St.; Tarantella, John, 11, Paul, 12, Mary Alice, 15, 137 Chatham St.; Taucher, Arthur, 14, Yvonne, 15, 85 Queen St.; Taylor, Marceline, 16, 10 Scott St.; Taylor, Patricia, 15, 270 Rideau St.; Taylor, Wayne, 7, 219½ Princess St.; Tehan, Theresa, 17, Hotel Dieu Hospital; Tetro, Paul, 10, 72 Queen's Crescent; Timlin, Helen, 11, Michael, 10, Nancy, 13, 118 Colborne St.; Tisdale, Dallas, 15, 11 Redan St.; Tobin, Margaret, 15, 208 Regent St.; Tomlins, Ruth, 9, Stanley, 14, 28 Fifth St.; Tompson, Dan, 15, 572 N. MacDonald St.; Tuggey, Harry, 9, 79 Wellington St.; Turcotte, Billy, 11, 172 Ontario St.; Tutak, Tacey, 11, 318 Barrie St.; Vallier, Nadine, 11, 412 Montreal St.; Vallier, Robert, 12, Ronnie, 14, 60 Rideau St.; Valvasori, Rose, 9, 20 Napier St.; Venoss, Margaret, 11, 215 Earl St.; Verrier, Earnest, 14, George, 12, 105 Stephen St.; Waldrif, Leslie, 11, 3 First Ave., Kingston Heights; Walter Graham, 8, Denise, 11, Valois, 13, 19 Union St.; Walker, Marilyn, 10, William, 7, 110 Earl St.; Walsh, Betty, 9, 107 Clergy St. E.; Walton, Donald, 15, 22 Quebec St.; Warren, Mary Theresa, 13, 29 Ellice St.; Waters, Barbara, 11, 39 N. Alfred St.



Garry Foley and Ken. Miller of St. Agatha's School, Ottawa.

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# ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## LISHUI MESSAGE

There have been several messages from China since the fall of Shanghai to the effect that all personnel are safe and well. At the same time it is useless to minimize the danger to priests and sisters under the charge of our good bishop The Most Rev. K. R. Turner, D.D. A very recent message has come from His Excellency:



*"Ask the readers of CHINA magazine to begin a crusade of daily Rosaries that all will go well with us here. I am asking for prayers and penance. I was never more earnest in my life."*

Every Canadian is conversant with the conditions politically in the Far East at the present time. But nobody can predict the future with any degree of accuracy. The invisible factor at all times is the power of prayer. Hence we simply quote from His Excellency's message and confidently expect that every person acquainted with our work will cheerfully join this crusade of prayer. And no form of prayer among individuals in the home is as powerful as the family Rosary. When parents unite their intercession with the prayers of the children, we need never become panicky concerning the future of the missions or the safety of Bishop, priests, sisters, people.

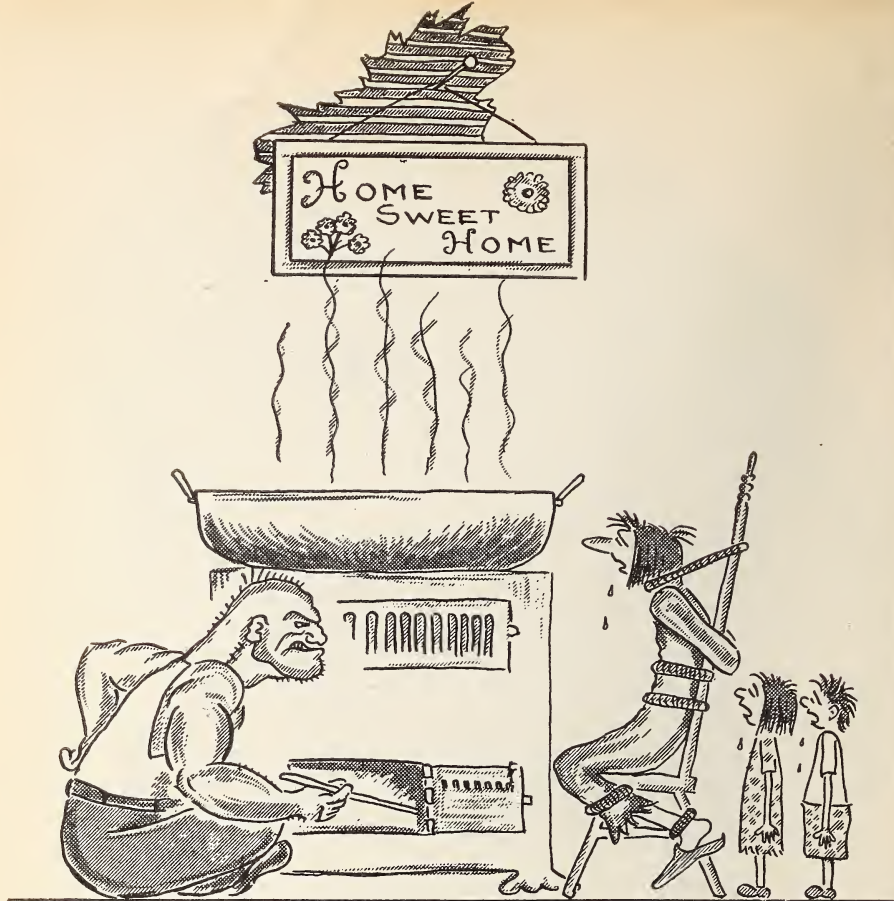
The message of Our Lady of Fatima was a call for prayer and penance. Our Bishop simply repeats her request. We are now calling upon all our friends to carry this out by means of the family Rosary for this special intention. Please help us.





*If you are a young man just out of High School and have not as yet decided upon your future, may we earnestly remind you of the millions of souls waiting to be saved in pagan lands. If you are in good health, have average or better than average intelligence, and an inclination to help this cause, then write to Father Rector.*





He snarled as he poked up the fire  
Told his wife he intended to fry 'er  
She knew what 'twas for  
He had warned her before,  
Not to let his subscription expire!

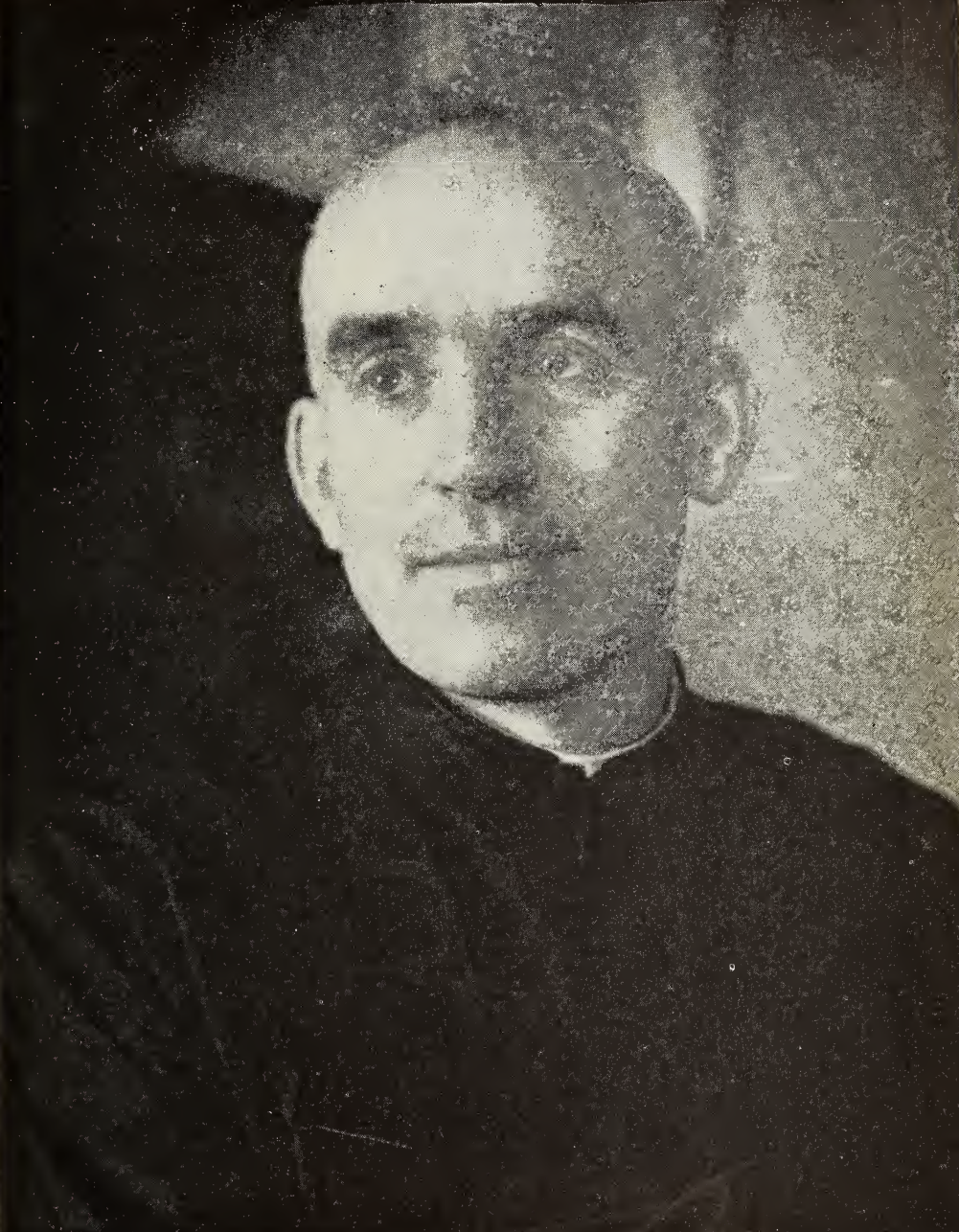


# CANADA



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

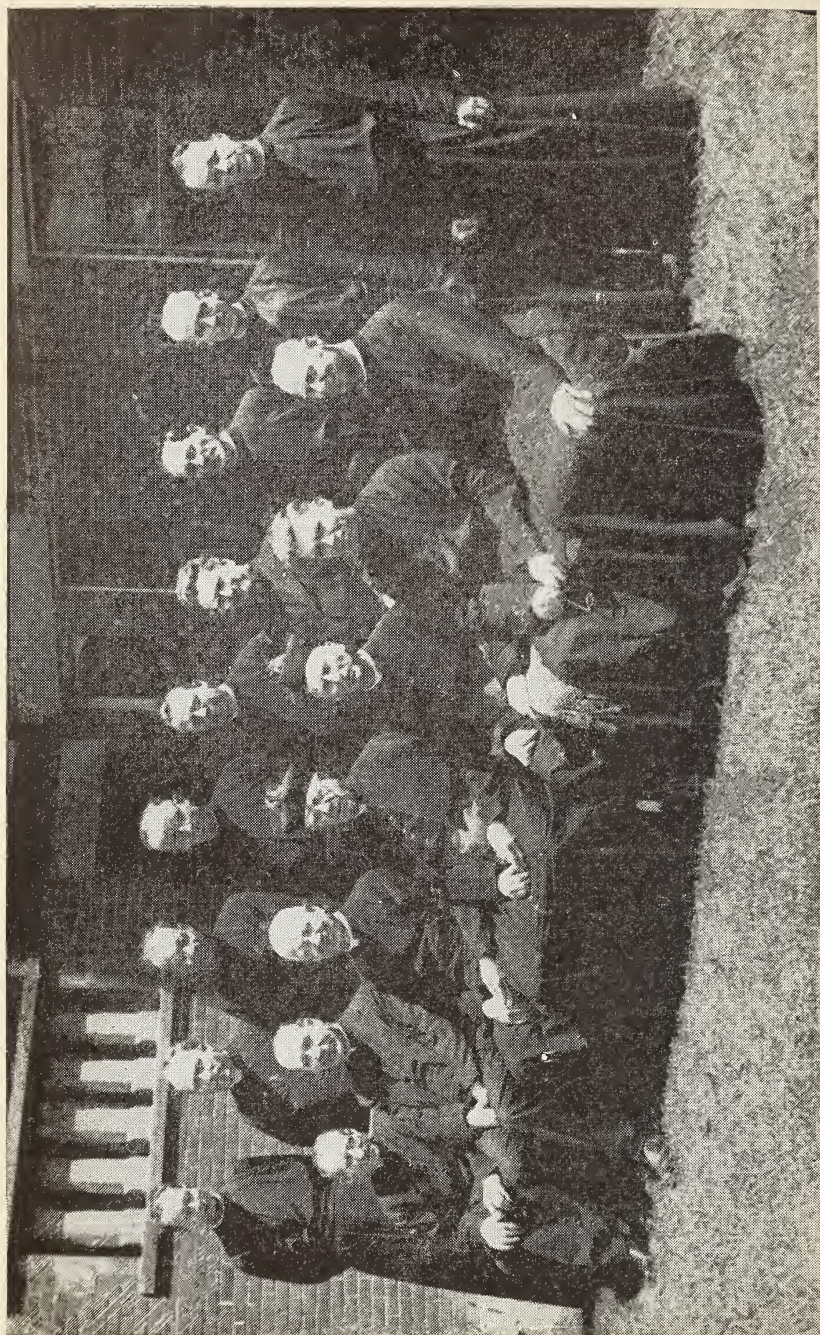
SEPTEMBER 1949



**VERY REV. THOMAS McQUAID, S.F.M.**

**ELECTED SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE**



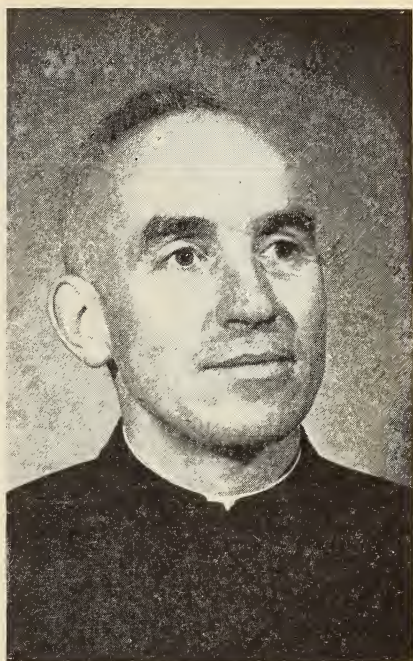


SCARBORO RETREAT GROUP, JUNE, 1949

Front row: Rev. A. J. MacDonald, Rev. H. Sharkey, Rev. C. Mackenzie, C.M. (Retreat Master); Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae, P.A.; Rt. Rev. J. Fraser, P.A.;  
 Rev. F. T. O'Grady, Rev. W. Amyot. Back row: Revs. J. Gault, J. King, L. Beal, J. Kelly, W. Cox, J. Leonard, J. Maurice, Very Rev. T. McQuaid,  
 Rev. R. J. Pelow, all S.F.M.



# New Superior- General of the S.F.M.



VERY REV. T. McQUAID

**V**ERY REV. THOMAS McQUAID, recently elected Superior-General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, was born 41 years ago, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McQuaid of St. Columban, Ontario. He studied at St. Columban Grade School and later at the Dublin and Seaforth High Schools. He is a graduate of Stratford Normal School and taught on the Windsor Separate School staff, as well as at Gonzaga High School, Cornwall, Ont.

Father McQuaid is a graduate of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, following courses in Philosophy and Theology at St. Augustine's Seminary from 1934 to 1940. He was appointed to China in September, 1940, and studied at the Language School in Peiping for two years. During the war against Japan he was interned for two and a half years in North China. After his release he did mission work at Lishui until his return to Canada in January, 1947.

He was Vice-Rector and Spiritual Director as well as Professor at St. Francis Xavier Seminary where he taught Chinese, Ascetic Theology, Latin and Apologetics.

Also elected to the General Council were Very Rev. A. Chafe, Vicar-General, Very Revs. J. McGoey, Wm. Cox, A. J. MacDonald as Assistants General.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has its Motherhouse at Scarboro Bluffs, in the Archdiocese of Toronto, Ont. It has Missions in China, the Dominican Republic in the West Indies, and a newly opened Mission in Japan.



# A Visit With Francisco

By

Joseph King  
S.F.M.

**F**RANCISCO Canario had long since resigned himself to his fate when we were given charge of his parish at Azua, the Lone Star of the South. He was badly crippled and practically destitute, lying on a few rags in the shack he shared with his brother.

At one time he had known some security, but now his brother begged for the two of them. In those better days, Francisco lived with a relative, Padre Pedrito, pastor of the Provincial headquarters; my friend was then a baker, or at least an assistant to the baker, and this guaranteed a sufficient supply of food. Sometimes he would help by gathering firewood along the sides of a local stream. It was this same river which alarmed all of us a year ago when in flood. The force of the water moved huge boulders, uprooted large trees and even dislodged the ponderous lengths of pipe which the engineers of the Lock Joint Pipe Company had installed twelve feet below the surface! Such violent events have no influence on Francisco any more, though he no longer walks the banks of this or any other stream. Instead he lies in his shack, depending entirely on his brother. Although this latter

gentleman cannot work either, he daily collects his share of the milk and other food which the President of the country causes to be distributed to the needy of the area.

I was a frequent visitor in this shack, although it always meant that a number of tiny inhabitants would transfer themselves from Francisco's rags to my cassock! Still, if Francisco never appeared downhearted, why should I complain? My host

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## CHINA

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*Established 1919*

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M.

Circulation Mgr.: J. L. BEAL, S.F.M.

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Superior General, Scarboro Foreign  
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Vol. XXX

No. 9



always greeted me with a smile and asked about the flying machines which brought us to his country. This particular mode of travel he thought very unsafe, and he used to marvel at our confidence.

The proudest possession in the shack was a number of santicos (holy pictures) and Francisco would ask my advice concerning their value. Some of these were hardly orthodox, being distributed by people who were not of our Faith. Francisco and his neighbors would listen wide-eyed as I warned them of false prophets and encouraged them to learn their catechism and recite their prayers.

"But Padre," Francisco would ask, "when will you live near us and explain all the teachings of our Faith?" My brother Felix is always ready to ring the handbell calling all the people for instructions."

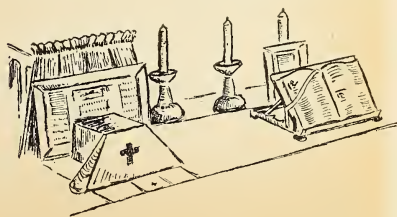
It was quite true that on previous occasions his brother had been an excellent person to round up all within hearing distance of his bell. A real towncrier, Felix had rung the bell merrily and at the top of his voice had explained the purpose of the meeting. Soon there were about two hundred people, all more than willing to listen to an instruction on the faith. On some visits, the missionaries had found it profitable to set off fire-crackers; this noise was an effective herald and within minutes we could begin. The open park would make a good "pitch" and then it was up to the individual missionary to make his appeal persuasive. With no permanent chapel in such a settlement, such visits as could be arranged were our substitute.

"Francisco! If only you realized how anxious we are to come here again and again. But do you know there are 53 such places in this parish alone! Each place requires that we teach, baptize, exhort, encourage, correct, and witness marriages." As he sat there on his mud floor I was thinking he did not have a very

comfortable seat, but then I recalled the hard saddles of horse and mule after a twenty-mile ride under a tropical sun and that seat was not built for comfort either.

The hut we were in was not up to much, but then again neither are many of the rectories on the missions. I shall never forget the time Father John Gault was sick in bed. It was pouring rain and to keep him dry we placed a large dish above the mosquito net over his bed to catch the drip. There was no use moving the bed as no spot was any better than the one chosen! Because of the rather frequent earthquakes, tin roofs soon leak like sieves. (Father Gault is now a professor in our faculty of philosophy at Scarborough Bluffs).

The other mission stations of Azua parish all have similar physical obstacles. Despite these, however, there is a most encouraging improvement in the practice of the faith. And the latest grace has been the arrival of the six Sisters from Spain. Thanks to their help, the children are now getting invaluable training, catechism is being taught to new hundreds and even thousands and, all in all, things are looking brighter. It's still true that the roof leaks, that the saddles are hard, that the food is not what Canadians are used to and that the heat is extreme; nevertheless, we can see hope some day of having a hospice to take care of old folks like Francisco. I hope the realization of such a prospect is not too distant.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

"So you have to run home as usual?" scoffed one of the group at the bar as a timid looking little man rose to leave. "What are you, a man or a mouse?"

"A man, of course," replied the little fellow with dignity.

"What makes you so sure?" demanded the other.

"Because," he explained, "my wife is afraid of a mouse."



A woman went to buy a drinking trough for her dog and the shopkeeper asked her if she would like one with the inscription, "For the dog."

"It really doesn't matter," she replied. "My husband never drinks water and the dog can't read."



An Irishman with the British expeditionary force was telling his friend of his narrow escape at Dunkerque.

"The bullet went in me chist, and came out me back," said Pat.

"But," answered his friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time," came the quick reply.



He was explaining, for his wife's instruction, exactly why the bank rate stood at its present figure, why the economic recessions existed, and how it could be cured.

"It seems wonderful," she said at last, "that anyone could know as much about money as you do and have so little."



He found his young wife in tears.

"You know that lovely cake I made from mother's recipe," she cried. "Well, I put it out to cool and the cat ate half of it."

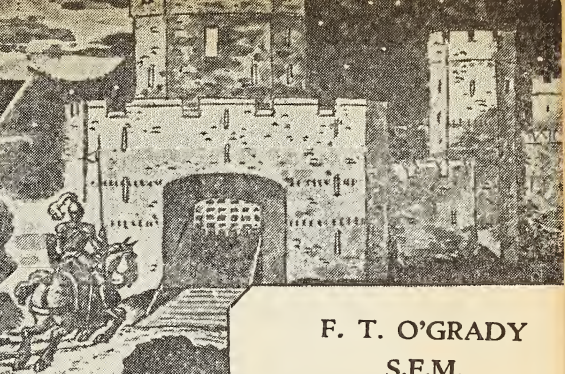
"Never mind, dear," he comforted. "I know someone who will give us a kitten."



A Hollywood producer received a story entitled, "The Optimist." He called his staff together and said: "Gentlemen, this title must be changed to something simpler. We're intelligent and know what an optimist is, but how many of those morons who'll see the picture will know he's an eye doctor?"



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

IT IS the fashion for serious writers to attempt to fasten a label on the various periods of history. It is a convenient device, yet frequently misleading. Thus we read of the Renaissance. It is a hopeful word, something optimistic. It still reveals only one facet of the diamond of time and if one puts too much faith in labels, one is misled. Lydia Pinkham's pills were supposed to cure many things from fallen arches to dandruff, yet medically, such curative powers seem rather far-reaching. It is the same with a label in history. It tells too much, simplifies too sweepingly, and therefore misleads.

On the other hand, it is necessary to have labels of some kind. And with the average individual, there is an early tendency to pounce on classifications. "Greenhorns adore universals" said Lord Acton. And one recalls the French wit's advice: "All generalizations are false; including this one." But we all know that mankind has always indulged in general classifications. In fact learning as such would be impossible without this practice. It is a natural process of reasoning. There is one such classification or generalization which was made in the recent past which offers much food for thought. Rebecca West seems to think that ours is the age of *treason*.

Her book is called *The Meaning of*

*Treason* and is concerned with such well-known traitors as Lord Haw Haw, John Amery, Alan Nunn May and the others who were condemned in the war trials; there were about twenty altogether. These twenty provide Rebecca West with an opportunity to analyse the various types of traitors, evaluate their motives, and an excellent opportunity to philosophize on betrayal as such. It is dull reading when she quotes the text of the trials, i.e. when quoting any of the traitors. But the reading picks up immediately when she analyses the implications of their sayings. The book reveals that the author knows a great deal of psychology, and perhaps her inimitable style is what makes such reading irresistible.

The first group of traitors she calls the children of treason. A small child will betray his parents without realizing what he is doing. It may be in something serious or the result may be amusing. The child cannot distinguish. A householder once saw a very boring person coming down the street. She quickly drew the curtains, bolted the door, and retired to the kitchen. The visitor was about to leave in defeat when she spotted the tiny daughter of the house coming around the side of the house. "Is Mummy in?" "Oh, yes. She's just playing hide and go seek with you. Come around through the kitchen with me and I'll show you

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# SFM

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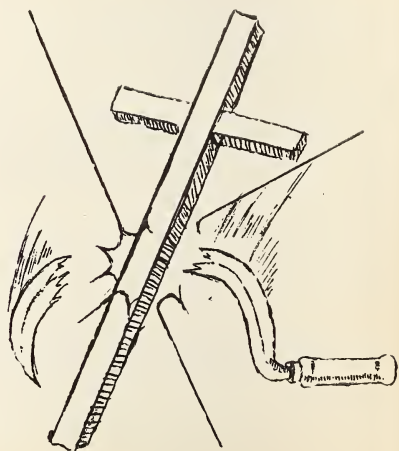
where she is hiding!" Such a child cannot distinguish between games and the real thing.

Rebecca West interprets the activities of some of the younger traitors in the same light. There are people who are so narrow of vision that they would sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage. They will decide a future important issue on the basis of some past unimportant attachment. Communism will be accepted because there was once a bad man who was a capitalist and a good man who was a Communist sympathizer. They will vote for a Prime Minister because he once smiled at them. They will remember a kindness of today and forget the stupidity or even evil of twenty years. These are the children of treason. Against their malice, unwitting though it may be, there is no known defense. It is more dangerous than the atom bomb; it can happen over and over again. Its effects may be moral rather than physical. Against the impact of a new idea, their invulnerable defense is stupidity, childish obtuseness.

Miss West's second group consists of a number of gargoyles. They alternate with childish, and very shrewd adult conduct. The trouble is that you never know which will come. There will be flashes of normalcy, then lapses of idiocy. The book mentions war prisoners who went over to the Nazi side. Then they betrayed their motherland. When they came to explain their conduct, they might give a very plausible reason for acting as they did, and then in the argu-

ment to explain and justify such a motive, they fall down badly, then they relapse into imbecility. They are much like a compass which functions imperfectly; it might point to the magnetic pole for several minutes, then slowly wander aimlessly. They are like golfers who not only remove their eyes from the ball, but when they look up, they look *backwards*. God only knows what they will do. And after it is done, you tend to feel sorry for them. Yet you feel anger at the fact that you are one of their victims.

The last group are the real villains. They knew what they were doing. There was malice aforethought. You feel that hanging is too good for them. The book puts May and Joyce in this class. Dr. May was the professor of nuclear physics at the University of London who turned over samples of uranium to Russia. Joyce was Lord Haw Haw, the cynic who broadcast from Germany in the hope of persuading the English to surrender. May was condemned to ten years penal servitude. Fortunately, the number of such people is small indeed. Man is na-

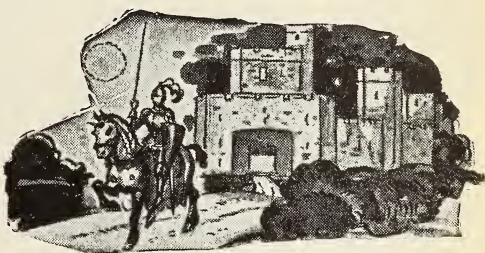




turally good. Even with original sin he is not essentially evil, although the theologians say his nature has been wounded. This wound has had tragic effects, and perhaps treason is one of them. Miss West believes that our century has seen more than its share of it.

Presumably all voters who enable a group or clique or perhaps an individual to seize or retain power are to be classed as traitors. Such voters concentrate on one seeming virtue of the person concerned and they will ignore the over-all picture. They will forget lapses of twenty years and conveniently recall some motive which makes them sympathetic to the cause. Then with a sufficient number of such doltish voters you get a Hitler, or a Mussolini. They will justify their vote by saying that Hitler constructed great highways. You want to ask about Dachau. The answer you get is: "Oh what's the use of always bringing that up! Can't you forget those things." Another

voter thinks highly of Mussolini because he drained so many marshes and reclaimed the land for agriculture. You are thinking about Ethiopia. "There you go again! Will you *please* stop raking up that old muck!" You might as well keep silence. They cannot discuss both sides of any question without getting hysterical. In the trials this happened with John Amery. To end all questions he said: "I plead guilty to all counts". Rebecca West says of him: "He was like an insect that falls on a hot stove and is withered." Perhaps ours is the age of insects.



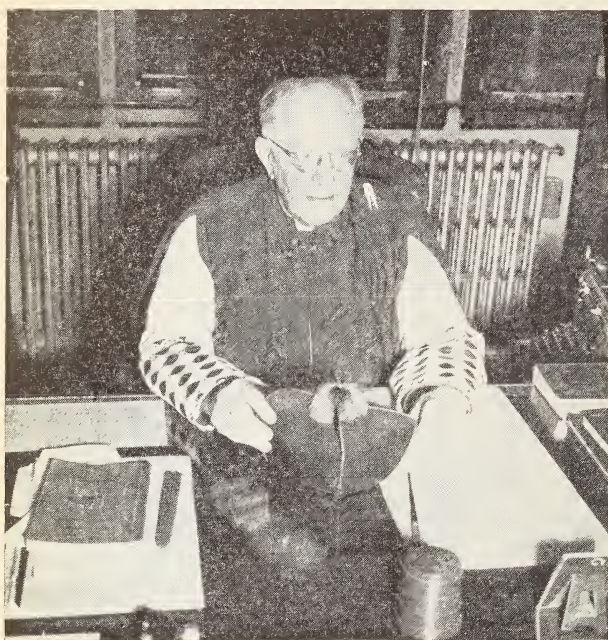
## PRAYER FOR SEMINARIANS

**O** JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, and think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from the miserable things of this world; but above all, teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.

---

# Congratulations.....!



RT. REV. JOHN E. McRAE, P.A.

**E**ARLY in September, while the General Chapter was in session at the Motherhouse of the Society at Scarborough Bluffs, word was received from His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, that the Holy See had elevated Rt. Rev. John E. McRae to the dignity of a Protonotary Apostolic "ad instar participantium".

(It has always been evident that one of the outstanding characteristics of the Catholic Church has been its recognition of the missionary aspect of its Divine Commission—"Go, teach all nations"—and so it is difficult to over-

estimate the importance of the service to the Church performed by those to whom has been committed the task of directing its missionary enterprises.)

Coming as it did when Monsignor retires from the Superior Generalship of the Society, the new honour is a tribute from Rome to the twenty-five years of service to the missions completed this month by Monsignor McRae, and a recognition of the dominant role he has played in the development of Canada's only Society for the training of English-speaking Catholic missionaries for fields afar.

It is not easy to put into words how much the personal influence of Monsignor McRae has meant to the seventy-five priests who today form the membership of our Society. His fatherly kindness to all has won him deep affection, and to us, as well as to the many friends who are acquainted with our work, it is a source of deep satisfaction to congratulate him on his high honour.

(As he reviews the quarter-century of efforts he has directed for the missions, it is our fervent hope that our retired Superior-General will be spared many years to see ever-increasing fruits result from his outstanding service and unselfish devotion.)





RT. REV. JOHN M. FRASER, P.A.; VERY REV. THOMAS McQUAID,  
RT. REV. JOHN E. McRAE, P.A.

**I**N the above we have pictured our new Superior-General with the two Monsignori who have had so much to do with our society.

Monsignor Fraser, our founder, is well known to all Canadians who have any contact with foreign missions. He returned from China last May to be with us at the General Chapter.

Monsignor McRae has been directing our Institute for the past twenty-five years.

He is succeeded by Very Rev. Thomas McQuaid, our second Superior-General, veteran of the mission and internment camp, and professor at our central seminary for the past two years.



# Life at the Novitiate

By

M. L. Curtin

S.F.M.

*Superior at Nazareth  
House*

**D**ID you ever wonder what they do at a Novitiate? Why do they have those bells ringing all day long? And then the boys circle the property in patrols of four? And they get up so *early*! Then they disappear for hours at a time. Sometimes they can be seen plowing the fields, sometimes playing ball, and some days they wander around without speaking a word. What sort of a place is it anyway?

The question is an important one for boys who may be arriving at our Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario, either this year or next. To help them understand, I propose to tell you the schedule of an average day. There is nothing startling when you get the whole story. In fact when you think it over, what else could be going on in a school which gives missionaries their basic training?

5.30 *a.m.* Rise and shine! Well, rise anyway. This is the daily rule, with a sleep-in until 6.30 reserved for holidays. You have a half-hour to wash, shave and dress. Don't roll over now! A half hour is not as long as

it seems. Besides, you soon find that the other fellows get down to the chapel in time to make the round of the Stations of the Cross before the official morning prayers begin.

6.00 *a.m.* Morning prayers and meditation. Both vocal and silent prayer for half an hour. Thus you start your day by offering yourself body and soul to God. When most other people are still in slumber land, these future missionaries are already giving themselves to God.

6.30 *a.m.* Holy Mass. This is the centre of the novice's life as it will be the very centre of the missionary's life in pagan lands. Everything revolves around this Sacrifice since the missionary priest will stand at the altar, in Christ's name and at the same time as the Ambassador of his people. The strength required to live in a distant land, among different people, far from those of one's own language and customs, such strength will come from the novice's devotion to Mass. Hence this daily attendance at Mass and the reception of Holy Communion.



7.15 a.m. The boys return to their rooms, make their beds, tidy up their rooms and then are ready for breakfast.

7.30 a.m. At this first meal of the day, one student reads a short summary of the life of the saint of the day. As you know, there are saints for every day of the year (you know about March 17th, don't you?) and in this easy way the boys become familiar with the lives of the great ones in Christ's army who have preceded us.

8.00 a.m. The daily tasks begin now. They have been getting ready since 5.30, and now, when you are just thinking about getting up, the boys begin their assignments. One or two may be detailed to do sacristy duty: this means that the vestments used at Mass are carefully put away to protect them from the dust, and all the other liturgical appurtenances must be carefully stored until ready for use the next day.

Other tasks include caring for the rooms occupied by the priests on the staff, in winter time it involves firing the furnace, all year round some



must help in the kitchen, and others again must take care of the stock in the stable. All this goes on for 45 minutes.

9.00 a.m. Class. Usually there are two forty-minute classes in the forenoon. These might be concerned with Latin, or the Principles of the Spiritual Life, the Liturgy and ceremonial, Chant, or the History and Theory of the Missions, etc.

The classes will be followed by a manual labour period. The assignments here are varied indeed. They might include a painting job, or cutting grass, or weeding the garden, or planting flowers, or cleaning house, or replacing a pane of glass, or a million and one other things. Anybody who has lived on a farm or other large property can readily imagine the number of odd jobs always demanding attention. One might have to plant potatoes or shovel snow, all depending on the time of the year. There is always something to do, and if it's raining cats and dogs, there are always those stamps for the missions to work on.

12.15 p.m. Chapel again. This is a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and examination of conscience.

12.30 p.m. Food. A student reads a chapter from the New Testament, and then the others begin to eat. The reader continues with the life of some missionary saint, or else with some other book containing information of



benefit to future foreign missionaries. The meal is followed by another visit to the chapel, then there is recreation.

1.45 p.m. The students return to their rooms for a study period. They have 45 minutes to prepare their afternoon class.

2.30 p.m. The future missionaries must learn a great deal of theory even in their spiritual year. When you consider that the man in the mission fields must frequently know the elements of First Aid as well as the catechism and how to explain it, you may well realize that every study period is of great value. So much to be learned about the missions and their history requires great attention and the development of a good memory.

3.10 p.m. Now the boys enjoy recreation for almost an hour and a half. Depending on the season of the year, they might play baseball, football, hockey, etc. There is even a fine swimming-hole close by and

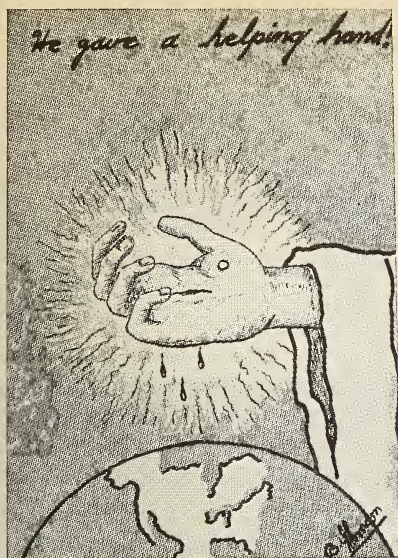
when the water is warm enough, there are always eager bathers. Prayer and work have their places but then again so does recreation. The future missionary must know how to relax, and these hours spent with such enjoyment help develop a strong body. Later on he will have to walk many exhausting miles and he must be able to do it. In China our territory is of such a nature that much walking cannot be avoided. It has some very hilly sections, with steps cut into the hillside to help one cross the mountain. Thus you might have to walk uphill for 2 or 3 hours! There are no roads over these mountains so there is no such a thing as getting a ride. Bicycles are equally out of the question. There is only one answer: walk! Hence the missionary must have the legs of a good athlete, and he needs plenty of wholesome sport during his student days. It's fun, yes; but it has a tremendously important role in the future too.

4.30 p.m. Spiritual Reading in chapel. You might find any of the standard spiritual books in the benches of the chapel during this period. The Holy Bible, Imitation of Christ, Introduction to a Devout Life, The Spiritual Combat, Autobiography of the Little Flower, etc. There is a small library at our Novitiate which we hope to increase in size through the kindness of our friends. At the moment it is rather limited, but it will grow slowly and surely.

5.15 p.m. The Rosary. On this particular occasion, this devotion is carried out in a special way: the boys form groups of four and walk about the spacious grounds of the novitiate, reciting the prayers as they walk along. Unless the weather is very bad indeed, this outdoor form of prayer takes place; otherwise the Rosary is recited in chapel. A few private prayers in chapel follow the Rosary and then they are ready for their next meal.







5.45 p.m. Evening Meal. The procedure is as follows: A short reading of a Scriptural passage; then the boys eat in silence while one is delegated to read. Thus while eating, they listen to the life of some saint, or else some book discussing life on the missions will be heard. Normally, all meals are thus taken in silence whilst somebody reads aloud for the whole group.

6.30 p.m. After a visit to the chapel, there is another recreation period. After such a day, there is a quiet pause now. Some of the more energetic ones might play a rousing game of chess! Most of the boys are satisfied to walk around, have a smoke and chew the fat, shoot the breeze or whatever you want to call it.

7.30 p.m. Class again. This might be a study of the Life of Christ, or a Spiritual Lecture, or even, horror of horrors, a chant class! It all depends on what day of the week it is.

8.15 p.m. Study period. The boys retire to their rooms for another half hour of study, and then they are ready for night prayers.

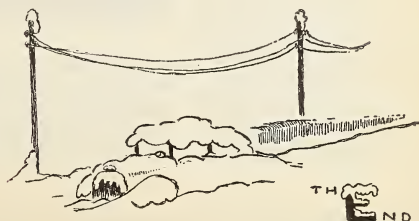
8.45 p.m. Night prayers followed by private devotions. Some of the boys will remain in chapel reading their favourite spiritual books, others

will make the Way of the Cross and the others will retire to their rooms. They all prepare the points of the next morning's meditation so that when the next day begins, they already have a map or plan of what they will think about before Mass.

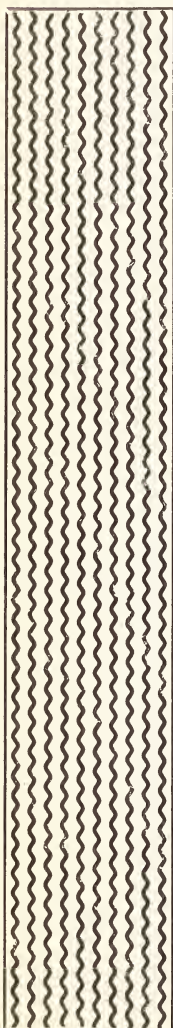
9.30 p.m. Lights Out! Blanket patrol at last. Nothing to do until 5.30 tomorrow morning. After such a day, it doesn't take long before the windows begin to rattle rhythmically with the snores. All's well that ends well.

As can be seen, the day is a full one. Everyone has an assignment which may change month by month. Just watch that bulletin board and you will know whether you are to be the fireman, gardener, farmer, laundryman, bell-ringer or whatever. Each forenoon, a cook comes in to direct the preparation of the noon-day meal. The other meals are prepared and all meals served by the students themselves.

A great amount of work is done by the students during their manual labour periods. Anyone who shows any aptitude for carpentering, painting, etc. will have a good chance to practice these trades. The others will have the chance to learn. On the missions, it may not be necessary to do these things yourself (and then again often it is) but at least you should be able to explain to the natives what you want done and how to do it. Idleness has no place at the novitiate. Otherwise you will never develop successful missionaries. Like to join up? Just drop a line to Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Missions, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.



# Members of the Second General



Seated: Rev. A. J. MacDonald, Assistant General; Rev. A. Chafe, Regional Superior-General; Rev. Thomas McQuaid, our new Superior-General; Rt. Rev. John E. McFarland, Canadian Delegate to the Dominican Republic; Rev. M. P. Carey, delegate from China; Rev. F. T. O'Grady, Assistant General. Rev. John McGoey, newly elected

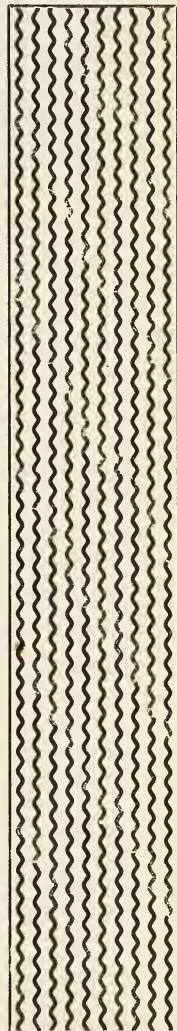




## Chapter Held at Scarboro — August 1949



...rior from The Dominican Republic; Rt. Rev. John Fraser, Founder; Very  
red Superior-General; Rev. Wm. Cox, delegate from Canada; *Standing:*  
Rev. H. Sharkey, Assistant General; Rev. L. Curtin, delegate from the  
..., Secretary General; Rev. John Kelly, Regional Superior from China;  
... General, is in China at the moment, and is expected home next month.



# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

Port Hood Parish Burse .....	\$ 577.30
St. Madeleine Sophie Barat .....	2,742.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,530.50
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Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	2,357.23
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E. D. ....	5.00
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A Grateful Suppliant .....	100.00

*Through the generosity of our many friends, the burses listed above help us a great deal in providing for the education of priests for the foreign missions of China, Santo Domingo and Japan. If you can help us in any way be assured of the gratitude of the priests already Ordained and of the future priests whom you will help.*

Address all contributions to the

### SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

SCARBORO BLUFFS

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# Corona

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By

George Courtright

S.F.M.

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ONE of the biggest headaches for the priests of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society in their work among the people of Santo Domingo, is the problem of common-law marriages. It is known here as living "emanebado".

Due to a variety of circumstances, and because of economic and climatic conditions, it is sad but true to say that many, far too many, of these Catholic people are unable to receive Holy Communion, simply because they are apparently living in sin.

The word "apparently" is used after due deliberation, because we are all aware of the difference between true and apparent guilt. The little child who steals his mother's diamond ring is not as guilty as the sneak thief. Thus it is, that many of these souls because of insufficient knowledge of their Faith, and because they lack the facilities for practising their religion in all branches, are easy victims of their own unchecked appetites. Whether they are guilty or not of grievous sin is another question.

In many cases, there is little or no guilt, because of ignorance or lack of reflection.

Despite the fact that there may be no blame attached to their way of life, it would be hardly fitting to allow them to receive Communion, unless they first agreed to a Church marriage. It is sometimes necessary to head off some well meaning but misinformed soul who approaches the Communion rail, bent on fulfilling his or her Easter duty, but still entangled in the "bad life" as it is called here. This type of person is usually barefooted—the ones who can afford shoes frequently know better than to try a thing like that.

As an indication and proof of their lack of malice, innumerable cases could be cited of their willingness to fix things up just as soon as they are able. The more ingenuous, when asked why they are living in such an unhappy condition, will quite frequently reply: "Well, I just never got around to making up my mind about the whole thing". It reminds



marriage, so often a stop-gap for a slightly tender conscience in this Catholic ceremony. The veil and the more lasting beauty of the ancient Catholic ceremony. The veil and the crown are worn by the bride in the Church, and only rarely when the couple forego the Sacrament, and thus they come to signify in the minds of good people the reception of Holy Matrimony itself. When you marry with veil and crown, you're not trying to deceive anyone about your intentions; you're doing things as God wants you to.

It would not be out of place to mention here the consolingly large number of couples who are seeking to get married with "veil and crown" as a result of the visit of Our Lady's statue of Fatima. The veil and the crown are not to be seen by the naked eye, and maybe a pair of shoes has to be borrowed from the cook or housekeeper in the parish house, so that the bride can be married in style, but still they are getting married properly, thanks to Our Lady's influence and intercession. It is the fervent prayer of all the priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society that these couples, strengthened by the graces of the sacrament, may, together with children, live a fuller Catholic life. To paraphrase St. James "for when they have been proved, they shall receive the CROWN OF LIFE," which God has promised to them that love him.

one slightly of the hill-folk of the Ozarks, and the comparison is not too much out. Having followed their natural instincts they are naturally disinclined to climb out of the rut of habit and take thought for the super-natural welfare of their souls. If pressed sufficiently, and instructed well enough to see the malice of their way of living, it is no problem to set them aright.

In those regions where Christian Doctrine has been taught thoroughly and the practice of receiving the Sacrament of Matrimony is the rule rather than the exception, there is a colourful phrase which is used to describe the rite of Holy Mother the Church.

A good pious mother of ten children was being questioned about her eldest daughter:—"You say your daughter is married Senora?"—"Oh yes, Padre"—"Is she married by the Church?" (this type of question does not offend, or cause much embarrassment to the one questioned) "Yes, Padre, con velo y corona (with veil and crown). This reply indicates the high opinion in which a Church marriage is held by those who have come to realize the place of the Sacraments in their everyday life. A purely civil





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# Share the Children

By  
William McNabb  
S.F.M.



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**"I**S THAT your daughter, Mrs. Vilorio?" "No, I'm just rearing her." You can hear such replies at least once a week in the Dominican Republic. What does it all mean? It means that here in this lovely land, Christian charity is practised in a very practical way. It means that many persons adopt a child to be reared in their home either permanently or for a time. It is not a case of legally adopting a child—but simply bringing it up in one's own home.

It is not only in cases of orphans that Dominicans adopt these children—but often it is just a case of a person taking a liking for a tiny mite and asking the mother to let them rear the child. And so, mother and father, often because they have too many mouths to feed, and to assure the child of a better home, say "Yes" and away goes the little one to its new surroundings and new parents.

And strange to say it isn't only married couples that take such children. Often a woman will rear a child just because she loves children. One day I noticed a woman seated in the church, but because it was only a passing glance I didn't see that she had a child with her. Later I was distracted from my prayers by hearing the tiny cry of the little one. Then turning I saw she had this baby in her arms. I approached, noticing at once her poverty and how thin she was. So I told her to come to the house where I asked the cook to give her some milk for herself and the baby.

The cook brought the milk and she looked longingly at the baby. Before the woman left the cook asked her to let her have the baby. But no, the mother wouldn't hear of it. The cook is not married, she lives with her mother and sisters, but she took a liking to that baby, and wanted to

have it in her home. It turned out later that she did get the baby—she had it baptized and did all she could to bring it up strong and healthy.

And so it goes that you may see a child living in a home together with older children to whom it is not related, and in time it comes to be looked on as one of the family.

Not all have the pure motive of love of fellow man—for though love of children is one reason—often it is a desire to have some help for the kitchen or other household duties. A little girl might be adopted to be a sort of hired maid, only she is regarded in a different way—she is more than just a paid servant would be—she is one of the family but she must be worth her salt. She must, if old enough (one can be adopted at any age), run errands, wash dishes, scrub floors, etc. But though this may look like a poor form of brotherly love—it usually is a blessing for the child. The food is always better than it would be at home, and she gets much better clothing, and is treated like one of the family.

Take Andrew, for example. He came from a poor family that lived in the country. His father was dead, and the mother tried to rear her children as best she could. Well, an old lady who is very faithful to come miles every Sunday to Holy Mass told me that Andrew would come to live with us and work for us if we wanted—she knew I was looking for such a boy. So I promised to feed him and clothe him and send him to school. So Andrew arrived one day. There he was: a thin little fellow, very shy and perhaps very frightened. I should say also “very brave” for he had left his home where he had always lived with his mother and brothers to come to live in the town and amongst strangers. He had no bundle of belongings for all the clothes he owned were on his back.

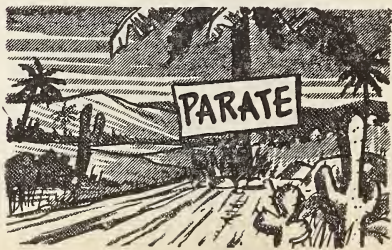
So right away we fixed him up with new clothes for school (all children going to school must dress in

the school uniform). He was delighted—he never owned so many clothes at one time in all his life. So I told him we would board him and pay him forty cents a week. But he said: “I don’t want any money, father.”

He knew when he was well off—he was very satisfied to work for his board and clothing and the chance to go to school. He couldn’t have gone to school living at his home, because country schools do not have the higher grades. So all in all—Andrew was very well satisfied to live with the priest—just getting board and clothing and schooling without one cent of spending money.

And don’t think he doesn’t work hard. He has to climb about five stories of the Church tower to ring the bell six or seven times a day. He has to run errands to stores, homes and offices for there are no telephones to use for these messages. He shines shoes, and does all kinds of odd jobs that keep him busy when other children are just idling away their time or playing games. He is good and ready to fall asleep when eight-thirty or nine o’clock comes.

But even without receiving one cent of pay Andrew is extremely well off, far more so than if he lived at his own home in the country. That is why we have many fathers and mothers offering us their sons to work for the priest. I don’t know who benefits more, the priest or the boy. But all in all, both are satisfied so thank God for that. Yes, and thank God, that here we have such a fine custom of “share the wealth” by sharing children.





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# Colonel Shao

By

John Kelly

S.F.M.



HE WAS a Mass-server in Kinhwa. That was back in 1938, when I had just arrived in China. Every evening, he laid out the vestments; in the morning, he served Mass and then after breakfast cleaned the church. The rest of the morning, he studied in the school and after dinner, he came to my room. Then began a delightful four hours. Into my uncomprehending ear, he poured the beautiful cadences of the language of Han. He was the first to understand my feeble attempts to imitate his soft tones. He was a task-master. "No! No! Shen fu, it is not chang, it is *chang*". It sounded all the same to me. If I made twenty mistakes, he corrected me twenty times. My pronunciation was never good enough for him. And so, he became my first friend among the Chinese.

One morning, he came to my room. "Good-bye! Shen Fu. I am leaving". He had been conscripted into the army and had put in his name for the officers' training school. Now, he was on his way. "You won't forget your faith when you become an officer?"—"Oh no,—I am a born Catholic; I learned all about the

Faith when I was a child. No one ever forgets what his mother taught him." And so, with a "God bless and protect you on the road;" Shao Tu Shan set off to be an officer in the Army.

It was 1946 when I saw Mr. Shao again. The long siege of the Japanese war was over and Mr. Shao was a captain by this time. It was after Mass in Yungkong that I heard the soft voice "Shen Fu! How are you?" He had been all over China with the Army and had many stories of the long marches and the poor quarters and the men he had known in the Army. The rest of the Christians told me of him afterwards. "He will soon be a great man" they said "Already he is third in command here and the Colonel says there is no one like him."

Later in the year, when the guerrillas moved into Ni Ting, Captain Shao was sent out to fight them. He drove them back into the mountains and destroyed their headquarters. For this, he was made a colonel and placed in charge of a district at Niwu. One evening, while I was visiting Father Charles Murphy there, I could hear someone outside giving

a beautiful talk on the doctrine. "A new Catechist, Father?" "Oh no! That is the Colonel. He comes over every evening and gives an instruction to all the visitors around the mission. He is a very fine Catholic—Mass and Communion every morning and now these instructions in the evening!

Of course, when the instruction was over, we brought him in to have a talk. The honours he had received, his achievements in the Army, the control that he now exercised over his district had not changed him. I told him I had heard stories of his great abilities and how he would soon be a general and he told me how well I spoke Chinese and we both chuckled away together, well pleased—for by this time I had been a long time in China and enjoyed Chinese "polite talk". Then, he told me of the Army. "When we were fighting the Japanese, we fought the enemies of our country. Many of the Japanese were good people but they should not

have invaded China. And so, we had to fight. But now, we are fighting the enemies of God. That is what the Holy Father says they are".

That was the last time I saw Colonel Shao. News of him drifted in the other day. When the Communist armies came down from the north last April, they pushed the army back from Niwu, followed the remnants all the way down to Yung-kong. There, about the first of May, they fought a pitched battle for two days. When the smoke cleared, among the dead was Colonel Shao, one-time Mass-server at Kinhwa.







# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

The holidays are over and its back to work. Let's not be too sad about it. I think its fun to work as well as to play. If you had to play forever, you would soon tire of it. That's because we like to do one thing for a time and then change around to something else. The same thing over and over is boring, dull, tiresome, dry, tedious, cheerless, dreary, dismal, doleful, lifeless, listless and sad. That's why we work for awhile, then we play for another while. We eat sometimes, and we sleep at other times. What would happen if we always did the same thing? Let's suppose you spent the whole day eating! You would soon look like an elephant! If you slept all the time, you would be like a mole! If you played all the time you would be silly, a clown. If you worked all the time, . . . you'd go crazy!

That's why to be well balanced human beings we have to do a little bit of all of these. Sometimes play, sometimes work, sometimes eat, sometimes sleep, etc. Is there anything you can do all the time? Only

one: PRAY. I don't mean you have to be on your knees all the time. But Our Lord told us that we should offer up all our different acts. Then when you say the Morning Offering, everything you do becomes a prayer. If you study, its a prayer; if you play, its a prayer; if you run an errand, its a prayer; if you go to school, its a prayer; if you sleep, its a prayer; whatever you do, its a prayer. So every morning, say that wonderful Morning Offering and then everything will go right.

I like intense people. They really play when they play; they don't just pretend. And when they run an errand, they really run. When they do the dishes, they do every last one, and none dropped and broken either. When they study, they really study. When they sleep, they really sleep! Up to bed, prayers, lights out, and snores in five minutes! When they pray, they really pray. I like that part best of all. Are you like that? I hope so.

Sincerely,

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim,

I am sending you the money I saved up in my mite box. I am very glad to send it to you, I am ten and in Grade 3. Goodbye Father.

Stephen Skinner,  
Lourdes,  
Port au Port, Nfld.

Dear Stephen,

Thank you very much for the fruit of your sacrifice. It will be repaid a hundred fold. Its a great pleasure to see such fine young missionaries. If you continue this way I'm sure you will receive great Graces from God.

Dear Father Jim,

I am sending you the money I saved up in my mite box for the Chinese children. I am in Grade 4 and I am very happy to send this gift to you. I go to school every day. I must say goodbye now.

Pat Smith,  
Port au Port, Nfld.

Dear Pat,

Your patron saint will be proud of your interest in the missions. I'm sure you knew that St. Patrick was one of the greatest missionaries of all time. In his name and in the name of the Chinese children who will be helped by your prayers and savings, I thank you.

Dear Father Jim,

I am sending you this present for your missions. I want to be a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. Goodbye Father.

Johnny Snook,  
Lourdes,  
Port au Port, Nfld.

Dear Johnny,

Welcome to St. Theresa's Rose Garden. You are now one of our Buds and duly enrolled. Always say the prayer for the missions each day. It will help our priests and sisters working in far away China. Thank you also for your generous gift to the poor Chinese children.

Dear Father Jim,

How are you? I would like to join the Rose Garden. I am 8 years old, and would like a mite box and pen pal. Sincerely,

Mary Lavelle,  
225 Mackay St.,  
Pembroke, Ont.

Hello Mary,

I am very glad indeed to welcome you to our Rose Garden. The more the merrier, and the happier it will make The Little Flower. We need thousands and thousands more members. Then we can have a strong crusade of prayer which is so badly needed in China and other mission



lands. Remember your new missionary promises, please.

Dear Father Jim,

Here are a number of stamps which I saved. Hope they will help. I pray for the missions every day. I would like to have my letter put in the China Book.

Frances McAlduff,  
Box 46,  
Atherton, P.E.I.

Dear Frances,

The stamps certainly did help. Our students fix them up and sell them. All the money helps the work on the missions. Then our priests and sisters can buy medicine for the sick, and food for the poor. Thank you very much.

Dear Father Jim,

I would like to join the Little Flower Rose Garden. I like to read the CHINA. I have enclosed some stamps. I am 10 years old, and would like a mite box.

Mary and Jane Murphy,  
R.R. No. 5,  
Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Mary and Jane,

Welcome a hundred times to our Rose Garden. Our army of young missionaries is growing. Thanks for the stamps you sent me and keep at those prayers. By now you should have the mite box and it too helps the missions. God bless you.

Dear Father Jim,

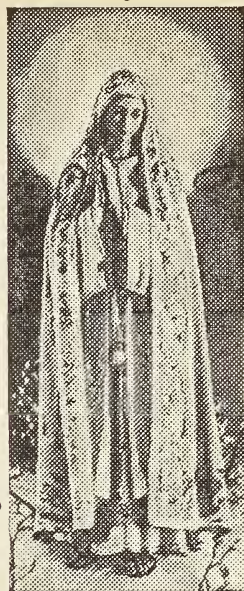
Enclosed please find a present for the missions. It came from my mite box. Please say a special prayer for me.

Betty Collier,  
St. Alban's,  
Bay D'Espoir, Nfld.

Greetings Betty,

Your gift for the missions is gratefully accepted. I surely will pray especially for you and I hope you will not forget Father Jim in your prayers. Remember your promises as a Bud. Are you glad to return to school?

CHINA



Dear Father Jim,

Would you please send me a mite box as I would like to save money for the Missions and poor people of China. Send it as soon as you can, please.

Rita Coveney,  
35 Seminary Walk,  
Farrenferries,  
Cork.

Dear Rita,

Very pleased to hear from you Rita. The mite box was sent right away along with the prayer and promises of the Buds in our Rose Garden. If you do all of this for the missions, our patron St. Theresa will be proud of you. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get all the children of the world in our Rose Garden? Then we could storm heaven with prayers and sacrifices to help save pagan souls!

Dear Father Jim,

I saved this money in my mission bank so I am sending it to you. I hope it will buy bread for some little

Chinese children. I am also sending my picture taken in front of my house. Would you please say some prayers for my mother who is sick.

Mary Ann Boudreau,  
27 Brussels Street,  
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Mary Ann,

Thank you for your gift to the Chinese. Do you know how many Chinese dollars there are for one Canadian dollar? Its more than a million! So its perfectly true that even anything in our money means a great deal in faraway China; and of course a dollar and more can do great things on the missions.

Dear Father Jim,

Enclosed is a money order for what I saved in my mite box. I will send more in the near future.

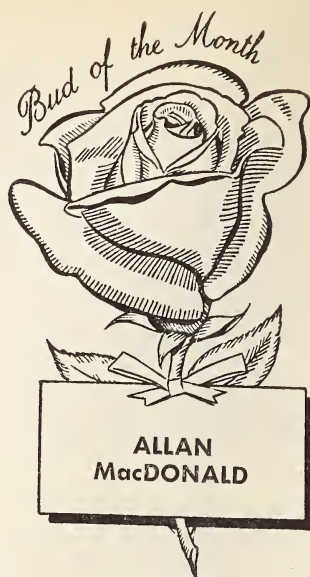
John Sdao,  
132 Pruden St.,  
Fort William, Ont.

Dear John,

The missionaries are grateful to you for your present, John. I am going to ask you to do something else as well: please receive Holy Communion each month for more vocations to the missions. We need more priests and sisters on such work. Also, please pray every day for the conversion of the pagans. This will make



SAVE STAMPS FOR THE MISSIONS



Allan is an energetic Bud who has been helping us with subscriptions to CHINA. He also saves stamps and wants to hear from a pen pal. His address is: c/o Allan Steele, Boisdale, N.S.

you a real missionary right now, because it means you will be doing everything in your power to help the missions. Thank you again.

Dear Father Jim,

I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden too. I am eleven years old and in Grade 6. I can't get many stamps because my little sister gets them all. But I can try to get a few. Please send me a mite box. I would like to have a pen pal too. How should I get one?

Elizabeth Marie MacNeil,  
Main Street,  
Sydney Mines, N.S.

Dear Elizabeth Marie,

I am very happy to be able to welcome you into our Rose Garden where you will meet so many Buds. Your mite box is on the way. Don't



worry about the stamps; just do what you can, but above all say the prayers for the missions as they are on your card. For a pen pal, just write to one of the persons whose letter appears in these pages; or else, choose a name out of the long lists we publish. Glad to hear from you.

Dear Father Jim,

*I would very much like to become a member of the Little Flower Rose Garden. I enjoy doing mission work because of the great opportunity of bringing more souls to God. Would you kindly send me a mite box. In the near future I will send some stamps which I have been saving, and a donation. I am seventeen years old. God bless you.*

Rita Sdao,  
132 Pruden St.,  
Fort William, Ont.

Dear Rita,

I can see that you have the real missionary's enthusiasm for the work of converting the pagans, so I am glad indeed to enroll you in our Rose Garden. Those stamps will be welcome, particularly old ones, like the Citizen and Bell stamp. The Citizen stamp was the one our government issued when we became Canadian citizens in January 1948. The Bell

stamp commemorated the invention of the "Bell" telephone by its picture of Alexander Graham Bell. Of course the other stamps are all valuable too and we are glad to get them. Thanks for your letter.

Dear Father Jim,

*Here comes a British Columbia Bud! I would like to know if I can join your Rose Garden. I am enclosing a few stamps. Please send me a mite box. I shall try to help the pagan children of China. I am coming on 11 years old.*

Teresa Jean Anne Roth,  
R.R. No. 1,  
Notch Hill, B.C.

Hello Teresa,

Hail British Columbia! Welcome indeed. We need Buds from all over Canada and I wish we had more from the far West. In your next letter please tell me about Notch Hill. That's a wonderful name for a place. I'd like to see it someday. Your name is now on the Rose Bud enrollment list. Thank you for the stamps and the mite box has been sent. Never forget to say that prayer every day for the pagans. Above all receive Holy Communion monthly if you can, for the missions.

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## New Members and Pen Pals

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### MISCELLANEOUS

Godin, Elaine, 11, 212 Grand Ave. East, Chatham, Ont.; Bell, Denis, 661 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Healey, Robert, c/o Mrs. Chas. Healey, R.R. No. 3, Hastings, Ont.; Gallant, Marina, 14, North Rustico, P.E.I.; Ruthven, Marilyn, 12, 82 East Lynn Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Wickert, Martha Jane, 13, 202 S. Marks St., Fort William, Ont.; La Pointe, Marguerite, 11, Port Colborne, Ont.; Poole, Patsy, 6, 3349 Hull Ave., New York 67, N.Y.; Bolger, Mary Anne, 10, Dundalk, Ont.; Smith, Ann, 8, Buckingham, Que.; O'Neil, Bill, 6, Official Row, Glace Bay, N.S.; O'Neill, Mary Jane, Official Row, Glace Bay, N.S.; Hunter, Natalie, 11, 44 Carrick Ave., Hamilton, Ont.; Dufault, Joan, La Passe, Ont.; Nolan, Betty, 13, Jersey

Side, Placentia, Nfld.; Clarke, Carolyn, 12, 282 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ont.; McInerney, Carol, 2221 Riverdale Dr., Riverside, Ont.; McKeown, Natalie Theola, 10, 205 S. Vickers St., Fort William, Ont.; Wilson, Margaret, 13, 1751 7th. Ave. East, Owen Sound, Ont.; LeMay, John, 6, 231 North Brodie St., Fort William, Ont.; LeMay, Paul, 230 North Brodie St., Fort William, Ont.; Kosior, Marion, Prince Arthur Blvd., Fort William, Ont.

### HALIFAX, N.S.

Squires, Sheila, 31 Stair Place; Crosby, Frances, 6, 264½ Creighton St.; Wells, Helen, 8, 36 Kane St.; Duggan, Marie, 682 Robie St.; Eisan, Sybil, 8, 16 Merkel Place; Porteous, Judith, 7, No. 6 Dockyard; Bown, Marilon, 7, 6 Lorne Terrace;

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# ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## Assistant General

Rev. John McGoe, S.F.M., was elected Assistant at the General Chapter just concluded. He is now in China and is expected to reach Canada in early October to assume his new duties. Father McGoe has been in Shanghai working with the Catholic Welfare Committee for the past three years.

## Pray for Our Dead

Mrs. Ernest Macdonald, sister of the most Rev. Wm. J. Smith, D. D., bishop of Pembroke.

Mrs. Sarah Mary Pocock, mother of the Most Rev. Philip F. Pocock, D.D., bishop of Saskatoon.

Malcolm Gillis, brother of one of our seminarians, who was the victim of a tragic drowning.

Mrs. John Dillon, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. W. H. Hughes, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Fredrick McFarland, Toronto, Ontario, father of Rev. Lorne McFarland, S. F. M.

Mr. Duncan A. McRae, Alexandria, Ont, father of Rev. A. B. McRae, S. F. M.

Mrs. Ferguson, Montreal, P. Q.

Mrs. James Kennelley, Selby, Ont.

Mr. Michael Dougherty, Narbeth, Penn.

Miss Anna Laushway, Prescott, Ont.

Mr. Joseph Keenan, Kingston, R.R. No. 1, Ont.

Mr. Cornelius Canning, Kingston, R.R. No. 1, Ont.

## Thanksgiving

"Thanks to the Sacred Heart, His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph for favours received with promise to publish. H. R.



REV. JOHN MCGOEY

## Japan

The mass conversions in the village of Saga continue with baptisms at the rate now of one hundred each week! The people of this village took the initiative about a year ago and sought a priest to instruct them in the Catholic Faith. Since then they have converted their town hall into a chapel which accommodates 350 people for Mass. They are now planning a real church to house the growing congregation.

## China

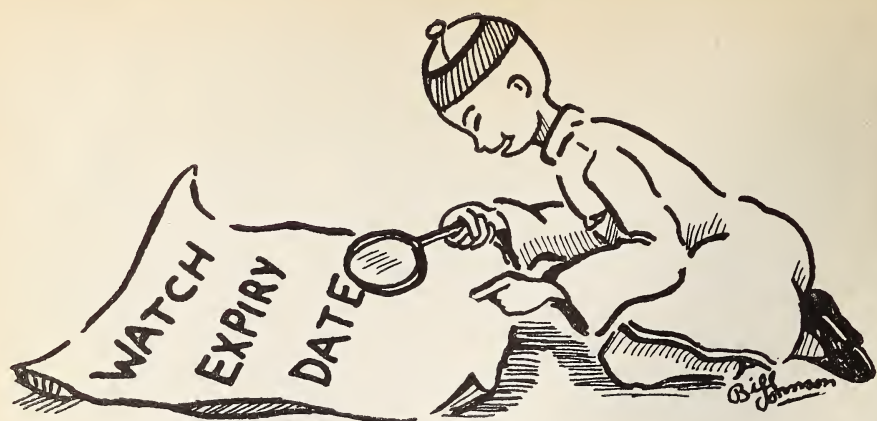
Several cables from our Bishop in China assure us of the safety and welfare of all priests and sisters in the Lishui diocese. Please continue your crusade of the daily Family Rosary that all may go well with them and the people for whom they labour.





Professors at our seminary last year. (l. to r.) Rev. John E. Gault, S.F.M., J.C.L., professor of Missiology and Spanish; Rev. F. T. O'Grady, S.F.M., Ph.D., professor of Metaphysics and Cosmology; Very Rev. R. J. Pelow, S.F.M., J.C.D., professor of Psychology, Logic, History; Very Rev. Thomas McQuaid, S.M.M., our new Superior-General, who taught Chinese, Ascetic Theology, Latin.

Our students first spend a year at Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario, before studying philosophy for two years at St. Francis Xavier seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. Following this they take their theology at St. Augustine's seminary, the Toronto Archdiocesan seminary which is situated only a few hundred yards away.





# CHINA



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

OCTOBER 1949





# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

Port Hood Parish Burse .....	\$ 577.30
St. Madeline Sophie Barat .....	2,742.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,535.50
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	3,365.48
St. Jude .....	1,573.00
P. J. B., Nfld. ....	7.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,285.82
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,257.00
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
Sacred Heart Burse No. 2 .....	1,115.16
M. R. W., Nfld. ....	5.00
Comforter of Afflicted .....	805.00
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	576.43
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	576.43
Holy Souls Burse No. 2 .....	560.16
Msgr. McKeon Burse .....	230.00
Rev. Dr. Foley Burse .....	213.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	694.62
St. Christopher Burse No. 2 .....	207.20
St. Anthony Burse No. 2 .....	590.00
Immaculate Conception Burse No. 2 .....	493.60
Miss B. B., Rosemount, Que. ....	10.00

*The Burse fund of our Society is meant to be a permanent source of income. With such a stabilized income, it is possible to plan more efficiently for the years ahead. Primarily, the problem they help solve is the cost of education. With increasing numbers of vocations such a problem has over-taxed our slender resources. Whatever amount you might be able to give to this enterprise will be gratefully accepted. It's an investment which will mean rich dividends in eternity as priests will stand at God's altar in your name.*

Address all contributions to the

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**  
**SCARBORO BLUFFS** **ONTARIO**



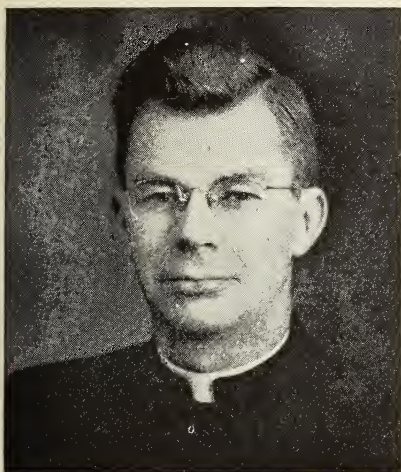
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# LETTERS . . . . .

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from

FATHER H. MURPHY



JUNE 22, 1949

A WONDERFUL thing happened today — four large bundles of letters and newspapers arrived from Canada. These must have been delayed somewhere in China as they dated back to February. They were none the less welcome for that—a million times welcome now that my reading matter is so limited.

I am wondering if you get any mail from me. With communications so difficult my letters may be lost. I will keep on writing anyway, in the hope that some of them may reach you. There has been no mail come in here since April.

My health is excellent. The Christians are in fine fettle; more fervent than ever before.

I have a Chinese priest with me part of the time, Father Stephen Mo, one of my own boys from Lishui. He is just Ordained a short time. He goes to Tangchi for the week-ends but stays here the rest of the time. It is great to have a priest with me.

There is no fighting in Chekiang. None at all. Everything is peaceful. Communications are still bad but they will improve slowly. Since the arrival of the Liberation Army, I have no visitors except Father Mo, although the Bishop has written to me several times. He is fine as are all the priests and sisters. All are at their posts and everything goes well.

The heat has arrived, so I must take things easier until Autumn; I do not like the heat.

A *May Canadian Register* arrived here the other day. It was welcome indeed. In the evening, after the breviary is finished, it makes wonderful reading.

Much work is being done in treating patients every day. The sisters at Kinhwa have sent me medicine for this purpose.

AUGUST 6th, 1949

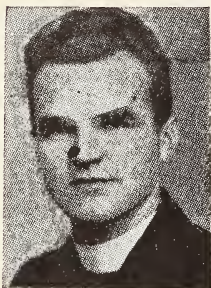
I am still all alone. I had a slight fever a few weeks ago and this news travelled to Kinhwa. Promptly the sisters came down by sampan. When they arrived they found me eating a good meal, and their trip had been unnecessary. However, we had a grand chat that evening. They returned to Kinhwa the next day. You can see that nothing can happen to me; I'm too well cared for.

Lanchi is very quiet. No bombs, no fighting, nothing at all. Just heat. I am writing this dressed in the lightest of clothing but still I am perspiring freely.

My garden has plenty of lovely flowers this year. I am very popular with all my neighbours. They are always coming in and leaving with arms filled. It is 8 a.m. now. Mass at 5, breakfast at 6, to avoid the heat. All's well.

from

## FATHER McKERNAN



JULY 10th, 1949, Shanghai

IT is some time since you heard from me. The reason is that there is so little chance to get shipping out of here to carry the mail. By Fall we should be able to write back and forth more easily. It is not certain when this will be but we live in hopes that it will not be delayed unduly. Shanghai needs the foreign export trade, and so the authorities will do all they can to have the port opened soon.

Well, we came through the war all right. There were a few sleepless nights but that is all over

now, and all is well. The city is fairly quiet now and we have had rain for two weeks straight! Everybody is hoping for a let-up, believe me. Day in and day out down comes the warm rain, leaving the air very muggy.

As you can imagine we are not doing much yet in the import line, but we have been able to get a lot of supplies to the institutions. The orphanages and other homes would have had a terrible time if we had not been here to help them. We also have done a great deal of refugee work but most of the refugees have returned to their homes outside the city. Unfortunately many villages surrounding us were destroyed. There were some fires in the city proper during the fighting and a couple of times it looked as though the city would burn to the ground. However, not too much damage occurred. The soldiers have behaved very well. We have not been molested in any way. Things are very quiet, there being no commerce to speak of.

Fathers McGoey and Deslauriers are still with me. Father McGuire,

## CHINA

Established 1919

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M.

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Vol. XXX

No. 10



C.M., is in Hongkong and is well according to a cable just received. (Since receiving this letter, Father McGoeey has returned to Canada.)

from

FATHER McGETTIGAN



Dated JULY 21st, 1949

NEWS comes into Shanghai regularly to me from the priests and sisters in Lishui. A little more slowly than usual, but it comes. This past week I have heard from Bishop Turner, Fathers Moriarity and Morrissey, Sisters Angela, Mary and Genevieve. All are well and going on

with their work. Sister Angela's new dispensary is booming. In fact, the number of patients treated daily has far outstripped anything to date. The Bishop has been making the rounds administering Confirmation. His trips have been very fruitful, spiritually. Lishui was occupied by the Communists weeks before Shanghai, and while I was worrying about them in Lishui, they were doing the same thing about us here (Fathers McGoeey and McKernan and myself).

The occupation of Lishui diocese by the Communists was more or less peacefully accomplished. To date, there have been no untoward incidents. The military borrowed Fr. Moriarity's jeep for ten days, and then returned it to him in tip-top shape, greased and with a tankful of gas. However, he has not been permitted to drive it from mission to mission. The priests have been able to travel around the diocese though. They use bicycles, motorcycles and public conveyances.

The health of all priests and sisters, according to a letter from Bishop Turner received two days ago, i.e. July 19th, is excellent.

Prices everywhere are extremely high, but so far we have managed.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men."*

Army Stuff—Corporal: Say, Sarge, you're looking down at the heel.

Sergeant: So what? Can I help it if I'm taller than you?



John Smith happened to witness a minor holdup. In due time the police arrived, and one officer asked the witness his name.

"John Smith," said Smith.

"Cut the comedy," snapped the cop. "What's your name?"

"All right," said Smith, "put me down as Winston Churchill."

"That's more like it," said the officer. "You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."



The express pulled up with such suddenness that the passengers were hurled in a heap on the floor. Quickly the conductor came along to reassure them.

"Somebody pulled the cord and the brakes acted too quickly. The last coach has left the rails. There will be a delay of three hours."

"Three hours!" cried a young man. "I'm to be married this afternoon."

"Are you the fellow who pulled the cord?" asked the conductor, suspiciously.



Mistress: "Mary, when you wait on the table tonight for my guests, please don't spill anything."

Maid: "Don't you worry, ma'am. I never talk much."



The angler had just landed a fish when the inquisitive woman chanced to be passing.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that poor little fish!"

The angler replied: "Well, madam, if he'd kept his mouth shut he would not have got into trouble."

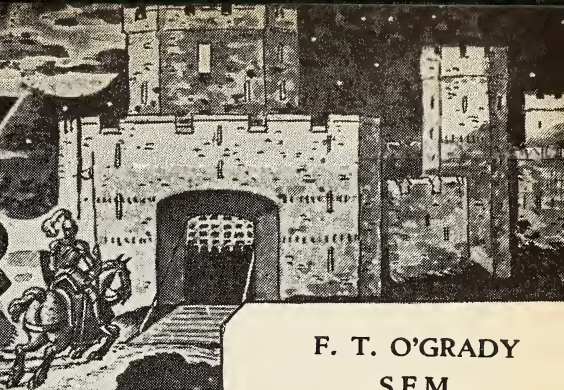


A dapper little man applied for a separation order to be made out against his wife on the ground of cruelty.

When asked by the magistrate if he could prove his case, he replied meekly: "One night I dreamt I won \$100,000, and the following morning my wife nearly killed me for not putting it in the bank before I woke up."



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

THE Catholic position on the question of tolerance is a source of great misunderstanding. Why is the Church intolerant? Or is it intolerant? What is tolerance anyway? If we are not tolerant of masonry for example, where does charity come in?

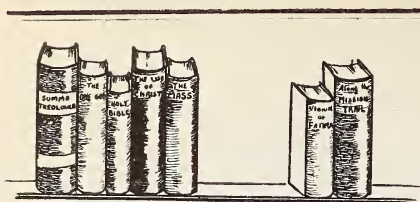
If tolerance means indifference, then I suppose the first case of intolerance we have any record of is the celebrated one of Lucifer. Apparently God was guilty of intolerance when the ancestor of Screw-tape claimed equality. God did not remain indifferent to this conviction but meted out punishment immediately. Was God intolerant here?

Then there was that little matter of eating fruit in the garden of Eden. Surely apples (or were they apples?) are as good as any other fruit. Yet when our first parents chose the fruit of the forbidden tree they too were punished. Can we truly call this lack of indifference by the name of intolerance?

Suppose a parent has been worried about a 'teen-ager who keeps late hours. And then suppose the parent "lays down the law." Is such a parent intolerant? The dictionary simply says: "Tolerate: endure, permit, (practice, action, person's *doing*); forbear to judge harshly." Indubitably one should put up with some things, or allow things to happen, up to a point. Thus all would con-

cur that 'teen-agers should be allowed some freedom. The question is: how much? Where are you going to draw the line? Assuming a line somewhere, if you will not go along that far, then you are intolerant. Many things allow such leeway; is there always such a leeway though? Do you think a tolerant God would have allowed Adam just one bite?

A practical application of tolerance arises in connection with the attitude of parents and the neighbours' children. Should little Marmaduke be allowed to play with that terrible Schnitzer brat? If not, are Marmaduke's parents intolerant? The influence of undesirable neighbours is unquestioned. Assuming that Marmaduke is a better boy than Algernon Schnitzer, is it permissible for his parents to isolate him, And of course the influence of neighbours is not restricted to children. *Logic: The Theory of Inquiry*, is a book written by the American philosopher John Dewey. It has one chapter entitled: EXISTENTIAL MATRIX: BIOLOGICAL and another EXISTENTIAL MATRIX: CULTURAL. In simpler terms, professor Dewey is saying that we are existing in the living mould (matrix) of our biological inheritance, as well as being influenced by our cultural environment. Nature and nurture, so to speak, exert their powers and make us what we are, safeguarding free-



will. Is it legitimate to attempt some control over these factors, and if so, what limits are placed by tolerance?

Psychoanalysis has told us often enough that we are bundles of complexes and urges. Some psychoanalysts advise us to allow such urges the upper hand once in a while. They advise this lest we suffer from some sort of repression. To suppress all urges all the time allows no safety-valve; an occasional splurge gets the best results, they say. Now when I decide that I feel better if I "let myself go," can I count on the tolerance of my neighbours? And by the same token, when my neighbour blows off steam by breaking the windows in my house, should I be tolerant and stand idly by?

It would seem then that tolerance refers more to beliefs than to actions. I have certain rights which I may safeguard and to do so does not make me intolerant. Thus I may take all necessary measures to prevent my neighbor's chickens eating up my garden and not be guilty of intolerance. But if my neighbor chooses to be a theosophist, what should my attitude be? Suppose him to be a vegetarian, a republican, a Kiwanian, an advocate of the thirteen-month calendar, then what? The usual answer is: just mind your own business. Every man has a right to his own opinions and if you interfere you are intolerant.

In matters of great dispute, in theoretical fields, in subjects which are hardly understood even by the masters; this advice may be the best. Suppose a man holds that there are

really 23 dimensions instead of 3, little harm can come from it presumably. The temptation will come in more obvious things. Suppose my neighbor firmly believes that the multiplication table is wrong. We have accepted it without any real test because actually it is not true, he says. Now what? Shall I be silent? Is it perfectly legitimate for me to allow him to have his own way? May I demur? If I do so am I intolerant? Suppose you had such a chap living next door; and suppose that he is not crazy. And surely you consider yourself tolerant . . . would you not begin by dropping some hints!

Strange as it may seem, the Church has even greater certainty concerning her teachings than you have concerning the multiplication table. Yours is a mathematical certitude; hers is divine. She is just as sure that there is only one God, that Christ was both God and man, that Mary was His mother, etc . . . as you are that  $7 \times 8$  is 56. Now where does tolerance begin? How can the Church stand idly by when error is disseminated?

The Church cannot be tolerant of error any more than a baseball umpire can be indifferent towards cal-







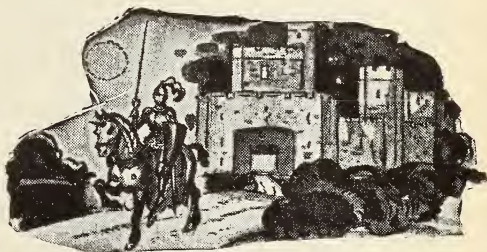
ling the pitch a ball or strike! The man behind the catcher must call them as he sees them. No matter what he says he will be criticized, yet it is his duty to call them. The analogy falls down inasmuch as the umpire knows that he may be wrong. The Church knows that She is right . . . by divine guarantee. Hence the Church cannot remain silent and indifferent between truth and error, between One God and three gods, between Christ and Satan.

The distinction is obviously required between the belief and the believer. The Church must condemn error, but may not condemn the individual man who is innocently deceived; nor does She. The sin must be condemned, but not the sinner; the doctrine but not the individual who mistakenly holds the doctrine. The Church has to be intolerant of Communism, but tolerant of Communists. This tolerance will demand that every effort be made to persuade the men concerned that they are following the wrong multiplication table. But never may the Church say that they are right in following such a table.

Christ was gentle and forgiving of sinners; so is the Church. Yet the same Christ denounced divorce; and so does the Church. So divorce is wrong and must be condemned;

yet divorcees are people and deserve our sympathetic efforts to lead them to the right way of life. And tolerance will here mean the use of patience, prayer, tact, finesse, discretion, understanding and ceaseless efforts to convince the parties concerned that the necessary steps be taken to remedy their situation. Tolerance will not mean that nothing must ever be said which might awaken them from their state of danger and sin. Two women once claimed the same baby. Solomon decided the matter with a sword; and if the first woman had had her way the baby would have died of broad-mindedness.

The Church of Christ must also decide things with a sword. It sometimes causes hard feelings, family distress, the loss of friends, missed opportunities whether financial or cultural or whatever. Yet the fear to decide clearly between truth and error is never seen in the true Church. Communism is wrong, though Communists may believe mistakenly that they are right. Freemasonry is wrong; yet Freemasons might believe they are right. To state fearlessly what is right or wrong is the obligation of the Church. Her duty stems from Her Master's role: "I did not come to send peace, but a sword!"



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#### WHAT THE POPES THINK OF THE ROSARY

"This prayer is perfect because of the praise it offers, because of the lessons it imparts, because of the graces it obtains and because of the triumphs it achieves.—Benedict XV.

---



# MR. WONG

*says*

## Old friends are best, New clothes are best.

YES indeed, *old* friends are superior but *new* clothes are preferable. Friends do not wear out but clothes do. Hence we make these regular appeals to you, our friends. Clothes are not the only things which grow old and lose their value. It is true of so many things used on the missions. Hence our gratitude to those friends of the missions who so frequently send us either articles which would be useful to our priests in Santo Domingo or Japan, or else the money to provide such facilities. With several missions now owning jeeps, added expenses for repair bills are incurred.

At home, our crowded seminary must soon be replaced by more ample quarters, hence any help here will be greatly appreciated. If you feel that you cannot make a donation now, please remember the missions in your will. As usual, we appeal to our old friends.



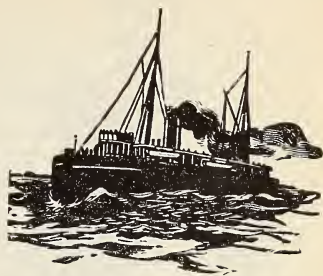
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# A Prayer in Need

By

Thomas Moakler

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**D**URING World War Two my home town was one of the busiest ports on the North Atlantic seaboard and there poured in and out on every tide men of many nations. One of the most interesting characters I have ever had the privilege of meeting was an English Chief Petty Officer, Bill Jones, of the Royal Navy. When he found out that I was a Catholic he told me the strangest story.

Jones had been an Anglican all his life. When he was eight he contracted scarlet fever and was sent to a hospital in London that was run by Catholic Sisters. Here he made his first contact with the Church. The Sisters led the Catholic children in prayer every morning and evening. Jones told me, "I can still remember how strange I felt when those children around me chanted their prayers in a reverent sort of sing-song. They had something that I did not share and I felt deprived." At his own request the Sisters taught him a few of the very beautiful prayers, mostly those to the Blessed Virgin. There was one particular little prayer, "You people call it an ejaculation," said Jones, that he continued to say for a month or so after leaving the hospital. But his new piety did not last. Removed from the in-

fluence of the Sisters and growing more experienced in the sad ways of his everyday world, little Bill Jones became one with the indifference all around him.

He was twenty-five, when as a member of the Royal Navy he went for posting to the Island of Malta in the Mediterranean. Here he had his second contact with the Catholic faith. "I was impressed," he said "by Catholicism as I saw it lived by the good people of Malta and strongly influenced to investigate the Catholic faith. Here again I was struck by the fact that Mary meant much to these Catholic Maltese. Catholics in East London and Catholics half a world away firmly believed that Christ lived on their altars and loved Mary like the good children of a devoted mother."

Jones was attracted to Catholicism but behind him was three centuries of prejudice and before his eyes the stumbling blocks provided, unfortunately, by the weaknesses he saw in Catholics was traffic with the world, the flesh and the enemy of souls though they belong to Christ. He was scandalized that any man who believed that he received Christ in "the Sacrament" could ever again stoop to sin. Once a Maltese sailor told him that when he committed sin



he always felt like a spoiled child who had kicked his mother. He knew his religion well enough to make the distinction between Mary and the God whom he offended by sin but he explained it to mean that all commerce between himself and God went through Mary, even his sorrow for sin.

When the British fleet made the highly-expensive offensive against Nazi-occupied Norway my English friend was Chief P.O. on a destroyer. With him were five Maltese seamen who had asked for and received posting to the ship because they wanted to be with Jones. They were five men who had never given Bill any cause to be scandalized. They loved their faith, and Mary, and lived it too. Jones said that at the beginning of this phase of his life he had lost all interest in the Church and Mary and everything else Catholic. But there was someone who had not lost interest in Jones and soon she would show him that she loved him and wanted him to love her.

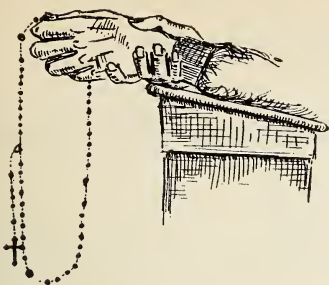
They were driving up a narrow fiord in Norway in a carefully planned night operation, one of many destroyers in a long line. When the fight was joined and the Germans

opened up with heavy guns stationed on each side of the fiord the destroyer was struck in a matter of minutes. Their ship was ordered to drop out line, cease firing and drop back to sea. While she made her way down the fiord the destroyer began to keel over violently but she was still making her way. It was a desperate situation for the men aboard her. Here they were with their guns spiked, unable to ease their excitement by action, the infallible antidote for men sick with fear. Jones said that he had frequently occupied himself with the problems of life and death but not until now had they leaped from the realm of the abstract to face him with all their stark reality. "I was afraid to die before knowing why I had ever lived."

The five Maltese crouched near him in the dark. From protected land stations on the overhanging cliffs the enemy was throwing everything he had at the British flotilla. The night was made hideous with the sounds of war and fearsome with the nearness of death. On the sloping deck the five Maltese knelt as best they could and began whispering to each other the Aves of the Rosary. Jones knew no prayers of







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any kind. Only once in his life he had repeated like a parrot a formula that had attracted him like bright toys at Christmas time gladden the heart of youth. Suddenly, Jones, Anglican, dropped down beside the Maltese and begged them to tell him something to say to God in this terrible hour. Shell-fire lit up their battered ship as if it were high noon. One of the Maltese got close to his ear, "Ask Mary, she will tell you what to say." Then Jones united himself with those children of long ago in the East End hospital, with the old ladies praying before the Madonna in the graceful churches of Malta and his five companions kneeling near him. He prayed to Mary, clumsily but intently.

Then it happened. Instantly, as if he had turned to a prayer he had been saying all his life, the little ejaculation which the good Sisters had taught him years ago in that London hospital sprang to his lips. He repeated it fervently twenty or thirty times, reading more and more meaning in the words as they kept repeating themselves on his lips.

As he prayed their ship reached the end of the fiord and the open sea lay dead ahead. A German shore battery directed a burst of shell fire directly at the destroyer. The deadly shells raked the disabled ship from

one end to the other and killed every man on that sloping deck EXCEPT the five Maltese and Bill Jones, Anglican.

That night aboard the cruiser that was taking them back to England Jones walked the deck and tried to recall the ejaculation. He racked his brain to recall it but his mind remained a perfect blank on the subject. The Maltese had heard him pray but none of them could tell him what he had said. Later in England he looked over thousands of prayers to Our Blessed Mother but could not identify the prayer he had been given to say in danger.

At the time I met him he was studying Catholic doctrine and asking Mary for the help he needed to do God's holy will. He said, "I know that whatever happens she will always be on hand to help me. I pray to her every night and if I ever get in a jam again I know that that ejaculation will come back to me and she will keep me safe until I do whatever I have to do to make my peace with God.

Naturally I have not disclosed the real name of the subject of this story. For our purpose "Jones" will have to do. I tell his story so that you who read will have another instance of Our Holy Mother's love and that, also, you will remember "Jones" in your prayers to Her who loves him and wants most ardently to bring him to the feet of her Divine Son.



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## Pastor at Guerra Mission



Enrique del Rosario with Archbishop Beras  
and Fr. Doyle, S.F.M.

G. Doyle  
S.F.M.

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FATHER GERALD DOYLE, of Toronto, is Pastor of a parish in Santo Domingo called Guerra. "Guerra", in Spanish, means "War". If you could get a look at the parish church in Guerra you'd surely think it had been through a war and not come out of it very well. At the moment, the church has one wall standing and part of the rear wall, while all around the little park on which the church fronts are piles of debris. War had nothing to do with it. It just got that way. It began by the tower sinking into the soft ground and detaching itself from the church. Government engineers came to restore the church, and they had barely got started on the work when the famous earthquake of August, 1946, really did a job of dismantling. The present parish church of Guerra is a large-sized house, very inadequate for the purpose. Father Doyle loves to refer to his parish as "Saint Anthony's Without-the-Walls".

It would be no exaggeration to refer to St. Anthony's of Guerra as "a poor parish", for it is poor spiritually and economically. But it is undergoing a resurrection due to the zealous labours of Father Doyle. The fact that he has no home in Guerra doesn't bother Father Gerry a bit. He has a jeep—a new one he brought back with him to Santo Domingo, and since Guerra is just half-way between the capital city of Ciudad Trujillo and the parish of Bayaguana (where Fr. Jimmy Walsh, of Toronto, is pastor) Fr. Doyle "puts up" in the capital or in Bayaguana as circumstances dictate. But most of the time Fr. Doyle is neither in the capital, nor in Bayaguana, nor in Guerra. He's doing his best work out in the "campos". A "campo" is a country-mission, and, like all parishes in Santo Domingo, Guerra has many "campos". One of them is called "Hato Viejo" (pro-



nounced Atto Vee-eh-ho and meaning "the old ranch").

Hato Viejo is remarkable for two reasons; a man named Enrique del Rosario and a new chapel dedicated to St. Catherine of Siena. Enrique would be remarkable even without the chapel, but there would have been nothing remarkable about the chapel except for Enrique.

In a country where pious and enthusiastically-practising Catholic men are rare enough to attract attention Enrique is in a class by himself. He's

exist in Santo Domingo between Godparents and the families of their Godchildren you'd understand why Enrique and his Senora are so much respected by everybody. Unlike the majority of men in Santo Domingo, who are content to boast of their Faith without giving any evidence of practising it, Enrique is a militant Catholic.

Delighted when Father Doyle told him that he would make a visit to his Campo of Hato Viejo the third Saturday of every month, Enrique



Fr. Doyle, S.F.M., with his best catechist, Prudencio Guzman, proud of the big rosary he wears round his neck.

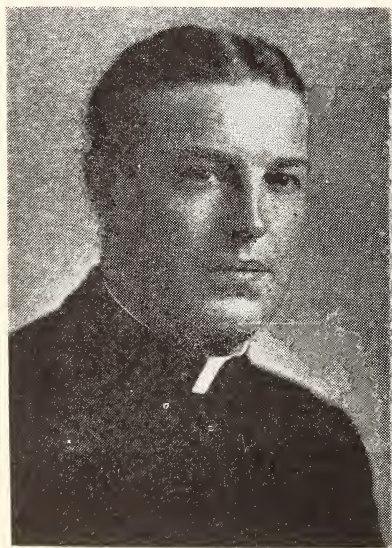
a big six-footer, a well-to-do farmer who employs many men on his large plantations, and he and his wife are the moving spirits in all good movements in their district. I doubt if there is anybody in the Dominican Republic who can beat Enrique and his wife in the number of times they have been Padrino and Madrina (Godfather and Godmother). They just delight in favouring all the parents in the district by accepting the honour of (and paying the fee for) baptizing their children. And if you knew the honoured relations that

spread his enthusiasm through the district. The little decrepit chapel in the place was soon too small, and Father Doyle had an idea. The feast of St. Catherine was approaching and Enrique agreed with Father Doyle that something ought to be done to celebrate the Fiesta in some outstanding manner. Only a month remained before the feast — and that's what makes the chapel in Hato Viejo the second remarkable thing there. For when St. Catherine's feast came round Hato Viejo boasted of a brand-new  
(Continued on page 21)



PAUL FLAHERTY

Ordained October, 1949; appointed to Japan.



LINUS WALL, S.F.M.

Ordained June, 1949; appointed to the Dominican Republic.



CHARLES CUMMINS, S.F.M.

Ordained June, 1947; appointed to Vancouver mission, Sept., '47, to Sept., '49; now leaving for Japan.

**S**  
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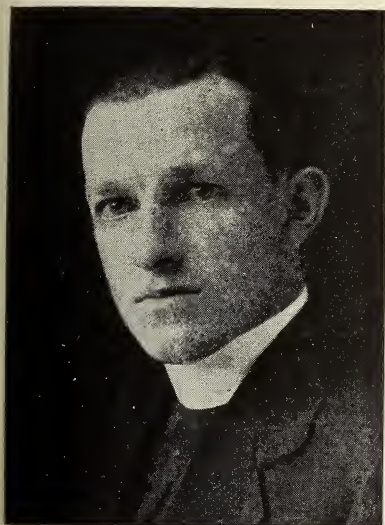
# S.F.M.

## the Missions d Dominican ublic



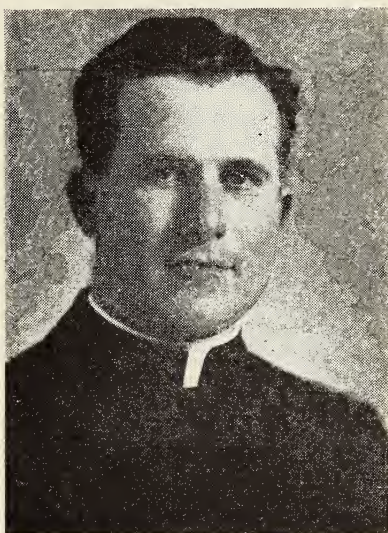
GERALD KELLY, S.F.M.

Ordained June, 1949; appointed to Japan.



ALLAN McRAE, S.F.M.

Ordained June, 1936; appointed to Sault Ste Marie and Toronto dioceses in 1936 to 1938. Then to China for four years. From 1942 to 1947 he served as a Chaplain with the Canadian army. He has been in Japan for over a year, returning to Scarboro to assist at the General Chapter. Now he returns to Japan with the three newly Ordained.



J. KEELER, S.F.M.

Ordained June, 1949; appointed to the Dominican Republic.



# Ching, the Catechist



By

L. McFarland  
S.F.M.

**T**HIS is the story of an extraordinary catechist, a man who has the physical and mental qualifications to be successful, rich and honoured among his people, but chose instead to be a servant in the service of God, devoting his life to the conversion, instruction and salvation of his neighbour.

Ching Hai Chao is a young man in his twenties, six feet two inches in height, straight as a reed and yet with a willowy grace of carriage extraordinary in so big a man. He is of great physical strength and yet of amiable and attractive disposition. He possesses a teacher's certificate and is a master of the national language and the native dialect. No humble task is too mean for him and no great task is too much for him. He has proved himself the master of any situation. He is meek to the humble, patient with the loquacious, friendly with the shy, dignified with the haughty. To all according to opportunity and their capacity he imparts a knowledge of God and the saving Truths of Faith.

He is a living example of the influence of a good home even in a pagan country. He inherits his great size and strength from his parents

who were both noted weight-lifters in their village. His father was accustomed to giving demonstrations of strength, lifting huge boulders which no three other men could lift together. His mother amused and startled the neighbours by lifting great stones secured with ropes, by gripping the ropes with her teeth. Unfortunately she shows the effects of these feats of strength, for now her teeth portrude from her mouth.

Ching wasn't always a Catholic. When he was very young his mother learned of the Catholic Religion. At that time she was a devout worshipper of Buddha, but she was quickly convinced that the Catholic Religion was the one and only true religion. However, the habits of a lifetime are strong and the wrenching away from the worship of the old familiar household gods was accomplished only with a great act of the will. She could not bring herself to destroy these images but took them to the village temple and confided to Buddha that now she was going to become a Catholic. she wouldn't be back to visit him any more. But once she became a Catholic she devoted herself whole-heartedly to the study and practice of her new faith. Nor



could she bear to see anyone remain in ignorance of the True Religion. Without hesitation she took upon herself the instruction of the whole village. Incredible as it may seem, that village of three hundred families is to-day almost entirely Catholic. This is the atmosphere in which young Ching was raised. In an atmosphere of daily community prayer and countless instructions in doctrine. As soon as he had learned his catechism well, his mother put him to work instructing others and he imbibed from her a quenchless thirst for souls.

This was the young man who was sent to help me on my first mission in Tungyang. He did everything. He cooked for me, made my bed and cleaned my room, he instructed me in the language he preached in my place, he instructed in catechism, he nursed me when I was sick, he dealt with officials, he assisted with the care of the sick and instructed them, he advised me in difficulties and took the blame for my mistakes, he accompanied me on the missions and gathered the Christians, he was elated when they were devoted, grieved when they were lax, and was impatient only at lost opportunities of spreading the knowledge of Faith.

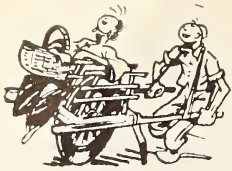
His physical and mental talents commanded the respect of the people. His blameless life was a wonderful



edification to them and excited their devotion. He was indifferent to the good opinion or praise of others, but there were two amusing accomplishments of which he was very proud. He could run over the stubble of a new-mown wheat field in his bare feet, which no other man in the district could do, and he could catch rats with his bare hands. He had the unusual ability of being able to see in the dark. He would wait in a darkened room and when the poor, unsuspecting rats entered he would grab them. On two occasions he came to grief. Once he grabbed at a rat and impaled his hand on a spike he hadn't noticed. Another time he failed to grab the rat directly behind the head and was bitten through to the bone for his pains. On this occasion I was called upon for first aid in the middle of the night. Naturally I didn't appreciate this talent. However, he didn't seem to be able to resist using his gift for he continued to catch rats alive.

Ching is an inveterate student. Many a time I surprised him burning the midnight oil, poring over books of philosophy by the light of a small lamp. Once I scolded him for sleeping so little and he informed me that he had read that some philosopher had slept only four hours a night and he figured that should be enough for him. He has an insatiable thirst for any kind of knowledge and would spend hours, if I were willing,





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asking me questions on geography, history, theology, or whatever he was interested in.

During the war years Ching was faithfulness itself. When so many were in panic and fleeing from danger, he stayed with the priest. Even when the priest was suddenly forced to leave because of the advancing Japanese, he organized a group of villagers to carry all the priests' belongings and all the movable articles of the mission to safety. All of these he hid in his own village at the risk of his life, should the Japanese discover them.

After the Chinese priests had infiltrated the Japanese lines to look after the spiritual needs of the Catholics, Ching's liaison work was invaluable. He was the one link of communication between the Scarborough Foreign Mission priests in free China, and the Chinese priests in occupied territory. Time after time his long, tireless strides carried him the hundreds of miles between the two districts, threading his way through Japanese and Chinese lines, in imminent danger of being shot.

To the outside he carried news of the mission work and the priests and their needs, and back again he carried the funds to keep the priests and their work alive, as well as encouragement, instructions, greetings, and mail.

In retrospect it seems that Ching was God's instrument to fulfill His purposes; in peacetime to convert and instruct; in time of disaster to maintain and hold; and in peace again to increase the number of the Elect. A catechist is the right hand of the missionary. A catechist like this is a gem of immeasurable value. At present Ching is the catechist of the flourishing parish of Pu Chiang, a parish which he helped to establish. It is God's business as usual with him. He will never read what I have written of him, but these words are but a reflection of what is written in the book of life. Long may he live, this lay apostle, to continue his work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.



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Feeling desperate for a smoke, Jones went into his "local" and in a loud voice offered anyone one pound for a packet of twenty cigarettes. There were no takers. He raised his offer to five pounds, and still there were no takers. Jones mopped his brow and gasped.

"Now, look here," he said hoarsely. "I've got a Rolls Royce outside. Will someone give me twenty cigarettes for that?"

There was silence for a moment, and then a man in the corner looked up and said: "What year?"



## Pastor at Guerra Mission

*(Continued from page 15)*

chapel, three times as large as the old one, and finished completely with its concrete floor, its aluminum roof, fine main altar, and painted inside and out. A miracle of construction in Santo Domingo considering the difficulty of securing materials and bringing them to the site and getting so much work done in jig time. But Enrique never rested. Day and night he moved through his district enlisting the help of his men and he

bishop. After going along a little distance a group of men came and peered into our car—and then let loose a big firecracker when satisfied of the identity of the Archbishop. Several times along the trail the same performance was repeated, and finally when we came near the clearing where the new chapel was erected we could see the wonderful preparations that had been made for the big reception to the Archbishop.

For about 300 yards leading to the chapel an avenue of posts had been made and gay flags and bunting was



Fiesta de Santa Catalina at Hato Viejo, R. D. Facade of new chapel in background.

himself paid for all the materials that had to be bought. I don't think Enrique will ever forget the Fiesta de Santa Catalina of 1949. Nor the good people of Hato Viejo, either.

Early on the morning of the Fiesta I drove from the capital with Coadjutor Archbishop Beras of Santo Domingo. We left the highway about 25 miles from the city where a "scout" sent out by Fr. Doyle met us to guide us along the country road that led to Hato Viejo. We were rather amused at the "precautions" Father Doyle had taken not to be surprised by the arrival of the Arch-

strung from every post, and down to meet us came a grand procession headed by little girls all dressed in white and carrying religious banners. Enrique had provided the dresses and the banners and he must have been delighted, as we were, at the fine display. There must have been several thousand people gathered from the neighbouring sections, all dressed in their best Fiesta manner, and out in front directing the hymn-singing by great flourishes of his hat was Enrique, the happiest man in the country at that hour.

A ribbon was stretched across the



The Jeep is indispensable in Fr. Doyle's parish work, but there are places where only the trusty horse can bring the priest to minister to his people.

front door of the new chapel, and after a short talk by Enrique the Archbishop cut the ribbon and led the great crowd into the church where the blessing took place and a High Mass was sung by Father Doyle, Father Walsh having come down with a jeep load of his Children of Mary choristers from Bayaguana. It was but the beginning of an all-day Fiesta,

in the course of which Archbishop Beras confirmed 550 people and Father Doyle baptized 44 children. Enrique and his wife managed to be Godparents for nearly all of the children. Because of the Confirmations going on inside the church Fr. Doyle did the baptisms outside, using the jeep-engine as a temporary altar.

The sun was already setting when Archbishop Beras, Father Walsh and I said good-bye to Fr. Doyle who was still sweating it out attending to many things amongst his Fiesta-happy parishioners. Said Archbishop Beras on leaving: "How wonderful it would be if we had an Enrique del Rosario in all our Campos!"



## Prayer for Seminarians

O JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from the miserable things of this world; but above all, teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.





# Make

## Charity Easy



By

R. J. Pelow

S.F.M.

*A Thought for October*

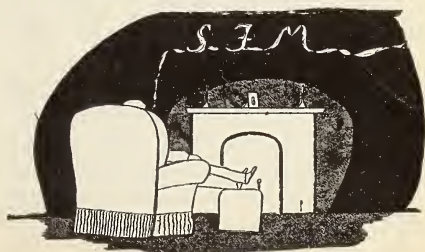
**T**HAT we must love our neighbour is clear to everyone.

Charity is the virtue whereby we love God for His own sake and our neighbour for the sake of God. In theory it is easy, but in practice, how difficult it can become. St. Bernard put it this way: "When you stare into the bright sun for a time, your eyes are affected so that you think you see the sun in everything you look at. So also, when you look long at God, you see His reflection in the creatures about you."

The Saviour Himself explained the criterion to be used on the Last Day when the sheep will be separated from the goats. To those who will inherit the Kingdom He will say: "I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; I was naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me; in prison and you came to me." When the just ones in astonishment question this He will say: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

Our word *philanthropy* has seen better days. Literally it means the *love of man*. Unfortunately it has come to imply generosity for a public cause in order to gain an income tax exemption. The motive is an unworthy one. There are higher things, more noble sentiments, and loftier motives. The very best are supernatural. And as Matt Arnold said: "The best is good enough for me."

Let every man try his best to see through the eyes of Christ. Or else see Christ in his own eye, just as St. Bernard saw the little suns everywhere. No one would want to be nasty to Christ in the flesh; why should we be that way to Christ in the person of our brethren?



# Carmelite Sisters at Azua, R.D.



**F**URTHEST South in the Dominican Republic of the thirteen parishes staffed there by the Scarboro Fathers is the historic city of Azua, capital of the province which bears the same name. The city has acquired new fame recently by becoming the centre of devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima and Her nationally-known statue is kept in the parish church, which is the largest and the best of the churches under our direction in Santo Domingo.

Azua lays claim, too, to being the hottest and driest of all our parishes. As a result of the long periods of drought the general public suffers economically; poverty is very evident in the country districts where poor returns from farming keep daily living a veritable struggle for existence.

It had been the dream of Father Allen (of North Bay, Ontario) and of Father J. Moriarty (St. John's, Nfld.) that some day they would have Religious Sisters to aid them in their efforts to instruct the children of the city and outlying sections. This

coming month of November will mark the first anniversary of the realization of their dream.

Due to the zeal of Archbishop Pittini of Santo Domingo six Carmelite Sisters arrived from Barcelona, Spain, in Ciudad Trujillo last November, were received by delegations of Sisters from other Religious Communities in the city, and after a few days as guests of the American Sisters of St. Dominic, from Adrian, Mich., in their beautiful "Colegio Santo Domingo", the Carmelites proceeded to Azua to take up residence in a very modest little house prepared for them by Fr. Allen with the assistance of a wonderful Catholic lady of the place named Dona Consuelo Gonzalez. A fairly large house which was being used as a Catholic Club was turned over to the Sisters for the establishment of a Kindergarten and Lower Grade School, and the Sisters immediately began to transform Azua. Not alone in their school, which was soon overcrowded, but in their care of the church, and in their visits to the poor and the

*(Continued on page 29)*





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Another school year has begun and you are back to your regular work. The holidays are over and although I'm sure you all had a good time, you now find yourselves behind a desk once again. What is it all about anyway?

Well this business of going to school year after year can be a painful thing or it can be the most valuable thing in the world. It's all in the way you look at it. Really education is a process which should go on all our lives but usually we think of it as meaning going to school. It means that we have a chance to develop all our powers. It means that our very best is drawn out so that we can become the finest possible type of person. The word education means a drawing out. A drawing out of what? Why drawing out of possibilities. For example, perhaps you could become the greatest singer in the world; but if you were never to have a chance to train your voice, how could you ever know? You just wouldn't.

The same thing could be said of hockey, baseball, or anything else. If you never saw a baseball, how could you be a home run king? Or maybe

you will someday play professional hockey. But if so, you must learn how to skate, how to use a hockey stick, learn to pass, shoot, stick-handle, etc. Well going to school is like that too. You are being taught to think, to read, to write, to discover what others have thought and done and when you get it all, you will know not only a great deal about other people but, surprisingly, you will then know a lot about yourself as well. You will know what you can do, what you would like to do, and best of all you will know what you should do.

One of the things you are learning is how to be a saint! Often you think of saints as pretty impossible people, that is, impossible to imitate. That's not quite true. In fact the saints are to be models for us, models in the love of God. They all began by being children and learning to pray. Then they got better at it, just by practice; just by doing it day after day until their strength increased and they learned to direct and control it. Finally they liked to pray . . . and from then on it was easy. Try it. You'll like it too.

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim,

I would like to have my name on the pen pal list. I am 13 years old. Will you please send me a mite box and I will help you all I can. I have collected quite a few stamps and will send them to you. Our class has a stamp collection contest, the Happy Gang and the Busy Beavers; the B. B. are winning.

Caroline Gormley,  
163 Cameron Ave.,  
Ottawa, Ontario

Dear Caroline,

It's a pleasure to welcome such an active Bud into our Garden. Your name will go on the list alright but don't wait for that to get busy and write to some other Bud yourself. Choose a name from the lists already published or else just write to some Bud whose letter appears in this month's Rose Garden. Thanks for the stamps and don't forget to say the prayers.

Dear Father Jim,

Enclosed please find a money order for the missions. I am also including 45 stamps. Wishing you and all the missionaries every success.

Betty Collier,  
St. Alban's,  
Bay D'Espoir, Nfld.

Dear Betty,

Thank you for both gifts to the missions: the money and the stamps. I'm sure you are praying for the welfare of all our priests, sisters and Christians in pagan China. We also have priests in Japan now and of course you know about Santo Domingo, down near Cuba. As you pray for all of these you help the missions. Remember also that they are grateful to you. Thanks again.

Dear Father Jim,

Enclosed you will find a postal order to help some Chinese boy or girl. I am a little girl twelve years old and I am in Grade VII. I enjoy reading CHINA very much, especially the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I have two sisters who also enjoy reading CHINA. I am also enclosing some stamps. I hope they will be of some little help.

Effie English,  
Branch,  
Placentia East, Nfld.

Dear Effie,

The Chinese surely need your help and I am glad to receive it in their name. That poor country has suffered so much from war and revolution and flood and famine that the people are always in trouble. Be-



sides all this it is a pagan land where the average man never heard of the Christmas or Easter stories which give us so much hope. To tell them about the Saviour and his Church is the task of every missionary. When you help us with your prayers and sacrifices it makes it all easier. Thank you sincerely.

Dear Father Jim,

*We are sending you the money we saved. It is not very much but it might help a little. Our little brother C. L. and sister Kathleen helped us. We will try hard to save more.*

Tommy and Estelle Donohue,  
Douglas, Ontario.

Dear Tommy and Estelle,

Thank you very much indeed for your present. It's far more valuable than you realize. Every cent for the missions means a great deal and St. Theresa will be proud of you as her Rose Garden Buds. I think it's wonderful to get that help from the members of your family too. It shows that you are all mission-minded. Thank you.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am twelve years old and would like to join your Rose Garden. I am*



Three Buds from our Lishui school.



Father Sharkey with school children in Japan.

*sending you a box of used stamps and please send me a mite box. I would like a pen pal.*

Lawrence Lunney,  
Pakenham, Ontario.

Dear Lawrence,

St. Theresa welcomes you into her Rose Garden. She was a great friend of the missions and once wanted to go herself to help convert the pagans. October is her month so she will be glad to have your help now. The more active Buds we can get, the better it will be in distant lands. Welcome, and thank you for the stamps.

Dear Father Jim,

*Would you please put my name, address and age in your pen pal list. I have written to a lot of names in the list but only a few answered. I do hope I shall get a few more pen pals since my name will be in the list. Thank you very much. I am 14.*

Catherine McKenny,  
877 Main Street West,  
North Bay, Ontario.

Dear Cathy,

I can't understand why the pen pals have not come through for you. Suppose you write to the Buds whose letters appear with yours on this page and the next. I'll bet they will answer alright. COME ON BUDS!

## LET'S ANSWER CATHY'S APPEAL FOR PEN PALS.

Dear Father Jim,

Please accept my offerings for the Little Flower's Rose Garden. Please forgive me for not sending it sooner. I hope it will help a little bit in the wonderful work of the missionaries and other Catholics to spread the Faith everywhere.

Mary Alice Tarantello,  
137 Chatham St.,  
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Mary Alice.

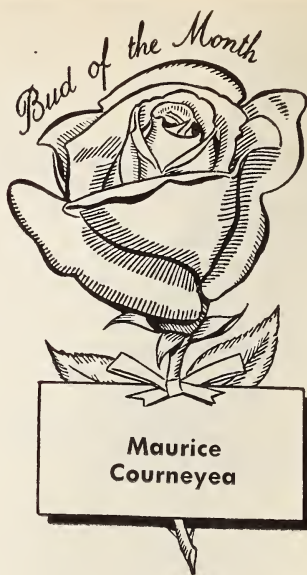
Your gift for the missions is gratefully accepted. It will indeed help a lot. The priests and sisters in the pagan countries need the support of your prayers and alms to make their work effective. When you are so generous all will go well with them and with you. The boys and girls in those countries do not know anything about saving their souls and that's why we want to go over there to help them. When you help us, you are helping them and that is why both we and they are grateful to you. God bless you.

Dear Father Jim,

Please excuse me for being so long in writing to you. Here are the contents of my mite box and I hope that it will help some little Chinese



SAVE STAMPS FOR THE MISSIONS



We have picked Maurice as the delegate for the whole family as his brothers and sisters: Theresa, Pat, Clara, Anthony and Sheila are also very mission-minded. They live in Tweed, Ont. Congratulations all!

boy or girl. Will you please tell me what pen pal I should have? I would like one so much but don't have any so far. Father, is my name in the Bud of the Month column? If it isn't, my birthday is February 21st.

Frances Littlejohn,  
7 Goodwood Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Frances,

Thank you for your letter and especially for the gift it contained. Pagan children are so helpless when it comes to saving their souls that we must do all we can to help them reach heaven. That's where the value of your prayers and sacrifices come in. The more Rose Buds we have in our Garden doing this the better it will be for the missions. Your letter was worth waiting for and please keep up the prayers.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## PRESCOTT, ONTARIO

Dunn, Tom, 12; Merritt, Mary Lou, 12; Porter, Beverly, 13; Poinsett, Allan, 11; Rouse, Roderick, 14; Leonard, Bert, 13; Chretien, Claire, 11; McGinley, Garnet, 12; Poore, Barbara, 12; Poore, Kenneth, 13; Himes, Raymond, 15; Lefebvre, Delicia, 12; Dubrule, Joe, 12; Dubois, Paul, 11; Bonneau, Magdalen, 10; Gendron, Janine, 15; Bonneau, Marcel, 12; Seguin, Simon, 12; Dubrule, David, 10; Bovin, Bobby, 11; Ayers, Lucy, 11; Mossman, Janet, 11; Doris, Aleta, 10; Dennis, Eldon, 11; Tobin, John, 9; Gilson, Lee, 11; Kerr, Dick, 9; Timms, Douglas, 11; Himes, Marlene, 12; Fisher, Bobby, 13; Himes, James, 14; Timm, Douglas, 11.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Galway, Mary, 11, 113 Forest Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Omanique, Jean, 8, 275 Mary St., Pembroke, Ont.; Heller, Patsy, 11643 91st St., Edmonton, Alta.; Dufault, Anne, 13, La Passe, Ont.; Kane, Pauline, 8 Railway Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Vella, Loretta, 8, 69 Trowell Ave., Toronto, Ont.; MacLean, Roddie Peter, Washabuck Centre, Vict. Co., N.S.; Young, Mary Ellen, 8½, Young's Point, Ont.; Gover, John, 6 Oxen Pond Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Wall, Alexander, 9, 88 Intercolonial St., Sydney, N.S.; Smith, Kate, 15, West River Rd., Antigonish P.O., N.S.; Pike, Leone, 9, Harvey St., Harbour Grace, Nfld.; Maloney, Marie, 13, 13, R.R. No. 2, Monkland, Ont.; Gouthro, Beverly Ann, Kentville, N.S.; Roberts, Alice, 12, Grand Falls, Nfld.

## CURLING, BAY OF ISLANDS, Nfld.

Hayes, Joseph, 13; Byrne, Mary, 11; Roche, Assumpta, 11; Beales, Billy, 11; Quigley, Dominic, 11; Joyce, Fletcher, 13; Hayes, Tommy, 10; Boake, Wm., 13; Boake, Billy, 11; Young, Oswald, 13; Frampton, Raymond, 13; Frampton, Michael, 14; Hayes, Florence, 10; Barter, Geraldine, 11; Oliver, Susie, 12; Moore, Jimmy, 10; Beales, Freddy, 10; Boland, Billy, 10; Hayes, Terry, 8; Rowsell, Alphonsus, 10; Barriault, Alice, 10; Murphy, Edwina, 13; Gushue, Catherine, 10; Quigley, Pauline, 10; Beales, Bobby, 11; Langley, Herbert, 11; La Saga, Geraldine, 10; Wells, Patricia, 11; Brake, Anthony, 9; Brake, Gertie, 10; Benoit, Doreen, 10; Quigley, Dermot, 10; Barry, Bernard, 10; Tarbett, Joseph, 13; Young, Clyde, 14; Young, David, 12; Battock, John, 11; Lasaga, Thomas, 13; Hutchings, Kevin, 11; Pike, Ernest, 11; Byrne, Harry, 12; Kearsey, John, 13; Leggo, Eric, 14; Furlong, Maxine, 10; Hall, Joyce, 11; Dumphy, Maureen, 12; Byrne, Rosaline, 13; Hayes, Sally, 12; Gushue, Marie, 12; McHugh, Gerald, 13.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Caners, Clara, 15, Fisher Branch, Man.; Beare, Patsy, 8, Tweed, Ont.;

Ward, Joan, 56 King St., Wingsor, Nfld.; Walsh, Edwin, Mt. Stewart, P.E.I.; Power, Patsy, 122 Elm St., Halifax, N.S.; MacNeill, Catherine, 8, Kentville, N.S.; Behm, Donald, St. Lina, Alta.; Lewis, Evelyn, 10, Holyrood, Nfld.; Dowling, Olga, 77 Green St., Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Hanna, Monica, 11, c/o Hind, R.R. No. 1, York Mills, Ont.

## OTTAWA

McGrory, Nancy, 12, 98 MacLaren St.; Monaghan, Doreen, 12, 306 Fairmont Ave.; Provost, Claire, 13, 38 Gloucester St.; Sims, Angela, 13, 200 A Metcalfe St.; Sylvia Sims, 13, 200 A Metcalfe St.; Skelley, Margaret, 12, 165 Florence St.; Powers, Marcia, 10, 128 Wellington St., Hull, Que.; Savage, Sally, 12, 38 Gloucester St.; Spooner, Val Marie, 13, 323 Metcalfe St.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Locke, Anne Marie, 9, 15 Botwood Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Carey, Mae, 11, Islay, Alta.; White, Phyllis, 13, St. George's, Nfld.; Simpson, Patricia, 8, Kippewa, Que.; Simpson, Margaret Veronica, 8, Kippewa, Que.; Harrietho, Dolores, 11, Victoria Line, Inv. Co., N.S.; Twomey, Bernice, 11, R.R. No. 1, Peterboro, Ont.; Myer, Florence, 11 c/o Jos. F. Meyer, R.R. No. 1, Mildmay, Ont.; Gormley, Caroline, 13, 163 Cameron St., Ottawa, Ont.; Novakowski, Mary Frances, 7, 63 Cork St. W., Apt 3, Guelph, Ont.; Lunney, Lawrence, 12, Pakenham, Ont.; Norris, Noreen, 11, 215 Holmwood Ave., Ottawa, Ont.; Shepard, Billy, 259 Charlotte St., Port Colborne, Ont.

## TORONTO, ONT.

Conforzi, Antoinette, 12, 946 Glencairn Ave.; Kent, Dianne, 10, 570 Melrose Ave.; O'Rourke, Theresa, 14, 30 Glen Park Ave.; Zikovit, Josephine, 11, 258 Viewmont Ave.

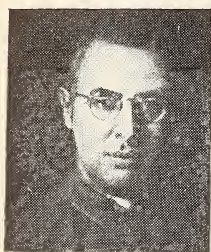


## Carmelite Sisters

(Continued from page 24)

sick the Carmelites seemed to bring a new spirit to the parish and soon their praises were universal. Due to the circumstances of the place the poor Sisters themselves live in actual poverty as regards their furnishings and possessions, but there is no mistaking the new spiritual riches they have brought to Azua.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST

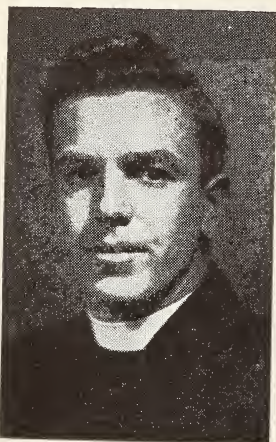


Monsignor McGrath continues the pilgrimage with the Virgin of Fatima. He will be one month in the diocese of Belleville, Illinois. It is hoped that the Canadian tour will some

day be completed so as to allow us the advantages of the abundant blessings enjoyed everywhere the Pilgrim Virgin goes.

\* \* \*

Father Frank Moylan has been recalled from our mission in the Dominican Republic and is now



studying philosophy at the University of Ottawa. He also has spent the past five years in the mission field of Santo Domingo.

\* \* \*

Father John Kelly, also home from China as the Regional Superior of our missions in Lishui, is present-

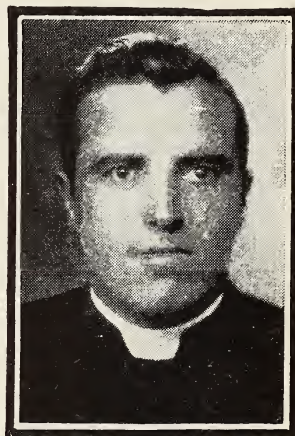
ly campaigning in his home diocese of Pembroke, Ontario.

\* \* \*

Father Michael Carey, S.F.M., has been appointed as a campaigner in Newfoundland. He came home from China for our second General Chapter as the delegate from that country and cannot return due to the political conditions. He will now campaign for our missions in the tenth province.

\* \* \*

Father Frank Diemert has joined our teaching staff at Scarboro, replacing Very Rev. Father McQuaid as professor of Chinese and Latin. He has been in the Dominican Re-



public for the past five years. Prior to that he had been in China, and was interned by the Japanese along with Father McQuaid and the other priests at Peking.



October —

## Month of the Holy Rosary!

All our readers are requested to offer their family rosary for the safety of Bishop Turner, his priests and sisters and people in Lishui.

So far, thanks to your petitions, all has gone well. Please continue, we beg of you.



The Pilgrim Virgin continues her tour of America. Will you answer her appeal for prayer and penance?

**CALLING  
NEW  
SUBSCRIBERS**





# CHINA



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

NOVEMBER 1949



# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

Port Hood Burse .....	\$ 577.30
Mrs. A. R., Mabou Ridge, N.S. ....	24.00
Estate Mrs. A. M., Port Hood, N.S. ....	101.79
Estate Mrs. J. V. M., Port Hood, N.S. ....	212.40
R. M., Port Hood, N.S. ....	10.00
St. Madeline Sophie Barat .....	2,742.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,535.50
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	3,365.48
St. Jude .....	1,580.00
Miss M. C. B., Hamilton, Ont. ....	1.00
Miss M. D., Sydney, N.S. ....	2.00
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,257.00
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
Sacred Heart Burse No. 2 .....	1,120.16
Comforter of Afflicted .....	805.00
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	576.43
Holy Souls Burse No. 2 .....	560.16
Msgr. McKeon Burse .....	230.00
Rev. Dr. Foley Burse .....	213.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	694.62
St. Christopher Burse No. 2 .....	207.20
St. Anthony Burse No. 2 .....	590.00
Immaculate Conception Burse No. 2 .....	503.60
D. J. M., Sydney, N.S. ....	5.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,285.82
Miss A. S., Halifax, N.S. ....	10.00

*Perhaps you have received many favours from the Holy Souls and have often wondered how you might repay them. One way would be to contribute to our burse fund. In this way you would be helping educate future missionaries who would some day offer the Holy Sacrifice in your name. No prayer is more powerful than the Mass. And your help in the education of priests would certainly be a generous and effective way of helping the Holy Souls. It would bring them honour now as well as efficacious help in the future.*

Address all contributions to the

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**  
**SCARBORO BLUFFS** **ONTARIO**



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# LETTERS FROM CHINA...

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*from*

EDWARD LYONS

S.F.M.



I left Kinhwa Sept. 23rd. There was no material damage anywhere. Kinhwa, under Father Charle Murphy, at the time seemed to be best off of anywhere and they are practically unaware of the change-over.

Fr. Harold Murphy seems confined to Lanchi city and cannot visit Kinhwa. Father Stephen Mo does the country missions for Kinhwa, Lanchi and Tangchi. Fr. Thomas Morrissey has not stirred out of Tunyang since the liberation while Fr. Kuo does the missions there. Father Tom is the only one of the crowd who has not seen one of us in all these months.

Fr. Fu is in Yungkang and seems quite content and cheery. Fathers Moriarty and Clement are of course in Kinhwa with Sisters St. Angela and St. Martin. The Sisters have carried on with their dispensary work and

sick calls as normally as ever. The morale is high in that mission with wonderfully improved housing conditions. They have had some bombings and strafing but nothing recently.

In the south movement is freer, that is from Tsingtien to Lishui, from Lishui to Pihu and Sungyang, but Lishui to Lungchuan is a different matter unless it is done by bicycle. All are well in Lungchuan, Fathers Strang and Reeves in good cheer; the latter is back in Sungyang.

Father MacIntosh is well as is Fr. Venadam. The Bishop is thin but says he feels alright. Pihu and Lungchuan schools will not open, I believe. Lishui school is scheduled to open and they do not expect any trouble, at least during the first phase. In Lishui and Lungchuan, as in Kinhwa, the Sisters dispensary work goes on uninterrupted.

*from*

SR. ST. ANGELA

Rosary Convent,  
Kinhwa, Sept. 19, 1949

Dear Monsignor Fraser:

Much has happened since you left your parish and I am sure that you are anxious for a line from behind the bamboo-curtain.

The curtain slipped down on us at dawn on Fatima Saturday in May. We indeed much to be thankful to Our Lady for in that the take-over was accomplished so peacefully. Sister and I were already up when the first shots were fired. We hurried down to the chapel and met Mo Hwa and the girls huddled at the chapel door. Inside,

they still kept close to the floor, out of range of the firing and recited Rosary until Father Clement came for Mass at 6.30. I need not add that we assisted very fervently while bullets whizzed by and big guns boomed. Shortly after the end of Mass, all firing ceased and a great calm fell over the town. Then we heard the victory drums as the conquering army took possession.

In less than half an hour after the "change of guard," patients began to flock into the clinic and the march of the sick has increased with the months. In the afternoon of Liberation Day we went out on our visits to the sick poor and have been doing so ever since. We have not been bothered in the least, and our days go by as usual without the slightest disturbance. The new soldiers seemed a bit amazed at seeing us on the streets, but they were, and still are, very polite and gracious.

None of the Christians have suffered in any way and all are proving their gratitude to God for His protection, by being very faithful and fervent. There is really a splendid attendance at Mass and prayers on Sundays. It is truly admirable during these hot months to see so many country Christians at Church. The heat has been very bad this whole month. For the Feast of the Assumption there was a record crowd. Father Moriarty had arranged to have the Crowning of Our Lady and an outdoor procession. The Christians were very enthusiastic and really entered heart and soul into the ceremonies. Fong Hsien was crown-bearer, and the two Yang girls her assistants.

There have been no deaths among the Christians since you left though the poor cooper was very close to the portals. Fr. Moriarty brought him to the mission and after two weeks of regular meals and medicine, he picked up and is able to work again. He was more starved than anything else. His brother is still with us and

also his daughter. The Ma Tso San Christians are in quite frequently. The poor, poor woman nearly went blind altogether. We gave her injections and multi-purpose food and I really think it is the latter which is helping her. The twins were in this morning. Both have had scarlet fever and dysentery but I think they will come through.

Dysentery has really been very bad all summer. I remember you telling us to expect it. On that advice, we ordered the emetine, sulphaquonadine etc. from Shanghai and it reached us just before Liberation. None of the other clinics were prepared, with the result that all those afflicted came to us. We held open clinic all day for dysentery cases. We cured many but many came too late. Since July 1st. we have had 112 baptisms in the clinic alone. Though we open the clinic at 6.30 a.m. we never close for lunch until well after noon hour. We register from 260 to 300 per day. Father Clement works all morning in the clinic and he averages 100 dressings daily. Miss Wei from Tong Yang assists him. Patients are coming from Lanchi, Niu, Wuni and even from Chuchowfu. A Chuchow Chris-

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## C H I N A

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*Established 1919*

Editor: F. T. O'GRADY, S.F.M.

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**Vol. XXX**

**No. 11**

**CHINA**





SR. ST. ANGELA

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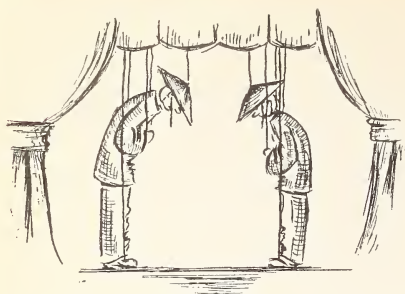
tian brought in a very sick child last week. Besides the medicine we gave her a few tins of Gerber's Baby Food and the child is really doing wonderfully well. The mother thinks there is magic in the Gerber tins. I hope she does not spread our fame around too much as we have little baby food left and have not much hope of getting any more from Catholic Welfare.

We continued caring for the wounded soldiers until the Liberation took them over. Those able to walk were repatriated and the bed-ridden were sent to the San Li and Fo Ing Hospitals and gradually sent back to their homes. We have received letters from many of them. I hope they persevere in their promise to continue their instructions. On the day that the first group were repatriated I had to pass the railroad station in my way to the refugee camp. Before I came in sight of the station I heard cheering and was somewhat startled to hear shouts of "Mo Mo, Mo, Mo." As I came closer I could see the soldiers waving their crutches, caps and towels. They were all lined up waiting to entrain for Hangchow and Nanchang. It was quite a different scene from that which we witnessed that cold January evening when we first met these poor soldiers at the same place.

The wounded-soldier chapter closed but a new one opened up to us. Since Liberation we have been caring for the refugees who are here by the hundreds. They are huddled together in camps outside the city and their lot is indeed a sorry one. Most of them make their living by selling water to the passengers on the trains. The children roam the streets all day begging. There was an epidemic of typhoid amongst the refugees during May and June. It was a hard struggle trying to pull them through. We visited them daily during those trying days and brought soup and nourishment to them. I am almost convinced that food is a better cure-all than any medicine. To several of the worst off families we gave a tan (sack) of rice as a starter on a little business for themselves. Most of them bought cigarettes and sat on the road side selling them. Six of the families are now doing a thriving little business for themselves and many of the others are making their daily rice—but no more. We keep a watchful eye on them yet and see that none starve. Mr. Li, the former catechist of Ya Mao Tien gives instructions in each camp and the people are very much interested. Many are enrolled as catechumens. There are a few Christians among them — some have three and four generations of Christianity behind them.

I am sure that you have heard that we have made good use of your air-raid shelter. Hundreds of people flocked to it during June, July and August when we had some frightening days. Father Moriarty had the water pumped out just a day or so before the first raid.

One of our priests had a very narrow escape during the early attack. He was standing at the foot of the stairs in the boys' school and had just fallen to the ground when a bullet went thru' the door where he had been standing. The bullet went through the beam on the stair-case, into the



next room and finally buried itself in the ground under the calendar picture of our Lady of Fatima. We found many stray ones throughout the compound. One went thru' the oldest Yang boy's room at the gatehouse but no one was injured. Another was found at your room door and others around the school. We had to close the clinic for a few days as the people really got panicky each time the planes came. One of our masons got hit as he darted from the clinic to the girls' school. There is no ching pao (alarm) system like in the old days so there is no way of knowing when the planes will come. When one hears them it is too late to lead a crowd to the dugout. Many people come early and stay all day around the shelter. We find that it makes a very good refrigerator as well as air-raid protector.

We were to Lanchi last month. The train is no longer running but the sampans are not too slow and we made good time both ways. Father Murphy is well and has his house full of students. He is bothered very little although the Church has been used for meetings several times. However, the soldiers are really very orderly and respect the sanctuary. We had Father Strang here for a visit in June. He biked both ways. Lately however, orders are that we may not travel without a pass. "Patsy" (the jeep) must be wondering why she

is left lying to rust for so long a time — all jeeps and trucks have been stationary since Liberation.

The French woman moved to Hang Chow yesterday as the University is transferred to the provincial capitol.

Prices seem to be stabilized — at least rice has been \$100.00 per pound for the past two months and that is something we were not accustomed to.

Respectfully,  
Sister St. Angela

*from*

EDWARD MORIARTY  
S.F.M.



Catholic Missions,

Kinhwa,

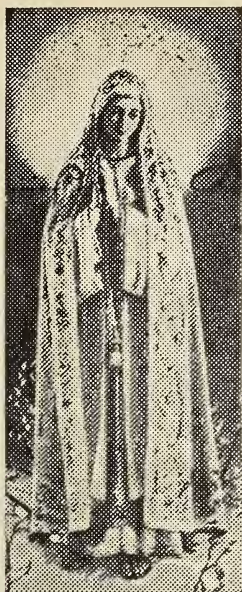
August 29, 1949.

Dear Monsignor Fraser:

No doubt you are anxious to get some news of Kinhwa. The arrival of the S.S. Gordon will be a good chance to get some mail off to you and I am asking Fr. McGoeys to get this letter through with him, if he can do so, before the departure of the Gordon.

You folks at home must be greatly concerned about events over here.





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Thanks be to God we are well and happy and the work is continuing almost as usual. Pukiang had to be closed for the time being, as also Niw and Wu Ni, Fr. Clement is living here with me, but it is not definite when he will be able to return to Pukiang. Meanwhile, it is being looked after from Tungyang by Fr. Kuo. Fr. Mo is in Lanchi with Fr. H. Murphy and he is looking after Tanchi from there.

On the Feast of the Assumption we had a very good crowd, with outdoor procession. The Christians recited the rosary during the procession and then we had the crowning of the statue of Our Lady in front of the priests' house. We then had the statue carried in procession to the church, and after my sermon I sang High Mass. It was really very fine and all went well. The Sunday attendance has been quite good, in fact, there has been no dropping off at all up to the present.

We have been harder hit than the

other places in the diocese as the air-raids have been fairly numerous. Mostly machine gunning and a little bombing. The dug-out is coming in very handy. I had it drained and keep it drained all the time. It is certainly a wonderful shelter. The past week we have had very few raids, but for a while it was bad. One man working at the convent got a bullet through his leg. One landed on top of the dugout, one outside your old room door. One in Mr. Yang's house and one in the school. These were all machine gun bullets, the bombing has been mostly outside the city. Thank God we are all well, and happy and are looking forward with confidence to the future.

The news of the General Chapter reached us yesterday. I am sure that the choice of Fr. McQuaid is a very happy one. Ad Multos Annos. I have just written him.

The Sisters are well and are very busy every day in dispensary. Fr. Clement is helping them for the time being. Fr. C. Murphy was here for awhile. He is now in Lungchuan with Fr. Hudswell.

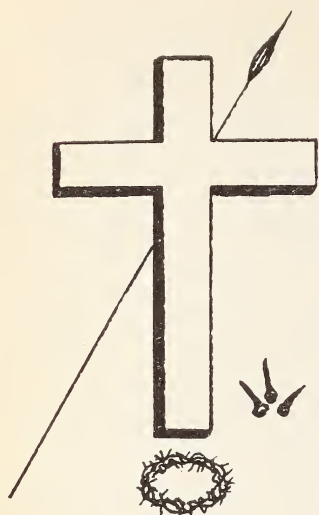
The country Christians are very good and are coming regularly. I was going to start a school this year, but due to difficulties have decided to wait for a while.

With best regards to all there. asking your prayers.

Sincerely in Christ,

E. Moriarty, S.F.M.





# When No Man Can Work

By

R. J. Pelow  
S.F.M.

*A Thought for November*

IN the Second Book of Machabees of the Old Testament we read of how the Jews defeated Gorgias, the governor of Idumea. After the victory Judas Maccabeus came to bury the Jews who fell fighting for their faith. However, he found concealed in their garments some of the votive offerings which they had taken from the idols of Jamnia. At once Judas prayed that their sin might be forgiven and sent "twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead." He did not believe their sin grievous because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. "Then the sacred writer adds those words so well-known to Catholics: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

With the month of November, the Church reminds us of the consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints — that the faithful on earth, the

Church Militant, can aid the souls in Purgatory, the Church Suffering, by prayers and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For man can produce fruit for eternal life only in this world, and not in the next. "The night cometh when no man can work." Once death has struck, man can engage in no meritorious activity, can do nothing to elevate himself to a higher degree of grace and beatitude. The souls in Purgatory cannot speed their final happiness by any efforts of their own, but only through the help of others, through the prayers and sacrifices of the living members of the Mystical Body of Christ who still being in this world are able in the grace of Christ to perform works of expiation.

Indeed throughout the month of the Holy Souls we should ever keep before our minds, especially at Mass, the words of St. Augustine: "There are some who have departed this life, not so bad as to be deemed unworthy of mercy, nor so good as to be entitled to immediate happiness."

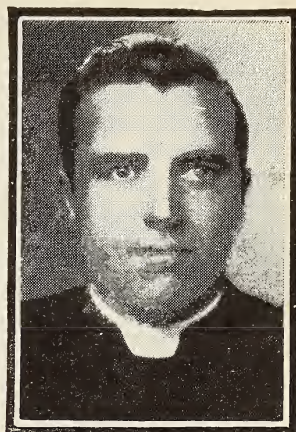


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# First Saturday

By

Francis Diemert  
S.F.M.



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**I**T was the First Saturday of June, and I was alone in the Parish of Yamasa, as the Pastor, Fr. McIver was in a campo for Mass, and Fr. Moylan was in Canada. As in so many countries the devotion of the First Saturdays in honour of Our Lady of Fatima, is rapidly becoming very popular. Before leaving for Canada Fr. Moylan had warned me to pay special attention to the virtue of patience on First Saturdays because as he said "the work was terrific for one priest."

So on the First Saturday of June, the early morning air was cool and fresh as is usual in tropical countries, and as I opened the front door of the "Casa Curial" (Rectorry) at 6.30, I felt prepared to meet the work that lay ahead. The children of Mary and people from the town had gone to confession the night before, so I thought I would have plenty of time to prepare for Holy Mass and get in a short meditation before the country people came flocking in for confessions.

But to my surprise as I reached our make shift Church (we are in the first stage of building a new church)

I noticed about ten people already lined up on either side of the confessional box. Putting off my meditation till later in the day, I walked straight into the box; while putting on the stole I asked God and the Blessed Virgin Mary for the patience and strength I knew I would need. At seven o'clock I distributed Holy Communion to those who wanted to get a cup of coffee before Mass. Then I went back to continue the priestly work of absolving sinners.

At eight o'clock the last bell rang for Mass, and looking over the crowd that had by this time completely encircled the confessional I said to myself "It is impossible to finish hearing all the confessions before Mass even if I waited two hours, so I might as well say Mass and hear the confessions afterwards."

Mass over, and after a very short thanksgiving I resumed the confessions, and by this time the nice cool air of the early morning which had seemed like a gentle breeze from heaven, had changed into what seemed like a blast from the opposite direction. It was hotter still, it seemed, by the fury of the prince of this world,

at seeing so many souls waiting to be freed from the slavery of sin.

For a second time and with a little more fervor I breathed a prayer for strength and then with my prayer answered, I continued to hear confessions till 12.30, making only one break to distribute Holy Communion at 10 o'clock.

After the last person had received absolution I again distributed the Bread of the Angels, to those good, simple, poor human beings. Then, with my soutane so damp from perspiration that it seemed I had been caught in a shower of rain, I returned to the Rectory for brunch and my mind occupied with the pleasant prospect of a quiet and peaceful siesta.

Hardly had I begun eating when a man entered the dining room, excused himself, and told me he had a little affair to talk over with me, and a little impatiently I told him to wait in the sitting room till I had finished my meal.



Breakfast finished, I went into the sitting room, but there was no sight of the man (he explained later that he had gone out to do a bit of shopping), but instead, there were two groups of people waiting for Baptisms. After scribbling down the required data I went over to the Church, and by the sacramental power snatched two more souls from the power of Satan.

While I had been performing the Baptisms, the man who had the little affair to talk over, had returned to the Rectory, so when I came into the house I asked him into the so-called office, offered him a cigarette and we lit up and sat down. I was thinking all the time that the "little affair" would be some marital difficulty he wanted settled.

Both of us were puffing away at native cigarettes, which taste like small cigars. I asked him "well what is your problem." "Padre," he said, "there is a man very sick out in the country and I was wondering if you would be kind enough to go out to hear his confession. He has been sick for some time and his family have not bothered at all about notifying the priest. So, as a neighbor, I considered it my obligation in charity, to come in and get the priest." — "Very Well," I said, "but where does the man live?" He told me that the house was near Dionicio's place. So then I knew that it was at least 3 hours





ride by mule, and not a very good road.

I called the boy, who works for us, and asked him to get a mule from the "portrero" (pasture field) and by the time I was ready to leave, he had the mule already saddled, making record time for once, and by two o'clock we were on our way to Rio Arriba (the upper river). After about an hour of riding, the clouds which had been threatening rain since noon, finally burst, making the mud path-way still worse, but at the same time cooling off the air.

At about 5 p.m. I reached the house only to find that the man had died about ten minutes previously. His forehead was still warm when I applied the Sacred Oils of Extreme Unction. I recited some prayers for the repose of his soul, then gave a rather long instruction to the family on their obligation as Catholics of calling for the priest when someone is seriously sick and not to wait till the person is too far gone to make a good confession and receive Viaticum. Then with the rain still falling, but not so heavily, and with a young man for a guide I started back for town.

The man who had come into town to get me, wanted me to stop at his place for something to eat, but I did not want to waste any time for fear that the rivers might get too high because of the rain. However, I was prevailed upon to stop for a few minutes, and the young daughter brought out a plate full of steaming hot cobs of corn, which they had boiled for their supper. They wanted me to take the whole plate full, but, being pressed for time, I satisfied them by stuffing a cob in each pocket and taking two more in my hands, to eat on the way. I must say that the corn was a real treat. With the reins in one hand and a cob of corn in the other, we started off again for home (and now I would have time for the meditation that had to be deferred in the morning). The rain soon let up,

but then darkness set in and after making a few false turns I thought of the flashlight I always carried in my sick-call kit. I gave it to the young man ahead, and it proved very helpful as we wound our way through trees, rivers and mud.

After about two hours riding in pitch darkness we turned a bend in a very high hill, and in the distance we could see the electric lights of the town, and believe me, I felt much relieved to know we were on the right path.

We still had more than an hour to ride but knowing that we were getting close to home relieved the tension and made the rest of the trip less provoking. Of course going down the hill and among the trees we lost sight of the lights for almost an hour but then when we saw them again we were only a stone's throw from home.

It was 9.30 when we pulled up the reins at the back door of the Casa Curial. And then I must have experienced something of the sentiment that inspired those lines of the famous song "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Then after a shower and a little lunch I was prepared for a good night's rest and for the early Mass next morning (Sunday) and another Mass later on in another Campo. However, this trip was to take place by jeep, which is a horse of a different colour.





# Notes from Our Novitiate

By  
William Cox  
S.F.M.

TO forward an application for entry into a Novitiate is a momentous decision in the life of any aspirant. It requires in a very special way, the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and the spiritual direction of his regular confessor. It demands of the applicant prayerful deliberation and courage.

Manifold are his perplexities as he subscribes himself to this Divine profession. The long years of study for the acquisition of the sacred sciences constitute a personal anxiety. Then there is the separation from his parents and friends and the familiar environment to him so dear. Will his physical and intellectual ability prove sufficient for the task at hand? Is his vocation a genuine call from the Master or merely a passing inspiration to a noble ideal.

Down through the years, the Holy Priesthood has played a dominant role in shaping his destiny. His character has been moulded by kindly pastoral advice. Those mistaken attitudes of earlier days have been corrected by zealous Sunday sermons and priestly associations.

His frequent confessions and communions were his mainstay during the years of adolescence and youthful fickleness. Possibly he was privileged to be present when the priest

administered the last sacraments and prepared a soul for eternal rest; how frequently he knelt in the church as the priest offered the nuptial mass and sent the newly-weds happily on their way with the blessings of Mother Church. Often times he saw the priest kneeling in the sanctuary for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament or making the Way of the Cross or reciting breviary.

All of these events were contributing factors leading to his wonderful decision. There loomed before him a sublime ideal — to be a priest according to the Heart of Jesus Christ. In all his deliberations, the grace of God has not been lacking. How transient and shallow are mundane attractions when compared with the beauty and purity of a fruitful priesthood? What magnificent glory will ascend to God from daily sacrifice of the Mass, offered with his own heart and hands. What an assurance of an eternal reward after a life of self surrender to Christ for the salvation of immortal souls.

His courage and convictions, animated by divine inspiration lead him to his beloved ideal. Imbued with the spirit of self sacrifice he is willing to forego all earthly things and to surmount all difficulties to achieve his heart's desire.



Thus far, however, the young aspirant has witnessed only the external manifestations of the priestly state. His associations have been only from the outer reaches of the altar railing. Now it is his happy privilege to enter the hallowed sanctuary, to live within the very shadow of the tabernacle; to learn the real beauty, the hidden sacrifices and sublime dignity of this Divine calling.

What God loves most in any priest, he soon learns, is not his depth of learning, nor his great talents for preaching nor any other natural endowment, but rather it is humility and obedience and the spirit of recollection and prayer.

The efficacy of the priesthood, he realizes, is a direct result of a personal love for Jesus Christ and the sweetness of priestly administrations is the first off-spring of spiritual union with the Heart of our Lord.

These impressions soon become deeply rooted in the heart of the young aspirant. Virtue, after all, is the only gift worthy of esteem in religion. His progress in holiness is of paramount importance for the success of his future ministry. It is not sufficient that he have a weak desire for perfection. The beginning of wisdom is an ardent desire to cultivate a fervent love of God.

This is the primary reason for those long years of preparation: His heart must be formulated like unto the Heart of Christ; His personal love for the Master must be tried and true. Those virtues which radiated so beautifully from the life of the First Priest must find their counter-part in the daily life of His true disciple.

Novitiate days in the final analysis is a period of trial. During these months the Aspirant comes face to face with Jesus Christ. His daily Mass and visits to the Blessed Sacrament enable him to draw new helps and graces. The regular examination of conscience soon reveals his predominant inclinations, his imperfec-

tions and the infirmities of human nature.

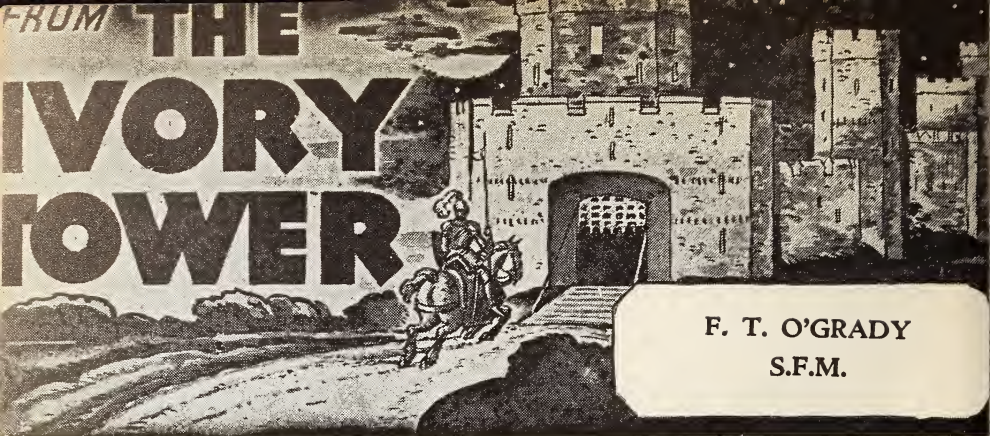
By meditation he is continually comparing his own life with the heroic life of our Lord and the Saints; Little by little he purges out the many obstacles to perfection thus leaving his soul delicately open to the generous promptings of the Holy Ghost and those divine graces so indispensable for his high state in life.

This obligation of aiming at perfect holiness while vastly important, is not a duty to be performed by constraint. If the aspirant is content with mediocrity in this regard, all the care and attention of his Superiors will avail but little; God's graces will make him good but not perfect.

St. Thomas of Aquin reminds us "the only way to save one's soul is to will to save it." So also in the natural order of things success comes only from the will to win. The aspirant soon realizes that if he sincerely wills and ardently desires to make progress in virtue, he will some day render himself perfect. Everything depends on his willing it and willing it seriously and effectually.

Almighty God is always ready to assist him but if the will is wanting. Divine impulses are unavailing. The aspirant must take his salvation to heart. It is his personal affair with God. He alone is concerned. He must become a saint before enjoying eternal happiness. For this alone should he desire to become a priest.





F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

ever wonder what mediocre means? it means to be a small letter man. no capitals. nothing is bigger or better or more important than anything else. all things, actions, people, have equal value. ideals do not lift one up. they are just as ordinary as commonplaces. everything is of middling quality, since mediocre means middle degree.

the mediocre man is colorless. medium height. medium weight. medium clothes. eyes like water. average sized nose. a mouth. teeth. hair. fairly-clean-shaven. skin. bones. two legs. two arms. head. torso. his face a blank because it has nothing to express. it simply reflects his mind. it too is blank. cesare lombroso said: "the appearance of a single great genius is more than equivalent to the birth of a hundred mediocrities."

the mediocre man is neither good nor bad, just medium. he can become either. but until he makes a choice, he is mediocre. to have him make a choice is a difficult achievement. as soon as he does, you have a chance to make something out of him. but he does not want to be made into anything. he prefers the easy existence he now has. no work, no responsibility, no worries, just a passive existence and a passive resistance to change, a reluctance which is genuine inertia.

the mediocre man will do no harm. he has no energy to be envious. he has no ambition nor does he want any. he closes his eyes when he sees evil around him for then he might have to do something about it. instead he retires into his vacuum. he is not interested in planning anything for the future. he merely journeys through echoes. the past is easier to get along with. it doesn't change. the present is of interest only insofar as it will soon be past. hence he has only a momentary interest in what is going on. the mediocre man will not harm you by his activity. he rather subsists than exists.

the mediocre man will stand for a lot. it's easier that way. he will suffer injustice because it's easier than to fight for one's rights. he will conform to a rule, whether the rule is imposed with reason or not, by proper authority or not. he will give lip service. he makes an ideal prisoner. concerning prison life in siberia, dostoevski said: "man is a pliable animal, a being who gets accustomed to everything." the mediocre man is the most pliable type of all.

whenever a mediocre man feels any sense of rebellion, it is usually caused by the presence of a person whose activity makes him look bad. he will harbour resentment. providing it does not take too much energy to do





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this. he is incapable of hatred. it is too demanding. he hopes the other fellow will go away. take another job. goethe said: "mediocrity has no greater consolation than in the thought that genius is not immortal." in the modern idiom, this same thought is expressed in the phrase: "drop dead!"

the mediocre man is ageless. he has not the energy and enthusiasm of youth, nor the ambition of later years, nor the grace and serenity of old age. his condition is not a matter of age. it cannot be measured nor numbered. no register can record it. it is the absence of quality in an incommensurable quantity. presumably it is a state, but he is neither hot nor cold, he has neither moods nor tenses. he is the man in the crowd you never forget because you never notice him. he is an animated cipher; not very animated though. a sort of low voltage current goes through him. you can scarcely tell whether his battery is being charged or whether energy is slowly exuding.

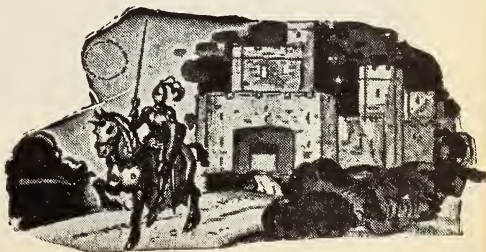
the philosopher alfred north whitehead used to insist on hard work from his students. it was either pass with honours or flunk. there were no "gentlemen's c's." this latter was invented for the benefit of the mediocre man.

one thing is definite about mediocre men. they exist in large numbers, almost overwhelming numbers. but that

is the only distinctive feature about them. there are a lot of them. they do little good. they also do little harm. briefly, they do little. simply because they *are* little. they say that there are two kinds of people in the world: those who are willing to work and those who are willing to let them. if he has to make a choice, the mediocre man will join the latter group.

mediocre men seldom bother the rest of mankind. they are not impressive, hence their achievements never stimulate rivalry. being harmless, in their own way, many people like them. victor hugo said it this way: "there is a sacred horror about everything grand. it is easy to admire mediocrity and hills; but whatever is too lofty, a genius as well as a mountain, an assembly as well as a masterpiece, seen too near, is appalling. . . . hence there is more dismay than admiration."

johnny one-note is a mediocre man. his idea of singing is to repeat the same note over and over again. there are no swells, no rhythm, no variation of any kind. he speaks in a monotone. he thinks conservatively, always opposing any change, no matter the direction. he sees everything in a somber brown, the middle of the spectrum. to him life is essentially dull. he knows that pius xi said that in this century "no man had the right to be mediocre," but he doesn't believe it. fortunately, others do. do you?





# **PRIESTS RETREAT IN H**

*Seated:* J. King; W. Matte; B. Kirby R  
*Standing:* R. Hymus; H. Steele; G. Courtright; M. MacSween; J. Ainslie; J.  
D. McNeil; J. Fullerton; J.W

CHINA





# DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Great Master; G. Doyle; C. MacDonald.

Alver; R. Moore; J. Moriarty; F. Diemert; J. Ernewein; W. Allen; L. Hart;  
sh; J. McCarthy; F. Moylan.



# The Pilgrim Virgin Visits Boston

By  
A. Chafe  
S.F.M.

**B**ECAUSE of my intimate connection with the Virgin of Fatima Pilgrimage through the entire Archdiocese of Santo Domingo, and knowing of the tremendous results that were being obtained spiritually through the "Pilgrim Virgin's" visits throughout the United States, I had vaguely wished that I might some day have the opportunity of being present to witness a reception of the Blessed Mother's statue in the latter country. My wish was realized on September 30th when I had the happiness of accompanying Monsignor McGrath, S.F.M., in the very car with the Virgin's statue, as it left New York for a visit to the Parish of Norwood in the Archdiocese of Boston.

Arriving at the Massachusetts border a Police patrol sped us to within a few miles of Norwood, near Boston, where a large motorcade formed to accompany the Statue into the parish of St. Catherine of Siena where the Pastor, Monsignor Minihan, had arranged a three-day stay to be climaxed by an outdoor ceremony on Sunday, October 2nd. During the three days at Norwood an estimated 75,000 people venerated the famed Statue. Thirty thousand participated in a street-procession Sunday afternoon preliminary to the solemn crowning of the "Pilgrim Virgin" by Archbishop Cushing, of Boston, his first

public appearance within his Archdiocese following his return from a visit to Ireland.

Following the sermon by Monsignor McGrath and a talk by Archbishop Cushing, Msgr. Minihan read to the great crowd the following remarkable message from General Carlos P. Romulo, the Philipino President of the United Nations' General Assembly; a message to which we are glad to give publicity as an example of a Christian statesman publicly proclaiming to the world his belief in the efficacy of Our Lady's intervention on behalf of world peace:

### *General Romulo's Message*

"I join wholeheartedly in praying for peace of the world with the faithful who have congregated in Norwood to honor and venerate Our Lady of Fatima.

"We are learning all over again in this atomic age the lesson of Mary's Son Who taught men that peace cannot be won by the sword, but only through rebirth of the spirit.

"I have set peace, for which mankind yawns so ardently, as the goal of our labours in the General Assembly. We cannot attain peace through pacts and covenants and professions of good will alone.



"A just peace cannot be secured nor will it endure unless it springs from a renewal of Christian life expressed in good will among men and amicable co-operation among nations.

"The apparition of Our Lady of Fatima 32 years ago illuminated the path to lasting peace. May the peoples of the world learn to follow that path with invincible faith, devotion, charity and hope."

### *"The Pilgrim Virgin"*

The triumphal march of the Virgin of Fatima goes on with ever-increasing enthusiasm throughout the United States. Including the 49-day visit to Canada towards the end of 1947, the "Pilgrim Virgin" statue now has been venerated in more than 50 Dioceses and visited almost one thousand churches and innumerable institutions. More than four million people have crowded churches, stadia and public parks all the way from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and along the great Pacific Coast to do Her honour and to share in the huge spiritual benefits which everywhere have marked Her visits.

### *Bishop's Letter*

Typical of what has resulted from the Blessed Mother's influence wherever she has been received is expressed in the following letter written to Monsignor McGrath, S.F.M., in charge of the Pilgrim Virgin's tour throughout America, by His Excel-



lency, Thomas A. Connolly, Coadjutor Bishop of Seattle.

"Two weeks of spiritual enthusiasm with deep and far-flung results are about to end in the Diocese of Seattle. The cause of it all was the small statue of Our Lady of Fatima, which has been entrusted 'on tour' to Father Pat. Moore, S.F.M., and your good self. She has visited all the principal cities and communities of our diocese and everywhere the sweet light of Her smile has conquered the hearts of her children, even those who have wandered far away from Her. On every side she has given testimony of Her maternal kindness and I am firmly convinced that Her visit will have a lasting effect upon the spiritual sensibilities of our Catholic people here in the Northwest.

"In accordance with this conviction we have directed our pastors to establish permanently in their parishes the Devotion of the Five First Saturdays in honour of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and to initiate, where the practice is not already observed, the custom of the daily recitation of the Rosary in our parish churches. I feel that this devotion will be the means of renewing the graces which came to the Diocese through the visit of the Pilgrim Virgin and of rendering to Our Lady the reparation which She so urgently requested."



### *Coming to Canada*

This century has not witnessed anything to compare with the spiritual regeneration occasioned by this "hurrying around the world" of Our Lady of Fatima as she seeks to make known everywhere Her message of World Peace and Salvation delivered thirty-two years ago to an erring world.

Here in Canada there are thousands anxiously awaiting a return visit of the famous statue. Several Canadian Bishops have already invited Monsignor McGrath to include their Dioceses in the itinerary of the Virgin, and we are in a position to state that

Canada will have its opportunity to welcome the Pilgrim Virgin as soon as present plans are carried out for the United States tour.

Meantime, as devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima takes hold throughout the Nation, many are preparing for Her visit to Canada by faithfully practising the devotions She has asked for, viz. those of the Communion of Reparation on the Five First Saturdays, the daily recitation of Her Rosary, and the Consecration to Her Immaculate Heart. Canada shall bear new witness to the power of God's Mother when She comes again to go about, like Her Divine Son, doing good.

## ~ MAIL FOR CHINA ~

Since the Communists took possession of Shanghai it has been impossible to send letters from Canada to China. Very few have been the letters that the missionaries could get out of China to their families and friends.

But a way has at last been found whereby the families and friends of missionaries in China may communicate with them by mail. Write them, addressing your letters to any individual priest or sister at each one's own Mission, and then put that addressed envelope inside another one addressed as follows:

**REV. F. MCGUIRE, C.M.,  
CATHOLIC WELFARE COMMITTEE OF CHINA,  
KING'S BUILDING (1ST FLOOR),  
HONG KONG, CHINA.**

Father McGuire will do his best to get your mail delivered in China. Send it air-mail to Hong-Kong. Until further notice, do not attempt to send parcels. Anything of a non-perishable nature you may wish to send to China could be sent to the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs and kept here till an opportunity may be found to have someone take it to China. Money you may wish to send to China could also be sent to the Seminary. We do not know when normal communications will be established by mail with China; in the meantime we remain deeply indebted to Father McGuire for his services and we thank him in the name of all the relatives of our priests and sisters who will once more have the happiness and satisfaction of getting their mail through to their loved ones in China.



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# Missionary Nightmare

By

John E. Gault  
S.F.M.



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**P**EDRO SANCHEZ is a small village, situated in the large parish of Santa Cruz del Seibo. It is one of the twenty odd mission stations pertaining to the parish. Unlike most of the other missions, it possesses a roomy, wooden chapel which is kept in good shape by a faithful old catechist.

This settlement, like thousands more throughout Latin America, celebrates the feast of its patron saint with great pomp and rejoicing. To make doubly sure of patronal protection, the people of Pedro Sanchez chose both St. Peter and St. Paul as their heavenly intercessors. The feast falls on June 29th.

Shortly after my appointment to the parish, this date bobbed up. Of course, I was invited to take charge of the religious side of the programme. This meant making the trip by horse on the day prior to the feast so as to have everything in readiness. However, being a newcomer to the district, I had not yet carried out the important business transaction of

buying a horse. Fortunately, a kind parishioner came to my aid and a lively, black horse was placed at my disposal. Alas! someone else did the disposing. On the feast day itself, while I was busy with the spiritual needs of the people, my sacristan took the animal and entered the horsemanship tournament. This turned out to be so much horse-play and my steed-for-the-day was returned in very poor condition. The owner almost burst into tears upon seeing the beast and needless to say, it was never placed at my disposal again.

The Apostles saw to it that ideal weather blessed the celebrations in their honour. The tropical sun sizzled its way across a cloudless sky which arched from one mountain-fringed horizon to the other.

By the time I had heard confessions and had attended to a few other matters, a large crowd had assembled in and around the chapel. People had gradually emerged from the surrounding hills and jungle. Some had made the journey on horses, mules and

donkies but the majority hiked it in their bare feet with precious shoes slung over their shoulders.

Mass began about nine o'clock and everything had been going along very piously until the reading of the Gospel. Then, an imported band approached the chapel blaring forth at full strength. At the same time, a number of "caballeros" took advantage of the clear roadway to put their steeds through the paces. The noise of many hooves hitting against the hard, dry ground vied with the band in distracting my sweltering congregation. All this made me hot under the collar in more ways than one. When I turned to the people to give an instruction, they received nothing more than a tirade and a threat that I would never return to their village unless greater respect was manifested for religious matters. My words fell on unappreciative ears. The natives believe the greater the noise the greater are the celebrations and the greater the celebrations the greater is the respect shown to their patron saints.

Nevertheless, I continued the Mass to its completion in peace and quiet. I strongly suspect that the silence was not a prayerful one. It was most likely a resentful submission to the foreign priest's strange whims. Really, it was just another clash between the staid Anglo-Saxon and the exuberant Latin mentalities.

The last syllable of the prayers after Mass had scarcely begun to vibrate its way heavenward through the heavy, chapel atmosphere when the crowd rushed upon me. They had only one thought in mind and it was not the one you are thinking they had. No, they had no intentions of ousting me by force. On the contrary, they were going to make sure that I did not get out of the chapel. At least, not until I had baptized all their children. They gave me no time for a brief thanksgiving, no time for break-fast.

At this crucial moment I discovered that my sacristan could neither read nor write his native tongue. This meant that I would have to do all the secretarial as well as the ministerial work. If you have never been a foreigner working among a simple, uneducated native population then you will not appreciate this point. It was no easy task spending several consecutive hours trying to interpret their modes of expression and vocabulary in the light of the Spanish grammars which I had perused in learning the language of Cervantes.

However, I had no choice but to resign myself to the task. As soon as I sat down at a little table everyone tried to win my attention, but I doggedly insisted on concentrating my efforts on one person at a time. The conversation went along something like this:

"What is the child's name?"

"Maria Dolores del Corazon de Jesus."

"When was she born?"

"Ummmmm, let's see. Her parents were married two or three years after the big cyclone."

"Yes, yes. That happened in 1930."

"Little Maria was the fourth child. No, that can't be right. Perhaps she was the fifth."

"But, you must give me the exact date of her birth."

"Well, her parents may know but they did not come to the fiesta. She must be three or four years of age."

By this time, I had taken another glance at the civil document of registration which had been placed before me. The date given on it was evidently wrong. According to it, the child was only a few months old while the youngster presented for baptism was able to walk, talk and put up a spirited resistance to the efforts of the befuddled godfather to keep her quiet. Finally, in despair, I made a guess at the date and placed a question mark after it. Then the questionnaire continued:





"What are the names of the child's parents?"

"Panchito and Quica."

"Those are nicknames. I must have their real names."

"But, Padre, I have been their neighbour for years and I have never heard them called anything else. Perhaps the godmother knows."

"Where is she?"

"Ohhhh! She went to visit her cousin who lives about two kilometres from here, on the other side of the river. I will go and ask her."

Unperturbed, he pushed his way through the pressing crowd while the child clung tenaciously to his coat-tail. He returned hours later with the information.—One must not lose patience on such occasions but quietly turn to the next person. It is foolish to waste energy on expressions of disgust when one knows that several similar cases will present themselves before the day is over and every ounce of stamina will be needed to cope with the situation.

By about eleven thirty I decided to call a halt to the task of recording information and procede with the first group of baptisms. After much ado, I managed to line up the candidates, with their respective godparents, in a large semi-circle before the sanctuary. I counted twenty-five heads awaiting the waters of baptism.—If you have ever assisted at a baptism or two you may have wondered at the brevity of

the ceremony but when the number rises to twenty-five you will wonder at its length.

It was going on toward one o'clock by the time I had finished. I insisted on getting something to eat. Amid a chorus of protesting voices, I made my way to a nearby dwelling. Only then I realized that, due to the long fast and excitement, my appetite had disappeared. Within a few moments I had satisfied myself with a small portion of rice and beans, a banana and a demitasse of black coffee. Immediately, I returned to the chapel and its anxious occupants.

They closed in on me as I sat down to the task, once again, of recording baptismal data. From one o'clock till about five, I did not leave my post behind the little table. When the last entry had been made, I counted up the persons to be baptised in the second group. There were exactly one hundred. Such a large number, together with their godparents, could not find sufficient space within the confinement of the chapel. So, I had them all gather under a large tree which was growing in the yard. They formed a huge circle in the centre of which I had a table placed, containing all the requirements for the ceremony.

Have you ever witnessed the baptism of a tired and querulous child? What were your impressions? Now, while suppressing all excessive expression of your impressions, just multiply the situation a hundredfold. Thus, you have some notion of the scene which took place in the tropical village of Pedro Sanchez on that feast of Saints Peter and Paul.

We were no more than half-way through the ceremony when night fell. The secretary took his place beside me, holding a crude, brown candle the flame of which flickered perilously in the breeze. Again and again we made our way around the human cordon which encompassed us, like two weary prisoners seeking an avenue of escape.

By nine o'clock all was in readiness for the essential part of the Sacrament—the pouring of the water. Up to this point, everything had been conducted in very orderly fashion. However, with the realization that the big moment had arrived that rigid, human band buckled and distorted itself; so that what had appeared to be a large wheel without an axle transformed itself into a solid axle without a wheel. The crowd so pressed in upon me that I felt as if a huge serpent had entwined itself about me. No longer did I have need of my own strength to remain standing. The mass of humanity about me gave support on all sides.

In the faint, wavering light of the candle, I could see a child's head and the large, rough hand of some god-father, holding a slip of paper which contained the name of the would-be Christian. As soon as I had poured the water upon the head and had pronounced the words: "Ego te baptizo . . .", it would disappear and another would take its place. This was repeated a hundred times over.

Having completed this necessary portion of the ceremony, I discovered that the vast majority of the people had dispersed. Less than twenty candidates remained for the completion of the administrations. The natives knew what was essential for the valid reception of the Sacrament and felt justified in omitting the non-essentials. After all, most of them had to make their way on foot, some by animal, for several miles through dark jungle and over difficult mountain paths. Many would not reach their homes before dawn the following morning.

With a sigh of relief I uttered the: "Vade in pace et Dominus sit vobiscum", which concludes the sacred rites of Baptism.

Upon entering the chapel to gather my belongings, I discovered that there were seven more children awaiting the reception of the Sacrament. Suddenly, I seemed to lose all my

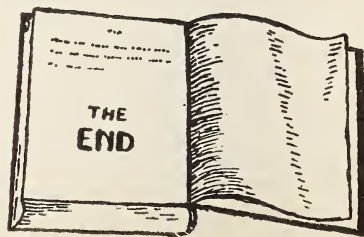
strength and eased myself into an old, wooden chair. Realizing that it would do no good to complain, I wrote down the information and performed the ritual once again but this time "ex cathedra." Some may roundly condemn me for such a flagrant violation of the sacred Roman liturgy but it did seem so practical to me at the time.

By ten thirty, I was alone with a few companions. They kindly packed the saddle bags for me while I changed from the soutane to my riding togs. Within a few minutes we were on our horses and heading for home.

I had taken nothing since noon, not even a drink of water. As we trotted along, someone handed me a bit of food, which turned out to be stale soda biscuits. They just didn't hit the spot.

It was after midnight when we arrived at the parish house. It also happened to be Sunday morning. The parish Mass had to be offered and I could not break my fast. So, it was off to bed for a few hours sleep.

There was one consolation. I did not have to follow the same routine every day. One hundred and thirty-two baptisms, performed under such conditions, constitute a little more than a regular day's work. Then too, there are not that many baptisms on every mission trip. On the two preceding occasions I had baptized only eighty-one, and one hundred and two, respectively.







# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

(This page is written by Father Chafe this month and I'm sure you will find his story very interesting).

I am sure all of you have read or heard much about the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Fatima that is being taken on visits all through the United States. It was in many places in Ontario, Canada, two years ago. Not alone is the statue taken to churches, but often it visits schools, orphanages, hospitals, and other institutions. One of the grandest things about Our Lady's Tour is the delight shown by the children when they see Her statue which is really a most beautiful one. They like to come and touch it and to kneel in prayer before their Heavenly Mother, and I think Our Lady is very pleased to give a special blessing to Her little ones.

I have a little card that was given to me by the priest in charge of Our Lady of Fatima's statue. It is a bit of plain green cardboard folded like a Christmas card. On the cover is a drawing of a basket of flowers and a butterfly over the flowers, and in colored crayon, in a child's printed letters, are the words "TO YOU." Inside, written by an eight-year-old girl, in pencil, are those words: "You brought peace everywhere, Your face is very calm and fair. Every night I

say my prayer to you, my Lady Fair." And the name signed beneath this child's verse is Loretta Claudia Kleppe. I must tell you a few words about Loretta, which I think will please you and Loretta, and the Blessed Virgin, too.

While the Virgin's statue was visiting in the Diocese of Ogdensburg, New York, it was taken to Gabriel's Sanatorium. A Sanatorium, you know, is a hospital where people go to get cured when they have tuberculosis. Little Loretta has been there, sick, a long time. When she heard the Blessed Virgin was coming to visit the Hospital she started to prepare her little card as a welcome to place at her feet, and all the money she got to buy candy she placed in the envelope with the card and so she offered the Blessed Virgin her card and 79 cents the day she came to Gabriel's. And Loretta was very happy indeed when she herself placed the envelope at the feet of Our Lady as her Sister-nurse brought her to see the statue. There is nothing very surprising about this little story, except that Loretta is not a Catholic—but she is a lover of God's dear Mother, Mary.



Dear Father Jim,

We get the CHINA magazine regularly. I have read in one of the CHINA magazines that you want stamps so I am collecting them for you. I receive Holy Communion daily and I say the prayer for the conversion of the infidels every night. I put every penny I get in my mite box. Father Jim, I would like if you can get me a pen pal.

Bill Shepherd,  
66 Elm Street,  
Port Colborne, Ontario.

Dear Bill,

Thank you for the stamps and keep up those prayers. They are very powerful, especially when they are added to Holy Communion. That's the best of all. When you receive, please ask our Divine Saviour to give the grace of a missionary vocation to more boys and girls. We need priests and sisters who will leave their homes and families in Canada and go off to China, Santo Domingo or Japan. We could use thousands of them. In fact, tomorrow we could use 5,000 . . . I mean there's a place for that many right now! So keep up those prayers. As for getting a pen pal, why don't you write

to Lawrence Lunney of Pakenham, Ontario. Tell him where you live and all about yourself. You will get an interesting letter from him I'm sure. Thank you for the gift from your mite box too. God bless you.

Dear Father Jim,

I am already a Rose Bud and wish to organize a Rose Bud Club here. I have one member already; he is my cousin. Send him the Prayer promises and a mite box.

Marguerite LaPointe,  
259 Charlotte,  
Port Colborne, Ontario.

Dear Marguerite,

Good for you! I'm delighted to see such enterprise and zeal for the missions. The more members we get the more we can help the children in China and elsewhere. Thank you and God bless you for the extra help.

Dear Father Jim,

I saved some money in my mite box. My little sister Dorothy is helping me fill it. Here are some stamps too.

Ann Smith,  
Buckingham, Quebec.



Hello Ann,

Thanks to you and to Dorothy for your present to the missions. I'm glad we have such self-sacrificing Buds in our Rose Garden. Every time you help with stamps or money or best of all with your prayers, you are doing the work of a missionary. We are grateful for helping us bring the faith to the children of China, Santo Domingo and Japan.

Dear Father Jim,

*I suppose you have forgotten about me because I wasn't helping the missions very much. I would like to have a membership card for the Rose Garden, and a mite box to save my pennies.*

*I passed my exams alright and am going to Mabou Convent for my grade eleven. Would it be possible for me to have my name in the pen-pal column as I would like to hear from boys and girls in distant lands such as Ireland, Scotland and England?*

*Enclosed you will find a present for the missions in the form of a renewal to the China magazine. Would you please remember my mother in your prayers as she is not too well.*

*Helen Rose O'Toole  
Brighton Avenue,  
Sydney Mines, N.S.*

Dear Helen Rose,

Indeed I had not forgotten you. The card has been sent as well as the mite-box. I hope your mother feels better; I shall remember that intention at Mass.

Your name will appear in the pen-pal list alright but it may take me some time. Why not go ahead and write yourself to some pen pals?

Dear Father Jim,

*Some time ago I received this mite box in which I was to put spare pennies for the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I saved quite a bit and am sending you a money-order for the amount. Use it for the foreign mis-*

*sions. Please remember me in your prayers.*

*Anna Margaret Smith  
Box 204,  
Iroquois Falls, Ont.*

Dear Anna Margaret,

Thank you indeed for the gift to the missions. I was glad to receive it for the pagan children. They need your help so badly and have to depend on all our Rose Buds. That's why every mite box in the country is doing such a good job. Yes, Anna, I pray for all the Buds and I'm sure they pray for me and for one another too. That will make us all love God more which is what we want isn't it? Thanks again.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am sending you this money for the Chinese. I go to school every day and am now in Grade four. I like school very much; I am ten years old. Goodbye Father.*

*Dorothy Bungay  
Lourdes,  
Port au Port, Nfld.*

Hello Dorothy,

Thank you for the fruit of your sacrifices for the missions. The children of China and Japan will thank you too. Your efforts to help them will bring the true Faith with its chance for salvation. How can they know about the happiness of heaven unless some missionary goes to tell them about it? That's where you come in. Your gift will bring this about. Keep up the good work in school.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## HALIFAX, N.S.

Young, Sheila, 7, 30 Merkel St.; Miller, Carol, 7, 9 I Wellington Court; Hessian, Betty, 7, 26 Hennessey Place; Eison, Carol, 7, 16 Merkel Place; Doiron, Myrtle, 7, Pier 9; Sullivan, Maureen, 7, 283½ Maynard; Watson, Gloria, 6, 1 Columbus Pl.; Fougere, Carol, 7, 84 Devonshire Ave.; Gallant, Valerie, 7, 10 B Wellington Court; Burke, Geraldine, 7, 1 Hilford St.; Kervin, Florence, 8, 1420 Barrington St.; Sidney, Betty, 7, 27 Roome St.; O'Halloran, Grace, 7, 656 Robie St.; Martin, Carolyn, 7, 133 North St.; Squires, Dianne, 9, 2 Devonshire Ave.; Beazley, Beverley, 6; Foley, Phyllis, 6, 15 Columbus Pl.; Le Blanc, Anna, 7, 256 Agricola St.; Carroll, Helen, 7, 147 North St.; Brundige, Faye, 7, 672 Robie St.; Fultz, Jeannette, 7, 414 Agricola St.; Cooper, Donna, 7, 841 Robie St.; Flannigan, Elizabeth, 7, 23 Almon St.; Forest, Donna, 7, 119 Young St.; Taylor, Carole, 7, 18 D Wellington Court; McKenzie, Myrna, 9, 33 Veith St.; Hartling, Shirley, 8, 53 Bloomfield St.; Moore, Sharon, 7, 373 Agricola St.

## FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

Benedet, Maxine, 10, 309 S. May St.; Bukovy, Rudy, 9, 215 Ogden St.; Cano, Marjorie, 9, 237 Dease St.; Carriere, Leo, 12, 1051 Dease St.; Coffey, Lillian, 10, 436 N. Brodie St.; Coghlan, Kitty, 10, 325 S. Brodie St.; Colosimo, Elizabeth, 10, 321 S. May St.; Connelly, Dorothy, 10, 358 N. Archibald St.; Doherty, Jack, 11, 130 Bethune St.; Donylyk, Darlene, 10, 606 Northern Ave.; Dorval, Edmond, 13, 813 Kyles St.; Douglas, Ellen, 11, 370 N. John St.; Flanagan, Beverley, 10, 141 S. Archibald St.; Hill, George, 10, 205

Simpson St.; Jackson, Maurice, 11, 433 Wiley St.; Karam, Ronald, 10, 492 N. Harold St.; Kedge, Peter, 10, 493 N. Marks St.; MacLeay, John, 10, 503 Prince Arthur Blvd.; Malicki, Albin, 10, 304½ Victoria Ave.; Malicki, Patricia, 9, 304½ Victoria Ave.; Malo, Raymond, 10, 324 N. Harold St.; Morettin, Ronald, 10, 217 Leith St.; McNeil, Helene, 10, 209 Bethune St.; Nault, Barbara, 12, 117 Cumming St.; Percheson, Larry, 10, 606 Northern Ave.; Prouse, Terry, 11, 343 N. Brodie St.; Rossetti, John, 9, 230 Robertson St.; Schelling, Gayle, 10, 312 Heron St.; Sdao, John, 11, 132 Pruden St.; Syvitski, Raymond, 10, 121 S. Brodie St.; Turner, Joan, 11, No. 2 Coronation Bldg.; Vangel, Rudy, 10, 131 Heron St.; Wenzell, Dorothy, 9, 619 Simpson St.; Zawacki, Jim, 10, 443 N. John St.; Lang, Deanna, 10, 339 N. Harold St.

## OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Anderson, Catherine, 10, 23 Crichton St.; Beaudoin, Marlene, 13, 38 Gloucester St.; Bryson, Anathalie, 15, 38 Gloucester St.; Cook, Lucie, 11, 344 Waverly St.; Dorion, Margaret, 13, 234 Rochester St.; Feeney, Marlyne, 12, 145 Cobourg St.; Gadbois, Gwendolyn, 11, 111 Rosemont Ave.; Gammon, Maureen, 12, 972 Gladstone Ave.; Heney, Janet, 10, 111 Cooper St.; Horne, Helen, 10, Regent St.; Horne, Mary, 11, 33 Regent St.; Kirk, Helen, 13, 92 Gloucester St.; Le Blanc, Lenore, 12, 305 MacKay St.; O'Shaughnessy, Mary Ann, 11, 38 Gloucester St.; Smith, Shirley, 12, 521 King Edward Ave., Apt. 1; Starrs, Jean, 12, 263 Somerset St. W.; McManus, Patricia, 10, 168 Osgoode St.; Andrews, Dolores, 14, 461 Brennan Ave.; de Varennes, Dorothy, 12, 56 Bertrand St.; Gwynne, Lorraine, 12, 805 Carling Ave.; Hanrahan, Maureen, 14, 60 Herrige St.; Howell, Noreen, 13, 30 Foster St.; McFarlane, Patricia, 14, 91 Flora St.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Mary A. Humphrie, 14, Melrose, Nfld.; Comeau, Eleanor, 7, 1 Bloomfield St., Halifax, N.S.; Allan, Katharine, 6, 104 Ontario Ave., Hamilton, Ont.; Carey, Mary Leslie, 11, Islay, Alta.; MacNeil, M. Josephine, 9, Egerton, Pictou Co., N.S.; Malcolm, Rosemary, East Chezzetcook, Hal. Co., N.S.; Dupuis, Betty, 13, 56 Station St., Amherst, N.S.; Rent, James, 12, 444 Connaught Ave., Halifax, N.S.

## NORTH HARBOR, Nfld.

Power, May, 16; Meaney, Raymond, 7; Power, Patrick, 13; Whelan, Ronald, 12; Power, Annie, 15; Power, Mary, 14; Power, Catherine, 14.

## WEYMOUTH, N.S.

Doucet, Clara, 13.

## YARMOUTH, N.S.

Guinan, Marguerite, 12, Barnard St.



SAVE STAMPS FOR THE MISSIONS





# Honour Roll

of the

## Scarboro Foreign Mission

KNOW ye all men by these presents that the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society hereby declares the following schools as worthy of special mention in the annals of Canadian Mission History because of their share in this apostolate. Be it known that by the prayers and monetary sacrifices which they have offered to the said Scarboro Foreign Mission Society they have made a notable contribution to this work and such aid must be duly acknowledged. They may really and truly call themselves friends and helpers of the said Society and must be recognized by all as veritable missionaries.

*With special pride we this month want to mention the following as deserving of special praise:*

St. Francis School Toronto, Ontario	Presentation Convent School Cathedral Square St. John's, Nfld.
Holy Family School Timmins, Ontario	St. Joseph's School, Leslie Street Toronto, Ont.
St. Stanislaus School Fort William, Ontario	St. Patrick's Convent De Salaberry Avenue Quebec, Quebec
St. Bonaventure's College St. John's, Nfld.	St. Ann's School Boulton Avenue Toronto, Ont.
College St. School Halifax, N.S.	
St. Joseph's College North Bay, Ontario	

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# ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## Thanksgiving

Many thanks to Our Lady, the Sacred Heart, St. Anthony, St. Francis, St. Anne, St. Joseph, Little Flower, Mother Cabrini, for special favours. Mrs. E.C.D.

\* \* \*

## Books Wanted

The Coming Age of Wood, by Glesinger.

Growth or Decline, by Suhard.

The House of Gold, by Barrett.

Philosophy of Education, by T. Shields.

\* \* \*

## Dominican Republic

Very Rev. Thomas McQuaid, S.F.M., our Superior General is now in the Dominican Republic on his first visitation of that mission field. Fathers Keeler and Wall who were recently assigned to that mission accompanied him on the trip. The latter will have to spend some six months learning the language before assignment to a parish.

After visiting every parish and making a thorough survey of the problems and conditions to be found in that country Father McQuaid will return to our headquarters in Scarboro. As we go to press, a letter from him tells of his arrival and of seeing several of our missionaries all of whom are in the best of health.

\* \* \*

## China

The letters which we receive each month from China during these troubled times will be published to keep our readers informed on the latest conditions over there. On arrival in Toronto, November 2nd,

Father McGoeys assured us of the good health of all the priests and sisters in the Orient. The economic situation is very difficult indeed under the Communistic government but our missionaries are able to carry on with the help of your prayers and generosity. Please remember all of them in your family rosaries.

\* \* \*

## Japan

Our latest contingent of missionaries will have landed in Japan by the time you read this. Fathers McRae, Kelly, Flaherty and Cummins will join Fathers Dwyer and MacIntosh in the land of the rising sun.

\* \* \*

## Pray For Our Dead

Canon George O'Toole, pastor of Our Lady of Good Counsel parish, Ottawa. Canon O'Toole was formerly the pastor at Almonte, Ont., where our Society began in 1918. He has always been a great friend of the missions and has interested himself in our work, R.I.P.

Mrs. John O'Reilly, mother of Rev. John B. O'Reilly, S.T.L., of Toronto.

Miss Eliz. McNamara, Peterborough, Ont.

Miss Agnes Mahoney, Toronto, Ont.

Miss Bridget Mahoney, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Robert Harris, St. John, N.B.

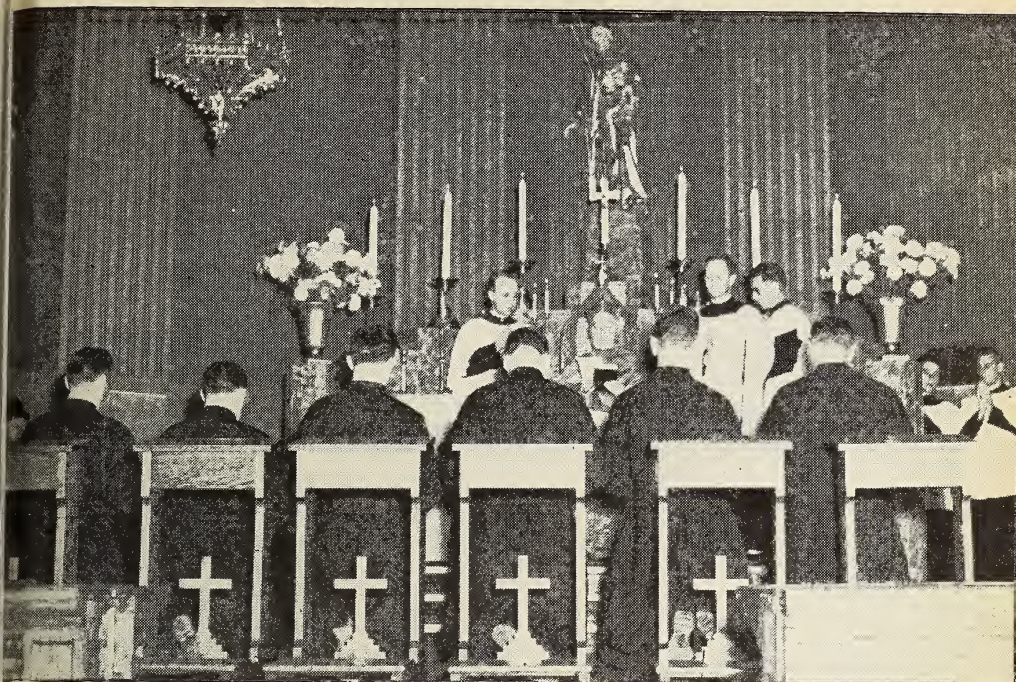
Mrs. Barbara Roach, Port Colborne, Ont.

Mr. C. B. Murphy, of Montreal and Sydney, father of Rev. C. B. Murphy, S.F.M., a priest of our Society now in China.

Mr. J. J. Carolan, Toronto, Ont.



## DEPARTURE FOR JAPAN AND SANTO DOMINGO



His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan hears the missionaries taking the oath.



C. Cummins, A. McRae, J. Keeler, P. Flaherty, G. Kelly, L. Wall.



# November

## *Month of the Holy Souls.*

*Remember during this month especially to pray for the members of the Church Suffering. The family rosary and above all Mass and Holy Communion can help them.*





# C H I N A

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

DECEMBER 1948







The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society extends

## Christmas and New Year's Greetings

to all its friends and wishes for you God's  
choicest blessings.

It is a happy season, one in which to express  
our thanks to the Christ Child and to His Holy  
Mother. At the same time we recall that the  
prayers and sacrifices of our lay friends, co-  
missioners with us, make possible the work on  
the missions.

May you have a holy and a happy Christmas  
and may God's graces be with you through 1949.

John E. McRae,  
Superior General.



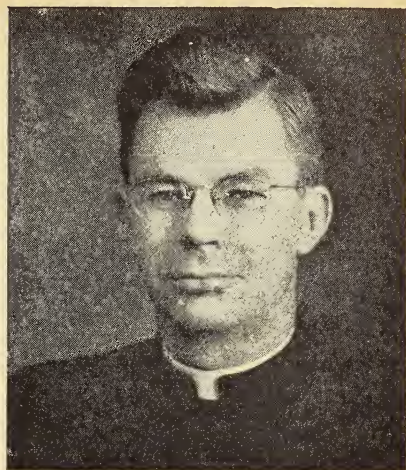


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*Boys*  
*Will*  
*Be*  
*Boys*

BY  
HAROLD MURPHY  
S. F. M.

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OUR Lanchi mission compound is always swarming with boys!

All kinds of boys! Big and small, fat and lean, sloppy and neat, serious and lazy!

Each lad is different from the next one. Each personality a study in itself, a joy to one who loves boys!

Let us take a look at some of them!

There is Louis — a handsome lad of fifteen — with his hair always hanging down over his face — always with a smile — always asking questions. His curiosity—even for a boy — is remarkable!

Sometimes, to keep peace, the pastor tells a story. In the interior of China there are few movies, comics or story books and so the boys — even the older ones — listen to a story with breathless attention. The other evening we told them a story about Tarzan of the Apes.

The next morning I marched Louis with some questions.

Where did Tarzan come from? Who was his father and mother? Exactly how big was he? Could an ape really raise a child? How did he learn to speak? Etc. etc. etc.

We will tell no more Tarzan stories.

And there is Louis' bosom pal, John. He is always in trouble.

We have here a very serious catechist. Last week Louis saw my dog kill a rat. He put the dead rat in the catechist's bed. And that night it took nearly an hour to pacify the good man when he found himself in bed with a rat. Louis got a severe scolding but it didn't do any good. Yesterday when John was taking a bath, Louis took away and hid all his clothing. John spent several hours wrapped in a woollen blanket with the temperature over ninety in the shade.

Jimmie and Raymond are two older lads. Both are at that age when they must keep spotlessly clean and spend a few hours a day part-

ing their hair. Raymond is leaving us soon to go into the China Naval Academy. His uncle and foster father is the Lanchi Member of Parliament. Raymond studies about ten hours a day — a big strong lad who is recognized by all the boys as their leader. What he says, goes! Jimmie has no ambition whatsoever. He is a very handsome lad and very spoiled at home. He walks around as if his heels weigh a ton. He is always looking for a place to sit down. Recently he decided to drop out of our daily swimming excursion.

"It is too much like hard work," he said. "I'll go along and sit on the shore and watch the clothing."

Another member of the gang is seventeen year-old Harry. He is all feet and hands. He looks as if he has T.B. — his face pale and pasty. Anything near Harry is sure to be tipped over. He always wants to help out and it takes real tact to persuade him to keep away.

We keep feeding him vitamins and hope for the best.

We have two orphans who live here all the time. One was a beggar and we've written about him. He is now strong and husky and makes a fine little servant. The other one was raised by a Catholic Aunt but her husband recently decided that he would no longer support the boy. He was preparing to hire him out as an apprentice to a pagan family when we stepped in.

The two orphans live together in the attic above my room and are always fighting. Nearly every evening I have to call them down stairs for an accounting of the noise they are causing. This morning they asked me if it would be alright for them to move to some other place as they realized that the noise was bothering me. I suggested that the real reason for moving might be so that they could fight in peace and not be bothered by me. Two

very red faces indicated my suggestion was correct.

Most of these lads go to daily Holy Communion. Every night they say their prayers in the Church and often during the day they make visits to the Blessed Sacrament. We can see the change that Grace works in them and the love of God that shines in their eyes would soften the hardest heart. We thank God for them and because of them we thank God for CHINA.



Louis

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## CHINA

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*Established 1919*

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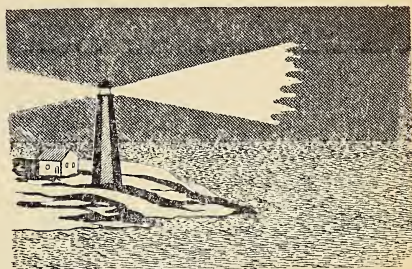


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# Altagracia!

## Beacon of Dominican Faith

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THE existence of Christian worship on the island of Quisqueya, is intimately bound up with the devotion to the Virgin Mary, and it could not be otherwise. The sons of this native soil, whether commoners or nobles, lettered or ignorant have carried deep within them, the love of this dear Virgin, who presided over their family prayers during the long winter nights, or brought joy to the feast days of their Patron Saints in the villages.

Since the Salve (the Hail Holy Queen) that was intoned every day by the sailors of Christopher Columbus' glorious boats, to the last days of the conquest, the love of Mary was able to erect temples and chapels in honour of the Mother of the God-Child. The Spaniard knew very well that there is no better means of reaching Jesus than through Mary, chosen among thousands to be the most privileged woman of all creatures.

We possess on the island three Sanctuaries dedicated to the veneration of Mary. (1) *Santo Cerro*, luminous summit on whose heights the illustrious Discoverer planted the Cross, symbol of redemption and in whose arms, according to tradi-

tion, there appeared in a halo of light, Our Lady of Ransom.

(2) The last refuge of the Indians in *Boya* preserves like a precious jewel, the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Aguasanta.

And as a synthesis of the love of Mary amongst us, there rises in the east of the island in the town of *Salveleon de (3) Higüey*, the temple and Sanctuary of Our Lady of Altagracia whose excellence God has designed to confirm by a large number of miracles. The grateful Dominican nation has known how to direct its steps in pious pilgrimage to the Sanctuary or has raised its heart to honour Our Lady.

### Origin of the Devotion to the Altagracia

The tradition concerning the origin of the holy image assures us that a pious young girl, innocent and ingenuous, asked her father for a picture of the Virgin of Altagracia. Her father was unable to comply with his daughter's wishes because no one knew of such a picture. Returning discouraged to Higüey, because in the capital no one could give him information about the Virgin of Altagracia, he



Typical religious procession in honour of Our Lady of Altagracia

arrived at the crossing of the Dos Rios where he was accustomed to rest, in the company of a friend of the family. It was there that an old man offered him the image.

He took the holy linen to his daughter, who fainted with love and was the first to foster the devotion to the Altagracia. The tradition is beautiful; our people preserve it with love and reverence, seeing in it the hand of God who has deigned to protect them.

Canon Louis Jerome de Alcocer tells us the great miracles that God has worked by means of this holy image.

"It appears that Our Lord God doesn't want Her to leave that town because the Archbishop and his Cathedral Chapter sent for Her and She disappeared from a locked chest in which they were carrying Her with great reverence and care, and at the same time She reappeared in Her church of Higüey where she was wont to be. She is painted on a piece of linen 16" x 24" and the painting is of the Infant birth; Our

Lady is with the Child Jesus in front and St. Joseph stands at her shoulders. Despite its age, the painting has very vivid colours and is like new. From all the West Indian islands which are nearby, people go in pilgrimage to this holy image of Our Lady of Altagracia and every day many miracles are seen. These are so numerous that now, they are no longer verified or recorded. Some people in token of thanks, write on the walls and other parts of the church and few as they are, there is no longer any more room. Many alms are given to this holy church and so it is well provided with ornaments and has many silver lamps in front of its holy image."

Basing the origin of the devotion to Our Lady of Altagracia on this historic document, we are able to boast that we possess the first sanctuary ever erected on American soil in honour of the Queen of Heaven, the Ever Virgin Mary. Here is how Archbishop de la Cueva y Maldonado confirms it, in a letter to the king, July 25, 1664.



"The temple of Our Lady of Higüey, on this island, is the first sanctuary ever made here after Catholic arms had conquered it in Her honour, so that it is now the first sanctuary of these Indies."

Mexico did not possess one until after 1531.

### Construction Of The Sanctuary

The Altagracian devotion spread to all parts of the island and to neighbouring lands. Pilgrimages each time became more numerous the faithful going to visit her "because everyone receives from Our Lady great consolation through the many miracles."

One of the Bolivars, the older Simon de Bolivar, a superintendent of the sanctuary, worked actively in the construction of the new temple and the constructive spirit of Canon



Padre Tomas Allen, S.F.M., at Altagracia altar.

Alonso de Pena brought it to a successful close. Archbishop Fray Andres de Carvopal consecrated the church about the middle of the 16th century.

By 1660 the devotion was general, both outside as well as on the island. Among the Spanish sailors who used to cross these seas, Father Utrera states that it was a common custom, when by chance they came upon the eastern shores of the island on their way to Mexico, or when returning to Spain, never to pass by without first saluting Our Lady of Altagracia with a salvo from their canon.

### The 21st of January

There was no fixed date for the feast of Altagracia until the end of the 17th. century. The French free booters had taken possession of a large part of the island and their impudence had reached such an extreme that they tried to invade the central part. Destroying all resistance, they arrived at Santiago de los Caballeros. Spanish honour was wounded and sought to avenge itself.

His Catholic Majesty's forces were readied for the invasion of enemy territory, prepared to spread death and destruction repaying an eye for an eye . . . Sunday, the 21st of January, 1691, found both armies in the Sabana Real de la Limonade. The battle was hard and cruel for there was valour, bravery and zeal on both sides. All classes were represented in the famous encounter. Pikemen from the Cibao, Seibo and Higüey all flat on their stomachs were awaiting the zero hour armed with their pikes and long knives; and they issued victoriously.

The love of Mary of Altagracia caused the inhabitants of the east to bow at her feet in order to give thanks for the favour received. A machete brought as an offering, was

the token of their esteem and the emblem of victory. Since that date, the feast of Altagracia has been celebrated on the 21st. of January, receiving the official approval of Archbishop Don Isidro Rodriguez y Lorenzo.

### The Coronation

The fervent devotion of the Dominican people could not be satisfied without offering a crown of love to its Virgin of Altagracia. And then came the long looked for day: the 15th. of August 1922. Through the efforts of the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, Monsenor Adolfo A. Nouel y Bobadilla, the Dominican nation owes the canonical coronation of the miraculous image.

The Conde bastion, cradle of our independence was the altar on which the solemn coronation was effected. His Excellency Most Rev. Monsignor Sebastian Leite de Vasconcellos, titular Archbishop of Damieta and extraordinary delegate of His Holiness Pius XI, placed the symbolic crown on the miraculous picture while Dominicans knelt to venerate their sweet Mother and Queen.

The Congress of the Republic declared the 21st. of January to be a national feast as the nation's homage to our Lady of Altagracia.

The Altagracian devotion demands an altar in every heart and in every Dominican home for we have declared Her to be our sole Queen and Sovereign.



December brings around the feast-day of our patron St. Francis Xavier. His sanctity and heroism still inspire his followers.

Shortly before his death and when he was attempting to make his way into China, St. Francis Xavier wrote:

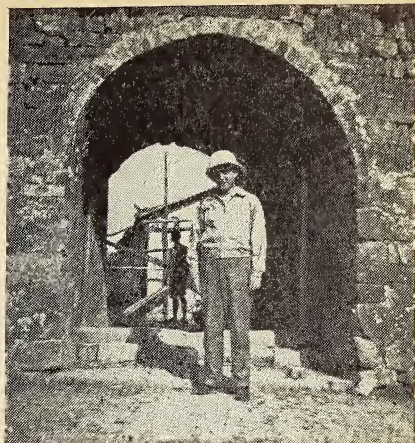
"We run great risk of being captured. We are comforted by the thought that it is better to be a prisoner for the love of God than to be free because one has fled from the sufferings of Christ."



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# Pukiang Parish

BY  
JOHN KELLY  
S. F. M.



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**P**UKIANG means "the bend in the river" and it reminds one of St. Thomas More's famous Utopia or Island of Nowhere and the River Anyder that watered it, even though it was without water. For indeed the river in Pukiang is without water and the bend is nowhere. For the river dried out long ago and one arrives now at Pukiang by foot or by Bicycle, a full day from Niwu, where the last road ends. It seems however, that the inhabitants of Pukiang have not obtained the same results from natural religion as did those of the famous island. For there, they seem to have attained a high natural idea of God but here they are lost in Buddhism and superstition.

The first mission in Pukiang was opened many years ago but no priest lived here till 1935. Before that, it was a mission first of Kinhwa and then of Tungyang. That year Father Tcheng came here to live and founded the new parish. That is only thirteen years ago, and years full of war and disruption, but, we have two hundred and fifty Catholics here in the city and two hundred more at the mission in Ya-ma-tien. Father Tcheng built the church dedicated to the Queen of the Apostles. That same

year a Chinese who had been brought up in the Orphanage at Shanghai painted in oils a large picture of the Blessed Virgin with the Apostles round her. It now hangs over the main altar and makes the interior of the church very beautiful indeed.

The house is another matter however. It was the original house on the property sixty years ago and it has all the failings of a Chinese house that has long since been past repair. There are three rooms: one for the priest, one a guest room and the third for the Christians to congregate on Sunday and study doctrine. No one can complain of the house though, for it did its duty long ago and is being kept on in the manner of a man who works a twenty-year-old horse because he is too poor to buy a new one. If the old horse is not quite up to the mark, he can hardly expect anything else.

We have a great many old ladies here whom the Chinese call 'ma-ma'. They come every Sunday, some of them walking five or six English miles on their bound feet. They gather in the room and chatter away at a great rate, in the local dialect. When I first arrived here, I had to bow and smile, not very sure of myself for

I didn't understand a word they said. Each parish here, has its own dialect and it takes several months of listening, before a newcomer understands what is going on. Also, the old ladies, when they are speaking always seem to be in a great hurry, though they will keep on talking all day long.

The first one baptised was old Mrs. Ching. She is still here—eighty-seven years old and blind. That does not keep her from Mass though and she is here every Sunday walking the five miles from her village. Her granddaughter leads her with a stick. She is queen in her own village and rules with a very sharp tongue and we will have no mass-misser from those parts as long as Mrs. Ching remains with us.

Twenty miles away over the mountains, by foot, we come to the mission at Ya-ma-tien. Here also, we have a church in honor of St. Anthony; and a school. There was a house also before the war but when the Japanese were in Ya-ma-tien, they burned the village and the house with it. The church was set on fire too but some of the Christians put the fire

out. There is still a burned out window and a patched up roof. In the school we have thirty-five children, all of them Christians or studying the doctrine. There are great hopes for this village for the greater part of the people are already baptised and all the rest are very favourable to the church. We have a teacher out there and we need a catechist badly.

Every month, I spend a week out there. They are all new Christians and so the doctrine has to be explained to them many times. The children who are in the school are getting a good grounding in doctrine but the grown-ups are harder to instruct. We have great hopes for conversions here in Pukiang but we need prayers. It is only by God's grace that a pagan becomes a Christian and that grace comes to pagans through your prayers. If our Catholic people at home prayed enough for us, conversions would be much easier. So, say a prayer that there will be a great deal of grace given to the pagans at the 'Bend of the River', that isn't there.

*A poor unfortunate man who lived close to a railroad yard in the suburbs of a large metropolis, wrote the following about the racket made by the switch engine:*

*"Gentlemen:*

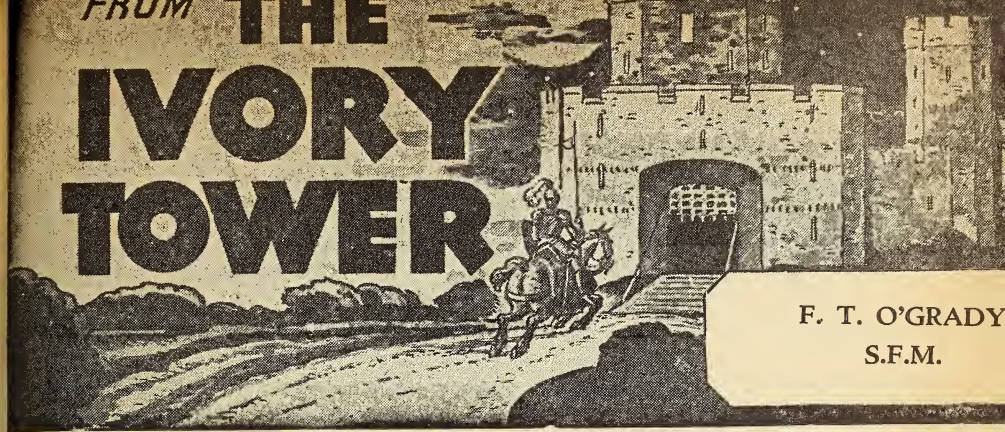
*"Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and bang and hiss and pant and grate and grind and puff and bump and chug and hoot and whistle and toot and wheeze and jar and jerk and howl and*

*snarl and huff and growl and thump and boom and crash and jolt and screech and snort and slam and throb and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like h— all night long?"*





# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

A LITTLE boy was playing with his fire-engine. With a strong push he would send it rolling across the floor to smash against the wall! Then he would laugh. Again he would take the fire-engine, push it with great energy—and laugh merrily as it banged against the immovable body. A bystander asked him what could be the meaning of this strange performance repeated so gleefully. Then came the answer: "Tomorrow is Christmas, and Daddy promised me a great big new one!"

This childlike attitude reflects the annual renewal of good things, the promise of gifts, the meeting of old friends, the family gatherings, the tinsel and wreaths and bells and songs and Christmas trees which come to mind at this season. It is a happy time, enjoyed most of all by the children because it is the feast of the Christ-Child.

One of the highlights of the Yule season is the visit to the crib. When I was a boy we used to visit all the churches within reach to see which one had the best crib. The all-time champion was the Franciscan church, and since this custom is attributed to St. Francis, perhaps it was only right that his church outdid all the others. It had a model village on display, not merely one little hut or stable, and a donkey stood on a little bridge which spanned running water. The sound of that running water is

with me still, and whenever our eyes tired of examining all the little figures, our attention always returned to the water under that tiny bridge, with the donkey's long ears apparently listening too.

It is a fascinating thing to watch the children as they come to the crib. It is the answer to a favourite dream of theirs. Usually they hear the Christmas story and in their own imagination conjure up a picture of what it must have been like. Now they see an actual reproduction, not of a wonderful fairy tale, but of a real portion of history, the most important portion there will ever be. The little boys and girls kneel before the Christ-child, and grownups are given an opportunity to see how one should pray.

The land of makebelieve is no-man's land; it is a land for the children. When grownups are told of this land by youngsters, they give it scant respect . . . and children notice this. At Christmastide, there is an entirely different attitude. At this time the grownups want the children to see the crib, and come with them, and this soon convinces the child that Christmas is a good time indeed. It is not makebelieve, it is not a fairy story, but it *does* use all the best such things have to offer. Hence the use of the crib, the tiny figures to represent the Child, Mary and Joseph, the shepherds, the sheep, the manger with



oxen and asses, all of these to bring about what the meditation books call the "composition of place". The imagination is fed with such details, a mood is created, and history is understood.

Some people have wondered if this procedure is justified. Is it not going to be difficult for the children to distinguish between Grimm's Fairy Tales and the Christmas-story? There is no reason why it should be. Children make a very clear-cut division between games and real life. They have no difficulty accepting a story about a giant, because it is make-believe; but they quickly sense the difference between a threat such a giant may be to them, and the threat of punishment coming from their parents! Fear is perhaps the best example. It is frequently said that children like to be afraid: but this is only when it is the pretense of fear. Daddy will pretend to catch them, and squeals of simulated fear are heard. But when Daddy is really mad, the fear they experience and express then is something else again. The children can distinguish this fear from the other. And there is no reason to believe they have any trouble in distinguishing any other portion of reality from make-believe. True they can switch back and forth very readily; but they do not confuse the issue. Any child knows what is meant when you say: "Once upon a time there was a king." The same child understands when you say:

"There was once a Child who was God!"

The use of the Christmas crib is a custom now some 800 years old. It is helpful for the children; it is also helpful for adults. Notice these facts: (1) A visit to the crib invariably requires that you kneel. There is no rule about the matter but to enable you to see you must lower yourself; in fact for anybody to see God such an act of humility as kneeling is required. (2) A visit to the crib reminds you of your childhood, because the whole representation is in miniature. The buildings, the people, the Babe, all are tiny, and the effect on you is to take you back to your own childhood; this reminds you of the innocence you once had, the innocence everyone once had, and the innocence everybody must regain before they can enter the Kingdom of heaven. (3) A visit to the crib takes you out of yourself. Your eyes feast on the details of the Incarnation; not stocks and bonds and mortgages and debts and wine or women or song. The pursuit of pleasure has no place here. You see a picture of poverty, of sacrifice, of love. You see humble shepherds, the first outsiders favoured with the sight of the Messiah. Humility was first to be rewarded. Simple men they were, yet



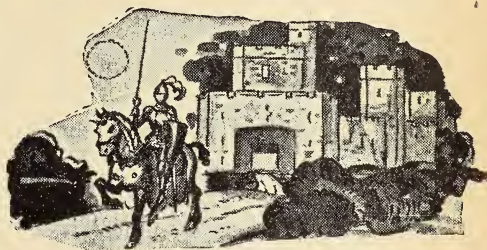


invited by angels to visit Christ! Perhaps your life has become too complicated for such an invitation. Humility and simplicity are taught at the crib. (4) A visit to the crib will show wise men. Kings from the East some say; Wise Men all agree. They had believed that stars influenced births. Now they came to see a birth which had influenced a star. Scientists in their day, but not proud in their wisdom. They knew more than all the men of their time; yet they came a very long way to visit the crib. Do you know more than all the men of your time? And are you willing to learn the lesson of the crib now?

The holy season of Christmas has many lessons. Charity is its greatest. Commercialism has done its best to pervert this but so far unsuccessfully. The exchange of gifts is customary even if this only takes the form of a Christmas card. A religious card showing something of the Incarnation is a remembrance most people like to receive. But the better manifestation of charity comes with the family gathering. When this is possible, it is certainly enjoyed by everyone and the family unity is strengthened. Above all, charity is shown to the children. It is their feast and as far as tangible assets are concerned,

they gain the most! But this is not to belittle the gains to the other members of the family. And the souvenirs everyone has, soon crowd upon our memories to remind us that the number of sad Christmas seasons was small indeed.

Thoughts of Midnight Mass come back to every Catholic. In the minds of most, it is the most solemn Mass of the year, an almost universal favourite. Its appeal is felt by non-Catholics as well, many of whom like to be invited to such an event. They were asked once, but never again. This suggestion, if followed, might lead to a conversion. But at any rate, a real Christmas celebration will lead to the most important conversion of all for you . . . your own! Merry Christmas!



## HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

### *Form of Bequest*

"I bequeath to the "Scarboro Foreign Mission Society the sum of  
 ..... dollars."

\$475 will support a seminarian for a year.

\$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on  
 which a chain of students will be educated.



# *Why Missioners lose their hair!*

BY  
GEORGE COURTRIGHT  
S. F. M.

THE other day a group of three people knocked at the door of the parish house. It wasn't necessary to ask them to step in because they had already done that—it's only one step from the street to the priest's office and the door is always open. A man and his wife accompanied by their 'teen aged son confront the padre.

"Padre, we've just come from the civil record bureau. They told us to come here."

"Oh yes! I suppose you're looking for this lad's birth certificate, so that he can take out his registration card."

"That's it, Father, how did you guess?"

This question is quite unnecessary, since the number of people who have lost their birth certificate is quite large. The padre can easily guess what they want by their appearance. At sixteen years of age everyone must take out his registration card in this country. The sight of a 'teen ager with one or more older companions, coming to the parish house during the time of year when this law is enforced,

is a sure sign that they are in quest of a birth certificate.

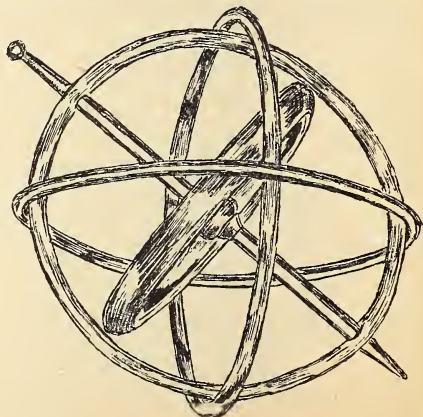
"What is the boy's name?"

"Leonidas Ramirez is the name given him at Baptism, Father."

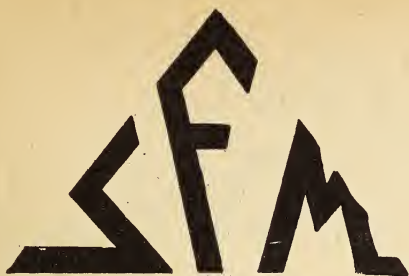
"How old is he?"

"He'll be about sixteen next June."

"How old was he when he was baptized?"







"He was about four or five years old, I think, Father."

Now begins the hunt. The boy's father had said that his own name was Isaias Ramirez but, oh how these humans can lie!

The name Leonidas appeared several times during the search, in the indexes of several hefty volumes of the Baptismal books, but never attached to the surname Ramirez. The day is beginning to get hot and there is another knock at the door. Three more worried people enter and there is a decided threat of a bottleneck unless Leonidas' baptismal certificate can be found right away.

"The boy only received one name when he was baptised, is that right?"

"Yes sir. Leonidas is his one and only name."

"Tell me, Senor, are you married by the Church?"

"Father, I won't tell you a lie. We're only civilly married, but we're thinking seriously of getting married by the Church. After all, one must fulfill the laws of God to be a good Catholic."

"That's right, but tell me something else. Were you civilly married when your son Leonidas was born?"

"When I come to think of it, Father, I guess maybe we were not."

"Doesn't that mean that the boy's surname will be that of his mother? That's the law you know."

"No, Father, because, you see, we had his name changed by the courts so that he would be my legal heir."

"Was he made your legal heir before or after his Baptism?"

"That was before his Baptism, Father, when he was only two years old."

"His name, then, should be Leonidas Ramirez. Am I right?"

"Have you looked in all the books, Father?"

"Yes sir, I've looked through *twelve* books from 1928 to 1936."

"Well, now try and see if you can find Leonidas de Aza."

"De Aza? What makes you change your son's name to De Aza?"

"Just look, Father, I have a suspicion that his name may be Leonidas de Aza."

"But why, my good man? Your wife's name is Peguero and your name is Ramirez. Why do you say De Aza?"

"Why, Father? Well, you see, my name was Isaias de Aza up until a few years ago. Then my father had it changed to Ramirez which is his name, in order to make me his legal heir. I imagine that when they changed my son's name as a little boy they put Leonidas de Aza, don't you suppose so, Padre?"

"Yes, my very dear sir, that's right. Now, where are those Baptismal books again?"





LORNE McFARLAND, S.F.M.

# Chen Ping

(Father McFarland is pastor at our Victoria, B.C. mission. Chen Ping is one of his parishioners)

IT WAS after the mid-day meal that Chen Ping hobbled up the street to the mission at slow and painful pace. Crippled by arthritis for the past ten years, he is just barely able to walk with the aid of a stout cane, yet here he was several blocks from the Chinese hospital at which he is a patient. He must have important business to bring him so far from home. "Father, I want to go to confession," he said. So he struggled up the steps into our little chapel and confessed in loud Cantonese. "That's fine Chen Ping. You say your penance and I will drive you back to the hospital." Poor Chen Ping. He is quickly forgotten. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock. My goodness I just remembered Chen Ping in the chapel. No use returning to the mission for him now. He will be gone for sure. Four o'clock, five o'clock. Return to the mission and drop into the chapel for a little visit. What do you know? There is Chen Ping sitting on a chair gazing at the tabernacle. "Chen Ping, what are you doing here all this time?" "I am talking to God," he said, in the manner of one who didn't wish to be disturbed. "Well

come along now and I will drive you home."

A few minutes drive and we are pulling up in front of the Chinese Hospital, deep in the factory district, which is Chinatown. The Chinese characters on the two story, gray brick building read, "Chinese Hospital," but it is really an oldmen's home, built by the Chinese and maintained by official charity which is very often cold and never abundant.

The stories of all the patients are very similar. For years they had worked in Canada sending most of their money home to their families.







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Then suddenly sickness struck them. They were unable to work and soon destitute. Advanced in age and penniless, the Chinese Hospital was a refuge where they could while away the twilight of their lives, bearing their physical ills as best they could, and having time for once to sit down and wonder what life is all about.

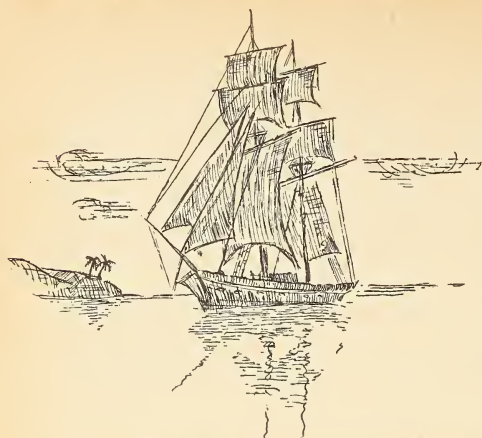
As soon as we open the door to the hospital there is a chorus of greetings. "Hello Father, have you come to visit us?" "How are you to-day, Father?" Those who can walk come up to extend their greetings. The others wave from their beds. Tang Duck is deaf as well as partially blind and doesn't know I am there until I touch him on the shoulder. Then he is vociferous in his greeting. Poor Chow Chang is prostrate with another attack of his rheumatic pains. Ho Chang is as chipper as ever. Practically every day he walks over to the cathedral, makes his reverences to the Blessed Sacrament, and lights candles, but he is not completely sure yet that he wants to give up buddha entirely, so he is not yet baptized. Lee Joy and Tang Yang are both completely blind but always in good spirits. Arm and arm Chen Ping and I mount the steps to his room. We pass poor Fu Yin who has suffered from paralysis of throat muscles for some years. He makes the most pitiful efforts to speak, but

all that results is an unintelligible groan. He was very despondent when we first met him, but since hearing about Heaven and Eternal Happiness he is resigned and patient.

Waiting in the doorway is Chen Ping's room-mate Chu Pa. He has been totally blind these many years. He is a fervent Catholic and his query now is. "When will the priest be able to come and say Mass in the hospital again so that I can assist and receive Holy Communion."

Chen Ping's table is decorated like an altar with crucifix, candles and holy pictures. Here he spends many hours of the day reading his Chinese prayer-books, or in silent meditation. The long hours he spent in the chapel to-day is nothing out of the ordinary for him. He devotes even longer periods to prayer in his room. He is the unofficial catechist too and never misses an opportunity to teach the men. Of the twenty patients more than half are baptized and confirmed . . . All the others are simply awaiting more instruction to be baptised. Five of the Catholics are able to come to our chapel for Mass on Sundays. The others have to await the visit of the priest for Mass in the hospital. God has sought out these men in their old age and given them gifts which they would never have sought in their youth. Forgotten by men they are the elect of God through Faith and Hope and Charity.





# General Godfather

BY

JOHN E. GAULT

S. F. M.

ACCORDING to a very ancient practise of the Church certain persons, known as undertakers, sponsors or sureties, were permitted to take part in the administration of Baptism. These persons were not only witnesses of the sacred function but also became the spiritual parents of the subject. This is most fitting when one considers that Baptism is a supernatural regeneration by which one is born a child of God.

St. Denis bears witness to the existence of this office of sponsor or godparent in the early Church when he writes: "It occurred to our divine leaders (i.e. the Apostles), and they resolved to admit infants to Baptism, but in this holy manner that the natural parents of the child should entrust him to the care of one learned in divine matters who should be his teacher, and under whom, as under a divine father and guardian of his holy salvation, the child should lead the remainder of his life."

The Church considers this office to be so sacred and important that she has ordained that the sponsor contracts an affinity with the newborn Christian, with the result the parties concerned cannot marry each other.

St. Augustine gives us a very clear notion of the duties of godparents when he says: "They (godparents) should admonish them (the spiritual children) to observe chastity, love justice, preserve charity; and above all they should teach them the Creed and Lord's Prayer, as also the Commandments and the first rudiments of the Christian religion."

Unfortunately, most Catholics have long since lost the true concept of this very serious Christian duty. In fact, some have lost it to such an extent that they cannot understand Father's narrow-mindedness when he frowns upon the suggestion that two very good non-Catholic friends "stand up with the child". To them the function is nothing more than the conferring of an honorary degree upon two intimate acquaintances. All parents feel that they are honoring those whom they appoint as godparents for their own baby. To many of those thus honored it means nothing more than, "what present will we buy for this godchild"?

Truly, it is an honor to be appointed as sponsor. But it is much more than an honor. It is an office which implies grave obligations.

In the Dominican Republic, one of the greatest tributes which can be



paid to a person is to choose him as a godparent. Although these neglected people (there are 20 native priests and almost two million Catholics) have fallen away from many Christian beliefs and practises, they still cling tenaciously to some. One of these is the love, veneration and respect cherished by the one baptized for his spiritual parents.

On occasions, I have seen a grizzled old man, dressed in rags, riding upon a sad-looking little donkey over isolated jungle paths, encountered by a young man who slyly jumped from his mount to greet the former by genuflecting on one knee, clasping the bronzed, withered hand to kiss it, while saying "bendicion, padrino . . ." (your blessing, godfather). The old fellow replied, "que Dios te bendiga" (may God bless you).

To fail to beg this blessing upon meeting one's godparent is considered by many a matter for confession. The greatest insult which can be offered to a Dominican is for the godchild to refuse to ask for the blessing. When this happens, certain elderly people will consult the Padre to determine what is to be done to bring about reconciliation.

A very excellent example of the prestige enjoyed by godparents on the tropical island of Santo Domingo is provided for us in the life story of General Eugenio Miches, one of the many famous military men in Dominican history. This General, whose mortal remains now rest in the Sacred Heart chapel in the ancient church of Santa Cruz del Seibo (under the care of the Scarborough Fathers), was a veteran of the war against Haiti and held in high esteem by all true Dominicans.

The General's godchildren ran into the thousands.

On a certain occasion, during one of the Republic's many civil wars, the battalion stationed in Santa Cruz del Seibo refused to obey the military

authorities. Everyone seemed powerless to break up the mutiny.

At this time, Miches was a retired cripple who made his way around with the support of crutches. Although he held no public office, he was still the most influential and the most highly respected personage in the district.

When all other methods had failed, the Governor of the Province called upon him to bring about order and obedience. The General needed no coaxing. Immediately, he threw aside his crutches and set out on horseback for the scene of trouble.

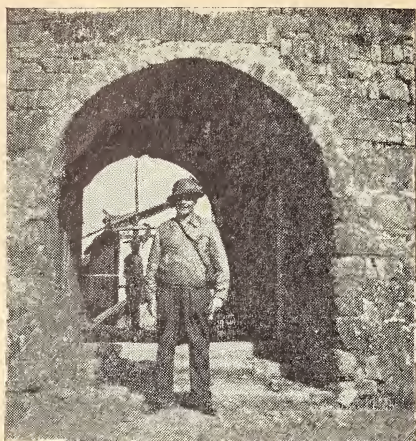
The mutineers were gathered in the beautiful town plaza which exists to this day on the north side of the parish church. As the General approached the park, he cried out: "Silence! Form ranks!"

The immediate reaction was nothing short of marvellous. There were around seven hundred soldiers in the plaza and upon the approach of General Miches, more than five hundred of them fell on one knee and a chorus went up: "la bendicion, padrino . . ." (your blessing, godfather . . .).

Having made the accustomed reply, "may God bless you all", he gave himself over to a harangue, addressed to his many godchildren and their fellow-soldiers. They tell me that this address cannot be printed for obvious reasons.

It had the desired effect. A few moments later, the battalion formed ranks in silence and marched off according to the orders previously received from the military authorities.





## *An Umbrella for a Rainy Day*

(Father Sharkey spent the first six months of 1948 on a tour of our missions in China and Japan.)

BY HUGH SHARKEY S. F. M.

**I**S there a doctor in the house? If so, he will readily understand the predicament in which the sisters at Lishui find themselves. A modest hospital was built for them just before the Sino-Japanese war, and although it escaped the bombings, it is lost to the Sisters. In their charity they gave it to our priests for a residence, after the total destruction of our missionaries' house at Lishui.

Temporarily (we hope) the good Sisters are using a dilapidated building for their hospital, which is always crowded to the doors. Sisters and patients both suffer greatly during the winter and when it rains beds are continually being shifted from one spot to another to escape the deluge. It is not unusual on a rainy day or I should say during a rainy month, (it rains for a month at a time), to see the patients sitting up in their beds with an umbrella in their hands.

Surely the plight of the Grey

Sisters in Lishui will touch the hearts of our readers and bring them (the Sisters) their much-needed hospital.

### **Friends Of Father John Kelly Attention**

Father Kelly is located at Pukiang, one of the most isolated sections



Father Sharkey with star pupils of our Lishui school.

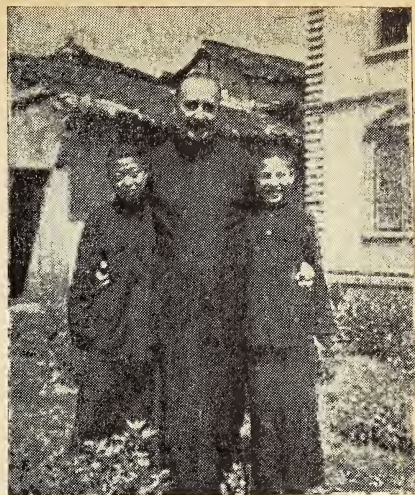


of our Prefecture. He has a nice church, a fine Catholic congregation, an utterly miserable house, great hopes and no means of transportation but the local bus — pardon me, while I relive the horror of a few rides on said dirty, crowded, undependable, etc. etc. bus.

A motorcycle — we will settle for one, though we were thinking of a Jeep, would be a real God-send to Father Kelly. He could more frequently visit the numerous missions in his parish and when necessary (which is often the case) he could travel to Kinhwa and Lishui in some small degree of comfort and in a matter of hours rather than days.

### Spiritually The Picture Is Bright

In my travels through China and in Occupied Japan, it became continually evident that "this was the hour of God" and that the prestige and the hopes of the Church in both these pagan countries were never brighter. There is a great harvest, but there are few to reap it. There are countless millions searching for the truth, who have none to preach to them. Even the pitifully few missionaries who are in the field, have



Two of Father Murphy's friends at Lanchi, with our author.

not the financial assistance they need to rebuild their bombed-out missions or even to clothe and feed themselves decently.

This is a plea for help for your own Canadian priests and Sisters, who brave all dangers, heart-break and loneliness, disease and dirt and disappointment, to spend and be spent for Christ and for souls. You will help, won't you?

### I Was A Millionaire

Have you ever held in your hand the sum of ten million dollars, which you yourself owned? Don't spread the news around, but I did. I had to go to China to be a multi-millionaire and then came the horrible disillusionment, for the ten million Chinese dollars amounted to just about eight or nine dollars in our money.

In a Shanghai restaurant my meal cheque amounted to \$600,000 and the tip to the waiter was \$200,000 and added to that was my ricksha fare which ran to about \$100,000. See what I mean—there goes your million dollars.



A pagan priest, in his ceremonial dress.

# BURSES

for

## EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

St. Madeline Sophie Barat .....	\$2,676.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,449.50
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	2,214.23
St. Jude .....	1,471.00
Blessed Sacrament .....	1,252.07
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,222.00
Sacred Heart Burse No. 2 .....	1,073.16
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
Comforter of Afflicted .....	805.00
St. Joseph's Burse No. 2 .....	647.62
Jesuit Martyrs' Burse .....	543.43
Holy Souls Burse No. 2 .....	524.16
Immaculate Conception Burse No. 2 .....	466.60
St. Anthony Burse No. 2 .....	318.00
Msgr. McKeon Burse .....	225.00
St. Anne Burse .....	211.00
Rev. Dr. Foley Burse .....	208.00
St. Christopher Burse .....	207.20

Will you give your Christmas present to the Missions?

*Address all communications to:*

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY  
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



# BOOK REVIEW

**THE IMAGE OF HIS MAKER**, by Robert E. Brennan, O.P. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto 1. 339 pp. \$3.75.

The author of **GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY** and **THOMISTIC PSYCHOLOGY** has now favoured us with a less technical work on the same subject. It is a presentation for the person unacquainted with the terminology of the textbook, gradually introducing the subject-matter until at its end the general reader would be quite capable of holding his own with any good text in this field.

The elements of physiology which must be known in psychology are explained very clearly. The senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch are well described and their role in understanding is well outlined. Even better is the treatment accorded our internal senses: The Common Senses, Imagination, Memory, Instinct. It is a practical approach, using the common experiences of daily life and answering many of our favourite questions. If

one may single out a favourite, the pages on memory have the most appeal in the first half of the book.

Father Brennan's example to help us understand the working of the emotions or passions is the Passion of Christ. It is a striking way of showing that the word "passion" in our time has been restricted unduly. Every human being has passions or emotions and the more one understands their nature the better control one may expect to develop. Love, hatred; desire, disgust; joy, sorrow; hope, despair; courage, fear and anger are found in every life. This book is an excellent explanation of their functions. Mind and free-will, habits and virtues, character and temperament, personality and the soul's origin and nature, all these provide fascinating pages since there is no subject we are more curious about than ourselves.

**THE GUEST ROOM BOOK**, by Frank Sheed. Catholic Readers Club, 23 Scott Street, Toronto 1. 334 pp. \$3.00.

Frequent lectures given in this country by Mr. Sheed have accustomed Canadian audiences to expect serious thoughts presented in a light-hearted way. He tries to see things as they are but an irrepressible humour will allow no pessimism. This book is a collection of writings covering almost every field: it has poetry and prose, essays and fiction,

satire and a murder story. The book reflects Mr. Sheed's outlook. Interested in a variety of things, he brings us selections from J. B. Morton, Belloc, Chesterton, Noyes, Knox, Gill and many others. It has an answer for every taste, but gaiety is the dominant note.

The title of the book explains his purpose: to provide, in one volume,

for the needs of all the different kinds of guests you might have. For your convenience he divides guests into highbrows, middle-brows and lowbrows. Having everything in one volume allows every guest to pose as a highbrow and still have access to the hilarity provided for the rest of us!

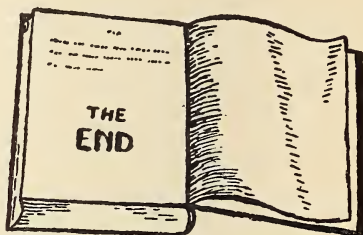
Herein you will find entertainment which you will not fear providing for any guest, be he king or peasant, poet or philosopher. One note of caution: read the thing yourself in a hurry or you will never willingly leave it in your guestroom! Or else buy two copies.

**WHY A RELIGIOUS BROTHER?** by Father Forrest, 15c; **WHY YOU SHOULD BE A CATHOLIC**, by Father Rumble, 15c; **I MUST OBEY THE CHURCH**, by Father Rumble, 15c; **THE MARRIAGE SERVICE AND NUPTIAL MASS**, 15c; **WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BAPTIZING INFANTS**, 5c; **A CHART OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH**, \$1.00.

Pamphlets from Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.

These pamphlets are all in the brightly illustrated vein we have come to expect from Radio Replies Press. They explain the views of the Church in the most readable form possible and are of the greatest value in explaining the Faith either to young Catholics or those who wish to be introduced to the Catholic Church. For school teachers, and all others having an opportunity to ex-

plain our religion, these are heartily recommended.



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## BOOKS WANTED

**The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass** (Ladder of Sanctity) by Dom Eugene Vandeur.

**My Ideal, Jesus, Son of Mary.** (According to the spirit of William Joseph Chamanade). By Emil Neubert.

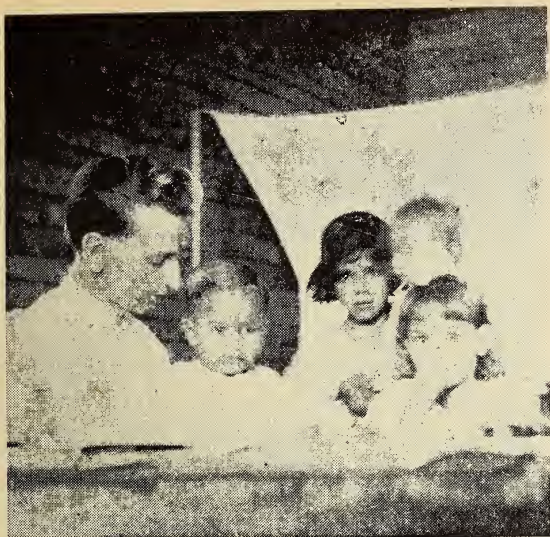
**Devotion to the Heart of Jesus**, by Dalgairns.

**Novissima Verba**, by St. Therese.

**Spiritual Renaissance**, by Petitot.

**Spiritual Life**, by St. Jane Francis Chantal.





# Bimbo

BY

A. CHAFE

S. F. M.

Early this year the Brothers of De La Salle in the Capital City gave us the discarded altar of their Community Chapel. We decided to erect it in the chapel at Palabe. Bimbo organized his neighbours, took up a collection, and brought in a carpenter to put other parts of the church in keeping with the lovely little altar. Father Hart went out and directed and helped in putting the finishing touches to the chapel and the altar. All looked lovely — for a Campo Chapel. And because I think Palabe is “the apple of Father Hart’s eye” amongst our many Campos I thought it would be nice to do something special for Bimbo and Palabe, so I invited the Archbishop to come out for the blessing of the new altar. It was on a Sunday and the Archbishop had a preaching engagement in the City at eleven a.m. He would certainly come if we could get him back to town in time. So we arranged that the Archbishop would bless the altar and say an early Mass especially for the children of Palabe.

It was a gala occasion, and the chapel overflowed with children. The dear Archbishop, who loves so much to be with his simple country flocks, was almost tempted to forego his engagement in the Capital and stay for the later Mass for the adults. But we got him back to the City on time and Father Hart went ahead with the remainder of the day’s programme. Bimbo and some other faithful stalwarts of the Faith, including the donor of the chapel land, were presented to the Archbishop. As the Archbishop left the chapel



Bimbo came and put his arms around Father Hart and said: "Padre, I have had the happiest day of my life; I have seen the dream of years come true."

When we were approaching the chapel that Sunday morning with the Archbishop we passed Bimbo on the road, walking, with a parcel in his arms. He had been to the Capital on foot the night before to collect a beautiful set of mahogany candlesticks which he himself paid for to adorn the new altar, and was now returning with his precious gift. It shows you just the sort of man Bimbo is. And he's a poor hardworking farmer.

Life has had another happiness for Bimbo since then. A very real happiness. For to Palabe fell the honour of being the Campo where

we first introduced the devotion of the Five First Saturdays in honour of Our Lady of Fatima. And a group of Children of Mary is organized there, and the girls can sing by memory a High Mass, and it is the Campo where we have the most men and boys regularly assisting at the Sacraments. For Father Hart sees to it that Palabe gets lots of visits. Some day, maybe, we shall be able to build in Palabe a church really worthy of the Faith of its simple residents where, for years to come, God and His Blessed Mother will be honoured in the hearts of those good people.

"Bimbo" will likely never know this article is written about him — but I take pride in presenting him to "take a bow" before the readers of "China."

## THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE

A PIN and a needle being temporarily unemployed and finding themselves in the same sewing basket began to argue, as is usually the case with idlers. "I would like to know" said the pin to the needle "what in the world you're good for without a head?" "And what good is your head without an eye?" replied the needle.

"O.K. then, what good is your eye, if it's always blocked up with something?" said the pin. "Well, I'm more active and can work harder than you can" said the needle.

"Yes, but you won't last very long, because you always have to have someone behind, pushing you" said the pin.

"And you pins nearly always die humpbacked" said the needle.

"Huh! you're so proud, you can't even bend without breaking your spine" said the pin. "Look here you! I'll knock your block off, if you keep on insulting me" said the needle.

"And as for me, I'll knock out your only eye, if you so much as dare to touch me" said the pin. While they were still arguing, a little girl came in, and in trying to sew some thick tough cloth with the needle, she broke the eye and threw it out in the street. Then she tied the strong thread to the neck of the pin and in attempting to sew this way, jerked off the head of the pin. In disgust she threw it also in the street where it lay alongside the needle.

"Hello", said the latter. "So! we're together again?" "Yes, but we haven't any more reason to argue, bad luck has made us bedfellows" said the pin.

"It's a shame this didn't happen before" said the needle. "How many men there are who like us begin to argue about the things they own, until they lose them and who never seem to realize that they are really brothers, until they are lying in the dust, like us."





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

"This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Yes, dear members, the feast of Christmas has come again. Once more we celebrate that happy day on which the Divine child was born. Once more, people all over the world are singing "Silent night, Holy night," as they walk through the snow toward the church to receive the Divine Son of Mary, in their hearts in Holy Communion.

Christmas indeed is a happy occasion. For not only does Christmas mean that the Christ child was born to save the world, but also, to many of us, it means the decorating of the Xmas tree, and the happy occasion of opening our presents on Christmas morn. But, dear buds, have you ever stopped to think of the poor little children in China; many of them have never heard of the Christ child, who came down from Heaven, that we may have the opportunity of being with Him forever. Many, also, have never had the glorious occasion of receiving Him in Holy Communion, on His birthday. Indeed, many of them have

never seen a colourfully decorated Christmas tree, nor had the happy opportunity of opening their Xmas presents.

As you kneel at the Communion rail on Xmas morn, to receive that same Divine child who was born over nineteen hundred years ago in a little cave in Bethlehem, would you not remember the poor little children in China! As you return to your place from after receiving Him, talk to Jesus, and ask Him to have pity on these poor children. He will listen to you. And I am sure if you do this, He will extend your wishes, and repay you a hundred-fold for being so kind to these little pagans in far off China. Also, as you kneel before the crib, remember to say a little prayer for the missionaries who have sacrificed the joys of spending Christmas at home to bring the joyful tidings of "Noel" to the pagan countries.

May the Christ child of Bethlehem bless you all, and may you have a "Very Merry Christmas."

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.

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## QUICKIE QUIZZ

Name the three Epiphany Kings

Prize given for best letter answering this.



# A Message from Santa!

"A Happy and Holy Christmas to all you Buds of St. Theresa's Rose Garden! I hope you like your presents. Have you thought about your New Year's Resolution? How about this: BE A BETTER BUD IN '49!



## New Members and Pen Pals

### HAMILTON, ONT.

Alaimo, Charles, 10, 44 Sheaffe Ave.; Allard, Aurel, 13, 113 Catherine N.; Argo, Vincent, 11, 231 Park N.; Arnone, George, 12, 30 Wood; Baginski, Anthony, 15, 62 Ferrie St. W.; Beauchamp, Marvia, 11, 48 Barton; Billone, Peter, 10, 257 Bay N.; Black, James, 13, 204 Park N.; Brosek, Joseph, 13, 19 Oxford; Callura, Joseph, 13, 181 Cannon; Caravaggie, Alvin, 9, 42 Strachan W.; Carubba, Anthony, 13, 201 Park N.; Giavarella, Ralph, 10, 152 Park N.; Condari, Philip, 10, 106 Caroline; Cox, Allan, 9, 175 McNab N.; Cox, James, 10, 175 McNab; Cummings, Ed., 11, 174 Mary St.; De Francesco, Victor, 12, 129 Park N.; Demyan, Wm., 13, 210 Bay St.; Faguy, Armand, 13, 32 Burlington; Fama, Philip, 10, 82 Barton W.; Farrauto, Charles, 11, 181 Park; Fenton, Donald, 204 Park N.; Figiola, Joseph, 10, 251 McNab; Franco, Louis, 10, 251 Bay N.; Fuller, Frank, 14, 204 Park; Gargarella, Leonard, 9, 51 Macaulay; Garrison, Billy, 11, 20 Murray; Goutreau, Blair, 10, 22 Grieg; Hamza, Gerald, 11, 281 John N.; Hannon, Wayne, 10, 442 Bay St.; Harding, Bill, 13, 275 Mary St.; Hogya, Nicholas, 10, 319 McNab; Hopf, Nancy, 7, 97 Niagara St.; Hore, Kenneth, 10, 300 Catherine N.; Hussar, John, 13, 337 James St. N.; Innocenti, John, 10, 204 Park; Ippolite, Alphonse, 11, 12 Napier; Jarabeck, Joseph, 10, 45 Murray St.; Jeffrey, Billy, 13, 189 Park; Kropp, Fred., 14, 204 Park N.; Langton, Douglas, 9, 32 Picton W.; Liberty, Robert, 10, 25 Robert St.; McGahey, Douglas, 10, 65½ Catherine; Marchesi, Sam, 9, 207 Park N.; Marson, Robert, 10, 26 Mill St.; Mattina, Louis, 11, 220 McNab; Montelpare, Fernando, 11, 43 MacAllum St.; Mulvale, John, 9, 115 Bay St.; Napoli, Fred., 11, 247 McNab; Nardella, John, 11, 12 Barton W.; O'Connell, Daniel, 12, 115 Catherine N.; O'Donnell, Hugh, 11, 204 Park N.; O'Connor, Tom, 13, 23 Wood; O'Neale, Larry, 11, 204 Park; Panchuk, Ed., 11, 214 Ray; Prince, Lorne, 11, 136 McNab; Riley, James, 12, 128 John; Roy, Earl, 13, 87 Vine; Rizzo, Armando, 11, 246 Hughson N.; Santha, James, 10, 117 Barton; Sardo, Joseph, 10, 201 Bay N.; Scime, Joseph,

11, 232 Park; Segate, Louis, 10, 53 Picton W.; Segato, Louis, 10, 53 Picton W.; Smith, Gordon, 11, 23 Strachan; Stone, John, 12, 204 Park N.; Thibeault, Bob, 11, 246 McNab; Tonkovao, John, 14, 181 Queen; Trach, George, 10, 17 Hess; Ward, Daniel, 12, 12 Ferrie; Welhouser, James, 13, 204 Park N.; Yawney, Richard, 11, 204 Park N.

Morrissey, Lorraine, 13, East Royalty, P.E.I.; Goodine, Margaret Elizabeth, 9, R.R. No. 5, St. Stephen, N.B.; Power, Mary, 29 Bank Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.

McDonald, Marie, 8, Badger, Nfld.; McDonald, Helen, 6, Badger, Nfld.; Post, Ethel, 9, Killaloe, Ont.; Smiley, Nancy, 57 Glasgow St., Kitchener, Ont.; Connolly, Margaret, 10, Buchan's, Nfld.; Gardner, Douglas, 14, 13 Botwood Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; McGaughey, Theresa, 13, Kinkora, P.E.I.; Southwell, James, Box 70, Carbonear, Nfld.; Gellately, Mary Frances, 7, 22 Spencer St., St. John's, Nfld.; Fallu, Pauline, 11, Box 81, Blind River, Ont.; Sloan, James, Glassburn, Ant. Co., N.S.; Southwell, Betty, 8, Box 70, Carbonear, Nfld.; Denomy, Sylvia, 10, 527 Davisville Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Norman, Mary, 12, Ship's Harbour, Placentia Bay, Nfld.

### BRANCH, NFLD.

Power, Peter Damian, 6; Power, Celina Marie, 11; Power Marie Pierre, 12.

Byrne, Josephine, 10, Buchans, Nfld.; Rose, Margaret, 12, 2 Queen St., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Andrews, Barbara, 9, 29 Monchy Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Power, Bernard, Regina, Colinet Isld., St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Rvan, Marie, 11, North Hr., St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Making, Bessie, 12, St. Stephens, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Molloye, Kevin, 6, St. Stephen's, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; St. Croix, Mary, 10, St. Vincent's, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Squires, Ann, 73 Signal Hill Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Young, Barbara, 8, Box 33, St. Georges, Nfld.; Martin, Betty, Torbay North, Nfld.; Quigley, Gertrude, 16, Torbay, Nfld.



## WINNERS OF QUICKIE QUIZZ

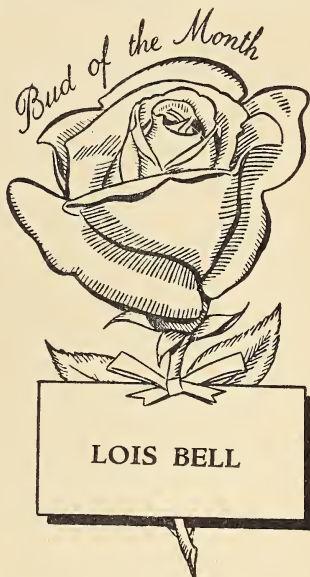
Louise Murphy of Mount Forest, Ontario, wrote the best answer to our September Quizz: Why a Confirmation name?

Doreen Finora, 118 Grove St., Guelph, Ont., wrote the best answer to the October question on the rosary.

Thanks for your letters, Buds, and I hope you liked your prizes.



That's not a hitchhiker! He is Ronnie Hickey, of Peterboro, Ontario, a champion stamp collector for the missions. Thank you for your help, Ronnie.



Lois Bell of 55 Toronto Street, Guelph, Ontario, is our Christmas Bud! Thanks for your interesting letter which shows that you are a real active Bud. I hope you have a happy and holy Christmas, Lois.



Mark the First Saturdays of every month of 1949 so as not to forget Our Lady of Fatima!

# Items of Interest

## Annual Bazaar

On November 24th, a very successful bazaar was held at our Mission on Simcoe Street in Toronto. To the great number of volunteers who helped make this prosperous issue possible we are deeply grateful; their assistance was invaluable.

The grand drawing was held at this bazaar and the Maritimes led the list of winners. Congratulations to all the lucky people and thanks to all who supported the event.

1st prize—Mixmaster won by Mrs. John McNeil, 30 Bay St., Glace Bay, N.S.

2nd prize—Lounge chair won by Mrs. R. A. Chisholm, 30 Stairs Place, Halifax, N.S.

3rd prize—Chest of silver won by Miss I. Ireland, 181 Glenholm Ave., Toronto, Ont.

4th prize—Coffee table won by L. A. Cherrier, 69 Victoria North, Hamilton, Ont.

5th prize—Mantel radio won by Ruth Kennedy, 165 McDougall St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

6th prize—Kenwood blanket won by Miss Rita Carey, Alexandria, Ont.

7th prize—Electric Iron won by R. B. MacLean, St. Ninian St., Antigish, N.S.

8th prize—Electric kettle won by Mrs. F. Slack, 74 Garden St., Brockville, Ont.

9th prize—Silver comport won by L. B. Brown, 52 Glen Stewart, Toronto, Ont.

10th prize—Electric toaster won by Mr. Kevin Kavanagh, Grand Falls, N.B.

1st seller's prize—Occasional blue leather chair won by Mrs. E. L. Costello, 34 Manor Rd., West, Toronto, Ont.

2nd seller's prize—Chromium and glass comport set won by Mr. A. Thompson, 200 Rockland Rd., St. John, N.B.

The above two prizes were drawn for separately, giving all sellers a chance to win a prize.

## Departure for Japan

On December 7th, Rev. Michael Dwyer, S.F.M., Rev. Joseph Kearns,

S.F.M. and Rev. James MacIntosh, S.F.M., will leave Canada for our new Mission in Japan. There they will join Rev. Allan McRae, S.F.M. who is already studying the Japanese language. The Prayers of our readers are requested for the success of this new endeavour.

## Prayer for Our Dead

Mr. Frank Quinn, Windsor, Ont.

Mr. Albert W. O'Reilly, St. John's, Nfld.

Mr. McKinnon, McKinnon Harbour, C.B.

Rev. J. P. Whelan, Haileybury, Ont.

Rev. E. P. Goetz, Wallaceburg, Ont.

## Golden Jubilee

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John E. McRae, D.C.L., D.P. Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission, this year celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood. He was Ordained in St. Margaret's Church, Glen Nevis, in 1898 by Bishop Alexander Macdonell. Then he went to Rome where he took his doctorate in Canon Law. Returning to his diocese he served as Rector of the Cathedral until he was appointed pastor at St. Andrew's in 1908. After many years in that capacity he came to Scarboro Bluffs in 1924 to assume the direction of the first Canadian English-speaking foreign mission society. He has been here ever since and is now our Superior General. To Monsignor McRae we offer the sincere congratulations of all the members of the Society and all its friends. Ad Multos Annos!





# MR. WONG

*says*

Benevolence is the characteristic  
element of humanity, and the  
great exercise of it is in  
loving relatives.



In this yuletide season our many readers will celebrate the sacred feasts in the company of the family circle. As you gather round the festive board, we ask you to think of our missionaries in distant lands, whose work so much depends on your help. They think and pray for you, and one and all wish you the compliments of the season.



"Dear Infant Jesus, help us bring faith in You to all the peoples of the world, so that we may enjoy that true peace which is found not around conference tables but on our knees at Your feet!"

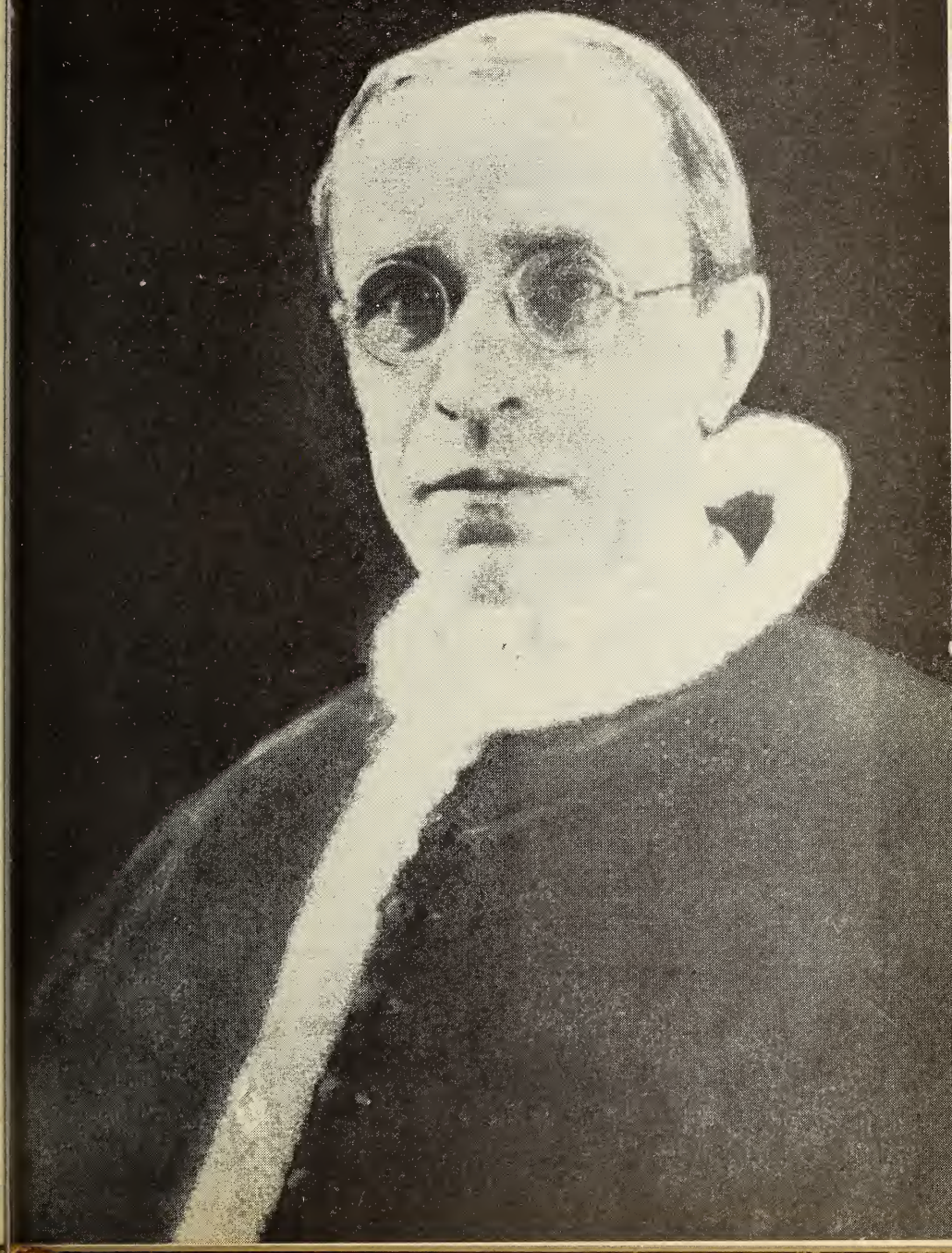


# CANADA



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

JANUARY 1950



# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

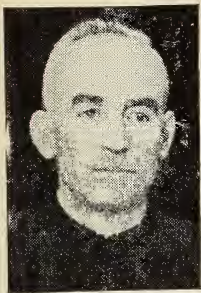
We are pleased to make a progress report at this time. The generosity of our friends in 1949 has surpassed that of any previous year. It augurs well for the future of the missions which depend on you for their existence and support. The priests and sisters in foreign fields are enabled to work more effectively than ever before so that the same amount of work produces far greater results. We take pleasure in thanking you most sincerely for your help in the past year and in assuring you of a prayerful remembrance always.

<b>PORT HOOD BURSE</b> .....	\$ 925.49
Mrs. C. McE., Port Hood, N.S. ....	4.00
Mrs. P.M., Port Hood, N.S. ....	1.00
<b>ST. MADELINE SOPHIE BARAT</b> .....	2,742.15
Miss A.S., St. John, N.B. ....	2.00
<b>LITTLE FLOWER BURSE NO. 2</b> .....	2,545.50
W.C.E., Ashton, Ont. ....	12.50
J.E.D., Mabou, N.S. ....	5.00
<b>IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY</b> .....	3,475.48
Mrs. E.D., St. John's, Nfld. ....	5.00
Mrs. M.D., Sydney, N.S. ....	1.00
Mrs. J.F., Edmonton, Alta. ....	2.00
Miss I.R., Port Colborne, Ont. ....	5.00
A Friend .....	50.00
<b>ST. JUDE</b> .....	1,586.00
W.E.C., Ashton, Ont. ....	12.50
Miss M.D., Sydney, N.S. ....	3.00
Mrs. G. and Miss B., Halifax, N.S. ....	4.00
<b>ST. FRANCIS XAVIER</b> .....	1,257.00
<b>HOLY NAME OF JESUS</b> .....	947.35
<b>SACRED HEART BURSE NO. 2</b> .....	1,120.16
<b>COMFORTER OF AFFLICTED</b> .....	805.00
<b>JESUIT MARTYRS' BURSE</b> .....	576.43
<b>HOLY SOULS BURSE NO. 2</b> .....	567.16
Mrs. G. McE, Glace Bay, N.S. ....	10.00
<b>MSGR. McKEON BURSE</b> .....	230.00
<b>REV. DR. FOLEY BURSE</b> .....	213.00
<b>ST. JOSEPH'S BURSE NO. 2</b> .....	694.62
<b>ST. CHRISTOPHER BURSE NO. 2</b> .....	208.20
<b>ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE NO. 2</b> .....	501.00
Mrs. G. McE, Glace Bay, N.S. ....	10.00
<b>IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE NO. 2</b> .....	508.60
<b>BLESSED SACRAMENT</b> .....	1,300.82
Miss M.T., Charlottetown, P.E.I. ....	2.00
<b>ST. ANN'S</b> .....	247.00
Mrs. A.T., Ottawa, Ont. ....	1.00

Address all contributions to the

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**  
**SCARBORO BLUFFS** **ONTARIO**





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# Angelita

By

Very Rev. Thomas McQuaid  
S.F.M.

---

I THINK I shall never forget it. The impression it made on me when I saw Angelita for the first time. I was newly-arrived in the Dominican Republic and was driving with Father Hart (in the Chevrolet car donated some years ago by the Women's Auxiliary in Toronto) to one of his Campos (country missions). As we got to the foot of a steep incline on the uneven country road I noticed, all by herself, sitting well out in the roadway, a little girl whose black face deeply contrasted with the clean little white dress she wore. I wondered that Father did not sound the horn to warn the little girl out of the road; my wonder increased when the car came to a stop at her side and she never moved except to wave her hand and smile a lovely smile as she sang out, "Saludo, Padre Lorenzo!"

"Padre Lorenzo" just sat at the wheel and explained to me who this little girl was and why she was sitting out in the roadway. He knew well that about a mile from the little church to which he was going he was sure to find Angelita sitting on the roadway. It was a part of his routine to stop and take her into his car. For Angelita, now about 13

years old, could not walk. Nor had she walked since the day, years ago, when her step-mother, in a fit of anger, had beaten her so cruelly that it caused an injury which made her legs completely useless. They could not bear her weight, and when the little one was lifted up her legs dangled as if made of rubber.

She crawled to the car now and eased herself into the back seat, still with a delighted smile on her lovely little black face. She was happy. Not only for the thrill of the ride, but for the fact that "Padre Lorenzo" was taking her to church where she, equal with all her companions, would assist at Holy Mass and receive Holy Communion. I was struck by the happiness of the child's expression at Communion time. I was watching her intently and started as I saw a man step inadvertently on her bare feet which limply dragged behind her as she crawled from the Communion rail. But it didn't disturb Angelita.

As we prepared to go home much later in the day a man brought Angelita out of the church in his arms and tenderly placed her again in the back seat of our car. There

*(Continued on page 13)*



# Letter from Japan

By

Paul Flaherty

S.F.M.

**A**LTHOUGH this is being written in Japan, I must tell you about Honolulu. We docked at about 7 a.m. Father Kelly and I were saying Mass in our cabin when the ship was moored. As it was quite foggy that morning we did not get up to see the famous Diamond Head, a mountain much like a sugar loaf pointed at the top which guards the entrance to the harbour. In bright sunlight it is said to be a beautiful sight. It is evidently covered with some species of stone which sparkles with every colour in the spectrum.

While eating breakfast about 8.15 we were pleasantly surprised by the entrance into the dining room of two Maryknoll priests stationed in Honolulu. We had stayed at Maryknoll house in San Francisco and our hosts there wrote their brethren in Honolulu informing them of our arrival. As a result Fathers Burke and Ruppert played the part of two delightful hosts to four delighted Scarboro Fathers for the entire day. The very first thing they took us down to the Chancery office to meet

Bishop Sweeney. While there the editor of the Catholic paper for the diocese took our picture which later will appear with a notice of our mission in Japan.

Following this interview the Maryknoll Fathers drove up to the summit of the mountain overlooking the city in the near foreground and famous

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## CHINA

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*Established 1919*

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No. 1



Waikiki beach further away. It is called the Pali (Cliff) and seems to be about 2500 feet above sea-level. The view from here is tremendous and the wind so strong we could only get out of one side of the car for fear of ripping the doors right off. When we did get out we could hardly keep on our feet—at the very least a 70 mile gale. I took a snapshot from this spot but, as I discovered later, I had my exposure meter set way out of line and I doubt if anything will turn out. Honestly, without a doubt it was the most beautiful scene I ever witnessed although Father McRae insists we will see its equal in Japan.

From this spot we were hustled to a place known as the Punch Bowl—the crater of an extinct volcano which now serves as a huge military cemetery for World War II soldiers killed in the Pacific Area. The cemetery gives the impression of having been landscaped into the side of a vast sloping hill; there are already 5,000 graves there. In due time it will hold the bodies of 25,000 men. As I scanned this panorama of spotless crosses "row on row" (and in their midst the occasional Star of David marking the grave of a Jewish boy) my hope and prayer was that our poor old world may still have peace despite the clouds on the horizon. If only mankind would listen to the message of Fatima! The



Shinto priest.

Rosary, prayers and penance could yet save us.

From there the Fathers took us out to dinner, and then back to their house where we spent the afternoon relaxing on their cool palm tree sheltered verandah. In the early evening, before boarding the ship again, we had our meal at the hotel overlooking Waikiki beach. At 10 o'clock we embarked for the final leg of the trip, to the plaintive strains of the ancient and beautiful Aloha (Departure Song) and with leis (wreaths of native flowers) about our necks. There were also the multi-coloured paper streamers joining the passengers to those on land—all in all a very touching experience.

Our only regret in leaving Hawaii was that we did not have time to visit the isle of Molokai which the venerable Father Damien sanctified by his apostolic labours among the lepers. This leper colony is still in operation under the direction of the Fathers of the Order to which he belonged and is only half an hour by air from Honolulu.



Charcoal burning auto used in Tokyo.

The entire boat trip was about half enjoyable and half most uncomfortable. We had rough weather for three days out of San Francisco. On the second lap the situation was reversed. We had lovely tropical weather for four days out of Honolulu. We swam in the pool, played shuffle-board, and generally enjoyed the sun and fresh air. After that we turned North and the honeymoon was over. Things got rough and miserable. The ship was rolling so badly that even on Sunday it was impossible to say Mass, a 25 or 30 degree roll. Looking at the ocean from a deck-chair on the promenade deck you seem to be looking straight uphill! Then a mountainous wave would slap against the side of the ship. You see the next one coming and you say: "They'll never believe us back home when we tell them about this . . . if we live through it!" The captain told us it was really the tail end of a typhoon. I'm certainly glad we were not in the middle of it. They had guy ropes stretched along the corridors throughout the ship, and everything was lashed securely on the decks.

We arrived at Yokohama on schedule Nov. 21st. Father Michael Dwyer, S.F.M., our superior in Japan, and Father Jim MacIntosh, S.F.M., our other veteran in this country, were on hand to meet us. The Japanese Immigration and Customs officials quickly cleared us and we began the drive to our house in Tokyo. It's about the same distance as between New Toronto and Scarboro Bluffs, or Thorold to Niagara, maybe 20 miles.

The house is half-American and half Japanese style. The downstairs is made of stone and plaster as in

Canada; the upstairs is of plywood, paper and glass. The only thing we missed here is that wonderful comfort known as central heating. Right now it is raining hard (and has been ever since we landed) and the temperature is between 45 and 50° F. Needless to say, we try to spend as much time as we can in the parlour where there is a little electric heater assisted by a tiny gas heater. So far at least, the food situation is good. We cannot get milk but apart from eliminating cereals it is hardly missed. Sugar is rationed . . . 1 lb. per person, per week. Coffee is very strictly rationed. Otherwise all's well. Plenty of meat, fish and fruit. They eat a lot of tangerines over here and many native fruits I have not tested as yet.

The Japanese people are extremely charming, hospitable and lovable. The kiddies are especially appealing. I'll have more to say about them later. Everything is wonderful and I am anxious to get at their language. It's very difficult, I'm told, but if the kiddies can learn it, why can't I?



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#### WHAT THE POPES THINK OF THE ROSARY

"Among the various supplications with which we successfully appeal to the Virgin Mother of God, the holy rosary without doubt occupies a special and distinct place."—Pius XI.

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# Call to Revolt

By

R. J. Pelow

S.F.M.

*A Thought for January*

ONE day about this time of the year in 1300 Pope Boniface VIII was entering St. Peter's in Rome when he met an old man by the name of Savoyard who was being carried into the church by his sons. This old gentleman claimed to be 107 years old and told the Pontiff that he had made the journey to Rome in obedience to a command given to him by his father a hundred years previously. At that time, he said, great indulgences had been granted to all pilgrims to the Holy City. Several other near-centenarians who were questioned attested to the truth of this claim.

Subsequently, on February 22nd, 1300, Pope Boniface published a Bull proclaiming the first Christian Jubilee. Conditions for gaining the indulgences were true penitence, confession of sins, visits to the basilica of St. Peter and Paul in Rome at least once a day for over a period of thirty days for natives of the Eternal City and fifteen days for strangers. Various changes were made in the

conditions until Pope Paul II established them as they are today.

On Christmas Eve just past, our Holy Father knocked three times on the great doors of St. Peter's with a silver hammer, as he sang: "Open unto me the gates of justice". Thus was inaugurated this Holy Year of 1950. It is customary to extend the Jubilee for at least six months after the close of the Holy Year to the whole Catholic world. Of course, particular regulations are prescribed in the Constitution extending it and these must be followed for the gaining of the indulgences.

In the Papal Bull officially promulgating the Holy Year of 1950 Pope Pius XII summons the faithful to a revolt against the dishonesty and wickedness of the world, a striving for personal holiness — based on prayer and penance. Not many of us can make the pilgrimage to Rome for the Holy Year but everyone can make the New Year a personal Holy Year by profiting spiritually by this special year of grace through our own prayers and penance.



# True Devotion in the Age of Mary

By

James P. Leonard  
S.F.M.

**B**Y the AGE OF MARY, we mean that time foretold by Saint Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort in which devotion to Mary the Mother of God would become truly great; it is the time of preparation for the Second Coming of the Son of God — as He came on the first occasion through Mary, so too, then, we are told will He come again in triumph. This time the world will be prepared for His Coming by His Mother. Many people think that we are actually now living in that period of history, THE AGE OF MARY.

Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort was born in France in the year 1673. He was baptized with the name of Louis; he assumed the name of Mary at the time of his Confirmation. Later in life he substituted the name of his birthplace Montfort for that of his family Bacheleraie. Ordained to the

priesthood in the year 1700 he at once asked to be sent to Canada to labour among the Indians. God had other plans for this zealous apostle: Clement XI, the reigning Pope, conferred upon him the title of Missionary Apostolic and bade him labour in his own native land to combat the errors of the Jansenistic heresy. This he did with marked success. De Montfort died at the age of forty-three and was canonized by our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in the year 1947.

Like Dominic in the thirteenth century Louis Marie knew that the only successful way to conquer the Evil One was to follow the example of God Himself. When after the very first diabolical attack upon the Human Race in the Garden of Eden, Almighty God spoke to the Devil He pronounced an infallible prophecy to



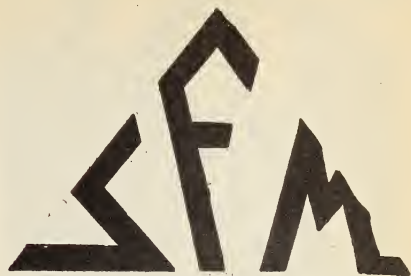
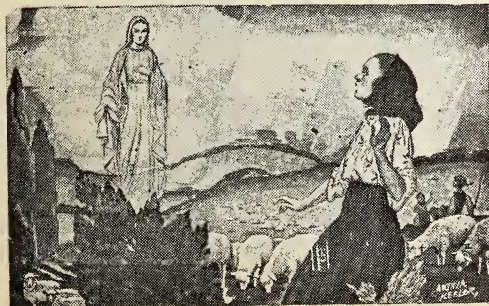
the effect that THE WOMAN would crush the head of this traitorous creature, Satan. From that day until now it is MARY, THE WOMAN and Her seed who effectually stand against, fight and conquer the real enemy of mankind.

Saint Louis Marie Grignion de Montfort has left us two books outlining his doctrine of the True or Perfect Devotion to Mary: *The Treatise on the True Devotion* and its summary, *The Secret of Mary*.

Pope Pius X, on December 27th 1908, issued the following statement on the first of these two works:

**GRANTING YOUR REQUEST, WE MOST INSTANTLY RECOMMEND THE TREATISE ON THE TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, SO ADMIRABLY WRITTEN BY BLESSED DE MONTFORT, AND TO ALL WHO READ IT WE HEARTLY GRANT THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION."**

Father Faber, the famous English convert and renowned spiritual writer in the year 1862 wrote the following in his preface to the original translation: "... Here in England Mary is not half enough preached. Devotion to her is low and thin and poor. It is frightened out of its wits by the sneers of heresy. It is always invoking human respect and carnal prudence, wishing to make Mary so little of a Mary that Protestants may feel at ease about her. Its ignorance of theology makes it unsubstantial and unworthy ... Hence it is that Jesus is not loved.



that heretics are not converted, that the Church is not exalted; that souls which might be saints wither and dwindle; that the sacraments are not rightly frequented, or souls enthusiastically evangelized. Jesus is obscured because Mary is kept in the background. Thousands of souls perish because Mary is withheld from them."

In our own day the contemporary spiritual master, Father Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. has written: "... The Blessed Grignion de Montfort is one of those who have worked hardest in the Church to diffuse knowledge of and devotion to the universal mediation of Mary. Delightfully he shows that she forms the elect, guides them, defends them, and intercedes for them. Little by little they enter into the sentiments of confidence and love which she herself had while here on earth; and from on high she enables them to see all things somewhat as she herself sees them in Heaven."

In the *Treatise on the True Devotion* the author points out the NECESSITY of Our Blessed Mother, because of God's plan of things, and the NEED of devotion to Her. Among the fundamental truths of this devotion he very emphatically declares that Jesus Christ is its only object, its last end. We are reminded that we are, whether we realize it or not, in very truth the slaves of Jesus and Mary, and that because of our sin-



fulness we have need of a mediatrix with the Mediator. Jesus, the only Mediator with the Eternal Father is, we must never forget, True God and therefore worthy of all the honour we pay to the Divinity. In this regard it will be well for us always to remember what we mean when we call ourselves Christians: to be a Christian means to follow Christ and to live like Christ, in so far as that is humanly possible. Very well, then, let us be logical and begin with the beginning: for the very first thing Our Divine Lord did when He became Man was to take the form of a little child and give Himself completely to His Mother. Can we err if we follow Him in that first act of His Humanity? By our becoming, of our own free will, loving children of Mary we recognize Her as our mediatrix with the Mediator. Mary has no other desire in Heaven today than to make all men know and love Her Divine Son; this is how She and Her seed continue the crushing of the Serpent's head which began when She became the Mother of the Head of the Mystical Body.

This devotion to Mary is called the Perfect Devotion because it makes the one who practises it humble,

sincere, utterly unselfish. It has for its purpose nothing more than the glory of God. By the grace of God the soul who lives this devotion completely obliterates self. It is an extraordinary offering to live and to die as a slave, that is, as one who has no right to choose but simply to obey. We should, however, keep in mind here the fact that this is a *voluntary* slavery, a slavery of love and so the soul is happy in its constraint, joyous in its servitude.

One of the common objections to the True or Perfect Devotion is that we cannot any longer pray for our own intentions or for the needs of our dear ones and friends. This is, of course, an erroneous idea. The Act of Consecration is made with the understanding that our duties of state remain unchanged. A priest, for example, must continue to offer the Holy Sacrifice for those who ask him to do so. Then, too, this objection is based upon the false assumption that Mary, to whom we give ourselves in order to belong more perfectly to Jesus, is less generous of heart than we are; this is absurd. We continue to live, to work, to pray, after having made the act of consecration as we did before, but







we leave Our Blessed Mother free to take care of our requests as She sees fit.

At the opening of Part Two of the Treatise St. Louis Marie tells us in one sentence what the devotions means: *"This devotion" he says, "consists, then, in giving ourselves entirely to our Lady, in order to belong entirely to Jesus through her."* To put this into practice one must make the specified Act of Consecration and then proceed to LIVE it in every phase of one's life.

During the autumn of last year, 1948, Our Lady appeared many times in a Carmelite Monastery at Lipa, in the Philippine Islands. Many miraculous happenings have confirmed the wonder. Recently a layman, Dr. Geraro F. Vidal, Professor of Chemistry at the Manila University, wrote the following among other things: "... true as they (the miracles) are ... we may be inclined to attach too much importance to them, whereas it is the devotion to Our Lady that is important, not the miracles. God uses them to make us realize the importance of Our Lady's visits and the necessity of heeding Her words. We should not be interested primarily in Teresita, who saw Our Lady, or the

rose petals, or the miraculous cures, but in Our Lady and Our Lord. It is the consecration to Her Immaculate Heart that She wishes us to learn and Her message of prayer and penance which we should take to heart, as She asked us. Our Lady asked for the consecration of St. Louis Grignion de Montfort: let us all make it!" (One day the apparition asked from the Community an individual consecration of its members to the spirit of St. Grignion de Montfort.) Dr. Vidal continues: "She said that She came to Lipa to recall Her message of Fatima and for us to listen to Her requests. Let us all listen! 'Men do not listen to Me,' She said at Lipa, 'nor do they do what I ask. What I ask here is the same as I asked at Fatima.'"

To conclude this article on the True or Perfect Devotion to Our Blessed Mother, I will ask you to ponder these words for a few moments before you put it away: "I AM MARY, MEDIATRIX OF ALL GRACES . . . WHAT I ASK HERE IS EXACTLY WHAT I HAVE ASKED AT FATIMA. TELL THIS TO THE PEOPLE."

Surely then, we may suppose that we dwell in the Age of Mary! De Montfort's prophecy seems to have been fulfilled in our day; what excuse will we have before God's Judgment Seat if He says to us: "I GAVE YOU A MOTHER, BUT YOU DID NOT TAKE HER TO YOUR OWN."



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# By the Grace of God



By

L. McFarland  
S.F.M.

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WHEN I first met Chen Li in Kinhwa, Chekiang, my immediate impressions of him were not flattering. He was from the mountains of Tungyang I learned, a wizened puny individual with a perpetually fearful look and obsequious manner. He was the butt of many a joke and the target for much abuse among the mission help. He had strayed into the mission compound one day, heard something about the True God for the first time in his life and stayed to hear more. Just when he first appeared on the scene I cannot say, since he was such a retiring fellow that it was several days before I adverted to the fact that there was a new face around the mission.

We were a little skeptical of the profound bows he made to us, of his many visits to the church, of the zeal with which he said morning and night prayers with the other Christians. It did not seem possible that such a pusillanimous person could become a good Christian in a land where Christian fortitude must be exercised at every turn.

As pastor of Tungyang one year later, I had forgotten all about Chen Li, when one day I discovered him sitting quietly on a bench in the mission just waiting to be recognized. He was a Christian now, having been baptized by Monsignor Fraser in Kinhwa. He had heard that the Sacrament of Confirmation was soon to be administered and had come to receive it. He was confirmed in due course and manifested an even greater fervor (if possible) than he had in previous days as a catechumen. From that time forward it was his invariable practice to walk fifteen miles each Saturday to be present for Sunday Mass and receive Holy Communion.

One Saturday he hobbled into the mission with his face a mass of caked blood. His mother, a pagan, had died during the week and contrary to the practice of the pagans he had refused to kneel and adore the deceased. He had suffered a severe beating rather than yield to a semblance of idolatry. This man, a new Christian, had suffered stripes for the name of Jesus. I had a glimpse of the mysterious



powers of God's Grace working in a soul and I was filled with confusion. How futile, how wrong our worldly judgment of a man's character when we reckon without God's transforming Grace.

Even after that, though he was the only Christian in his village and the object of concerted hatred, scorn, and abuse, he did not waver. He professed his Faith openly and learned the meaning of the words "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for my Name's sake."

The last chapter in the story of Chen Li opens in Lungchuan, hundreds of miles from Tungyang. Priests and Sisters had gathered in Lungchuan to avoid the victorious onrush of Japanese armies. One day at the gate of the mission a ragged soldier cried out my name. He had to repeat his name to me before I recognized Chen Li. He was gaunt and weak but as his custom he had sought out the Catholic Mission to visit the Church and receive the Sacraments. He told me his story.

His village persecutors had finally confiscated his land and everything he possessed, and then driven him out



of the village to starve, or survive in whatever manner he could. As a last resort he had joined the army which sometimes at least received food. And so with the retreating army he reached Lungchuan. I could do little to help him for the army continued its retreat the next day. Somehow he survived the war and eventually returned to Tungyang still with the same fervent Faith but broken in body. With the little strength that remained to him he practiced his Religion with exemplary fervor but it was not long before the call came. He received the last Sacraments and died in Tungyang.

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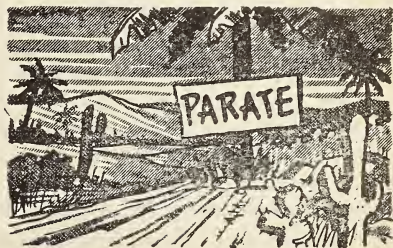
## Angelita

*(Continued from page 3)*

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was a bit of playful banter from "Padre Lorenzo" to which Angelita's only answer was her big, happy smile. When we got to the point where we had picked her up she made her way down from the car, and as we moved away I looked back and saw her drag herself into a footpath that led a winding way to a little shack some distance up a hillside. She would move very little now till the next time she heard that Padre Lorenzo was coming—and then, rain or shine, she would take her place on the roadway and await

the coming of the car that never passed her by.





Clemente with Padre Lorenzo Hart, S.F.M.

# Clemente

By

A. Chafe

S.F.M.

CLEMENTE is a fine old fellow, as black as can be, with a tuft of white hair adorning the back of his almost-bald head. He's slow of speech and gait, a gentle sort of man, for Clemente is near eighty years old. He has spent all his life on his little farm and has raised a large family, all now married, and Clemente and his wife are happy together in their little shack-like home in the village of Manogwayabo in the Dominican Republic.

For all his quietness, and his humble appearance, Clemente is a man of importance in his village. Not alone because of his age and his fine family. Clemente has other marks of distinction. For he is the one who holds the keys to the village church; it is he who is the first to greet the priest on his arrival in Manogwayabo for the monthly Mass each third Sunday of the month, and, this duty respectfully done, he slowly moves off and mounts the stairs to the little church tower and with a piece of metal held in each hand he pounds out a tune on the church bell that all the surrounding country recog-

nizes as "first call" to church. Then he comes down and moves up to the altar where he helps the priest lay out the vestments and get ready for Mass. Then quietly he stays near the altar and anyone who has business with the priest first comes and tells it all to Clemente. Do they want a Mass said for their dead? Is there some sick person to be visited? Is there to be a baptism after Mass? Or a wedding? Does somebody want to know about a sacred "promise" they made a long time ago and which has been unfulfilled so far? Can Father take someone back to the capital with him in his car? Clemente diligently notes it all and when Father gets a respite from the confessional he hears it all from Clemente.

The old man doesn't move from his post till he notices the priest giving him the "sign" to tune-out the "second call" on the church bell. And when he has a third time gone up the stairs to clang off the "last call", just when the priest is ready to start Mass, Clemente goes back to the altar and falteringly takes his place



The famous psychologist had finished his lecture and was answering questions. A meek little man asked, "Did you say that a good poker player could hold down any kind of executive job?"

"That's right," answered the lecturer. "Does that raise a question in your mind?"

"Yes," was the reply. "What would a good poker player want with a job?"

to serve the Mass. And now you know why Clemente is an important man in his village. Because he has been following that pattern for more than forty years, begun long ago in the little chapel that was destroyed in the terrible "Cyclone of San Zenon" on a September day in 1930.

Clemente was one of the first to join the little group to study about "Co-Ops" in his village. He came to me one day and said: "Padre, I wish you had come here many years ago. I'm too old now to live to see what you tell us can be done by our own efforts"—but he faithfully deposits his weekly savings of 15 cents in his Credit Union.

November 2nd—All Souls Night—is a proud date in Clemente's uneventful life, for when all the inhabitants of the village and the surrounding countryside gather in the communal cemetery, with lights

and flowers on every grave, and the priest there all night chanting and reciting "Responso" for the dear dead, standing at his side and raising his voice in the singing is faithful Clemente. And if you ever want to hear something you'll never forget just make a date to hear Clemente singing the "Kyrie-Eleison" of a Responso!



### **Our Camera Club needs the following equipment:**



- (1) Focusing cameras
- (2) Lenses
- (3) Developing tanks
- (4) Meters
- (5) Enlargers
- (6) Books on the above.

***These articles, or parts thereof, will be greatly appreciated, regardless of age or condition. Can you help us, please?***



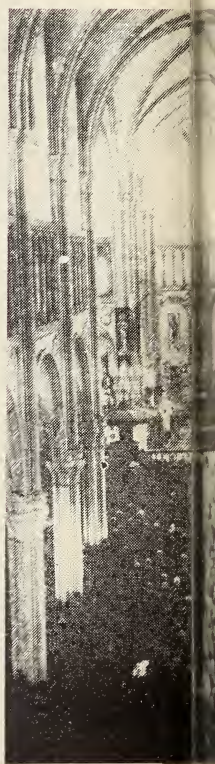
URAKAMI

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The pictures above and below show the famous and largest church in Japan before the A-bomb was dropped. It had a capacity of 3,000 persons and was beautiful both within and without. Note the statue of the Blessed Mother,



Interior of Urakami Basilica. The large crowd. The



# IRISH CHURCH

## ore and After

## nic Bomb!

ki Diocese)



The photo reproduced above shows the facade of the church after bombing. Note the statue of the Blessed Mother intact.



Irish church showing  
Irish numbered 8,000  
s.



View of the same church which was absolutely flattened. About 8,000 of the 10,000 Catholics in Nagasaki died in the blast, including two priests, eleven seminarians and twenty nuns.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

"What's bothering Susie?" asked one lady at a bridge party. "She looks furious."

"Oh, she's trying to reduce. She just weighed herself on one of those scales with the new speaking attachment . . . and when she stepped on it, the voice said, "One at a time, please!"



Mary, aged five, was facing a minor surgical operation, and mother told her: "Be a brave little girl, and mamma will get you a nice kitten."

Mother was sitting close by when Mary came out of the ether. She leaned forward to catch the youngster's first words.

The child opened her eyes, grimaced weakly, and muttered, "What a lousy way to get a cat!"



Patient (regaining consciousness after operation): "Why are all the blinds drawn doctor."

Doc: "Well, there's a fire across the street, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."



"And is the prince incognito?" asked the reporter, referring to a titled guest.

"Well, no, sir," replied the hotel porter. "I don't know as I'd say that. But 'e's certainly 'ad a few."



A big-time gambler had just died. The funeral was well attended by his professional friends. In eulogy, the speaker said, "Spike is not dead. He only sleeps." From the rear came a voice, "I've got \$100 that says he don't wake up."



"Did you participate in many engagements on the continent?" an inquisitive old lady asked the returned soldier.

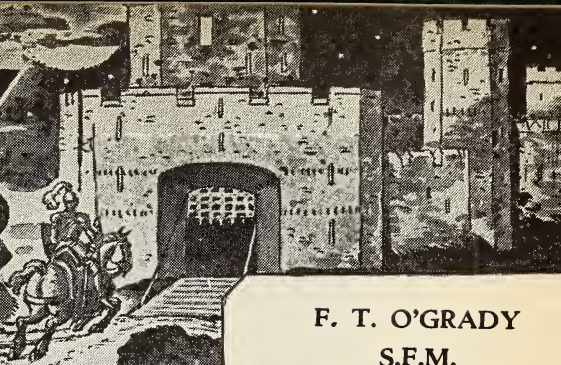
"Only five", replied the ex-GI, with becoming modesty.

"And you came through all of them unhurt?"

"Not exactly," he returned sadly, "I married the fifth."



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



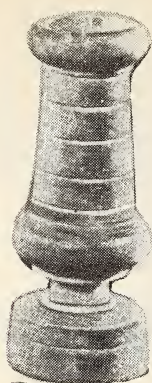
F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**H**AVE you got your own book club? How would you like to begin now? It's quite simple. Get a dozen Catholic families to buy one book. Circulate these dozen books each month. At the end of the year you will have read one dozen books for the price of *one*. It's as easy as that.

A year ago it was suggested to three different groups of people that they start such a club. The idea was received with such enthusiasm that soon there were three other groups, in all 6 dozen families. Not all were Catholics but all were interested in serious reading. They bought books such as *Seven Storey Mountain*, by Merton; *You Can Change the World*, by Keller; *The Mass in Slow Motion*, by Knox; *A Catholic Reader*, by Brady; *A Map of Life*, by Sheed; *The Story of Christ*, by Papini; *Our Lady of Fatima*, by Walsh; *The Guest-Room Book*, by Sheed; *The Loved One*, by Waugh; *The Screwtape Letters*, by C.S. Lewis; *Spiritual Combat*, by Scupoli; *Orthodoxy*, by Chesterton; *Father Malachy's Miracle*, by Marshall; *Introduction to a Devout Life*, by St. Francis de Sales; *Within That City*, by Lunn; *Christ the Life of the Soul*, by Marmion; *Difficulties in Mental Prayer*, by Boylan; *The Secret of the Little Flower*, by Gheon; *The Formation of Character*, by Hull; *Whom Do You Say?*, by Arendzen.

It was first feared that the non-Catholics in the groups might not like such a Catholic and religious flavour. There was no basis for this. On the contrary, the ones to complain were good Catholics who found the theological element too hard to grasp. They understood the books alright, but they did not like having to read so slowly. Here were several books which could not be rushed through. They were quite different from the *best-sellers* which are forced upon the unsuspecting public. After putting the necessary time on them though, there was a sense of satisfaction and an appreciation of acquiring something worthwhile. Gradually an appetite for such books was developed and their true value made it abundantly clear that the effort was well spent.

Such a list must contain some books which are not too heavy. Instruction is all very well but there is a limit, at least in the beginning, and perhaps for quite some time. Hence books like *A Catholic Reader* and *The Guest-Room Book* have a definite place. At the same time, it would be an error to have nothing but light books on your list. There is a need for serious reading to overcome the many sources of error which surround us. Films, radio, novels, all seem to conspire in giving us a distorted view of reality. Thought-provoking books can help stem this tide.



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For the coming year, the following suggestions are offered to the various groups: *Our Lady of Fatima*, by Finbar Ryan; *Cooking for Christ*, by Florence S. Berger; *Ye Gods!* by Ed Willock; *Pardon and Peace*, by Wilson; *Road to Damascus*, by O'Brien; *Three Minutes A Day*, by Keller; *Morals and Marriage*, by Wayne; *Reproachfully Yours*, by Lucille Hasley; *Guide in Mental Prayer*, by Joseph Simler; *Lift Up Your Hearts*, by C. J. Wilmot; *A Time to Laugh*, by Paul Phelan; *Mind the Baby*, by Mary Perkins; *God in Our House*, by Joseph Breig; *Stories of Our Century by Catholic Authors*; *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, by Fulton Oursler.

To organize such a group, make it clear that each family buys only one book. The cost is evenly divided among the twelve families. Above all, try to get everyone to promise to read the book within a month. You may find that this is impossible. If so, then stretch it to five weeks. If a person has not read a book in *six weeks*, then he is not going to read it at all and should pass it on to the next person on the list. It's bound to happen that some of these books will not appeal to everybody. And

each book will appeal to some more than to others. Nevertheless, everybody in the group will at least become aware of the existence of the volume and might some day have occasion to run across the title again. He might want to recommend it to somebody else; he might also want to read it himself at a more propitious moment.

You may find that July and August are bad reading months. If so, let the thing slide for the summer. If at the end of the year every person in the group had read even ten books, it would be a definite step in the right direction. Catholics as a group are not doing sufficient serious reading. And you will also find that there are more readers seeking good books than you think. People are fed up with the current literary fare. The list suggested will help a lot.

I suppose it might be the part of prudence for me to admit right away that the above list happens to be of books I like. They are also books I believe you will like. I might be wrong, but I think not. However, in case you have been reading the book reviews and have already decided against some of them, the list had twenty to choose from in the original suggestion and now another fifteen to pick from. It should be easy enough to get a dozen from the thirty-five. Let me know what you think of them, will you?





# 1950 — HOLY YEAR!

## HOLY YEAR INTENTIONS LISTED BY POPE PIUS

**F**OUR principal intentions for pilgrims and Catholics throughout the world during the Holy Year in 1950 are outlined in a message by His Holiness Pope Pius XII to members of the central committee. The intentions are as follows:

1. Sanctification of souls through prayer and penance, and unshakable fidelity to Christ and the Church.

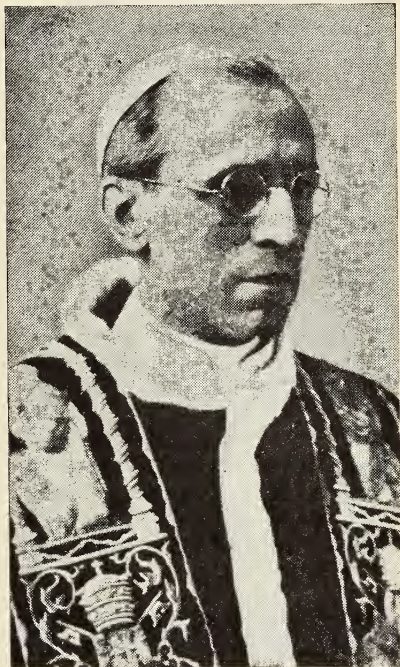
2. Action for peace and defense of the Holy Places.

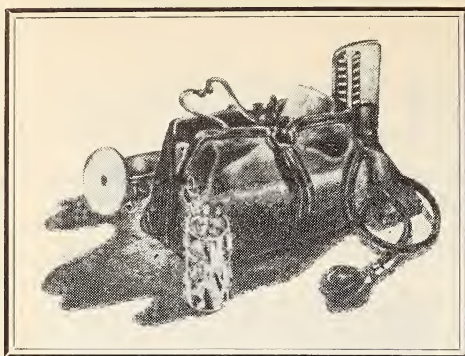
3. Defense of the Church against renewed attacks of her enemies and beseeching of the true faith for those wandering in error, infidels and those without God.

4. Actual realization of social justice and works of assistance in favor of the humble and needy.

The formation of four special commissions to supervise activities during the forthcoming Holy Year in 1950 has been announced at the Vatican.

The first and foremost of these commissions will promote various forms of piety and spiritual activity in Rome and Italy during the Holy Year, with the thought that these activities may be carried on also throughout the Catholic world.





## TONSILLECTOMY

**E**NTERED hospital Thursday evening 8 p.m. Orange juice at 9. Shot in the arm at 11.30. Sleep.

*Friday 5 a.m.:* treatment. *6 a.m.:* sponge bath. Removed pyjamas and put on white jacket. Shot in the arm at 7.45.

*8.15:* Put on buskins, a combination gadget which covers your feet and legs with draw strings above the knees. Then came the ride down to the operating room: down long halls, up elevators, down elevators, seeing people fully dressed going by and looking at you with great pity as though you were a famous invalid.

*8.30:* In the operating room, I saw the doctor in ordinary vest and shirt-sleeves. Says he in a nervous tone: "How do you feel?" This was anything but reassuring. I was nervous as heck and said so. He laughed! A desire to run out was overcome though with a certain difficulty; the realization that they would simply konk me over the head probably induced me to give up.

*8.40:* They rolled me on to the table asking if I had ever taken an anaesthetic before. NO. (Nor ever again was the firm resolution silently made). There were now two nurses on each side of the table. They spread a sheet over me and began to stroke my arms. I just got a glimpse of the young interne at the head of the table who was going to put me "out".

*8.42:* The surgeon held my feet. A cloth was thrown over my eyes. The ether was held in front of my face, but not touching me. I could hear a pump (at least it sounded like a pump) and smell that ether. The first whiff made me catch my breath and I recall muttering: "Boy, that's pretty strong stuff." The doctor now laughed again. I asked how to breathe and was told to take long deep breaths. I did so and can remember the pleasure I enjoyed exhaling!

*8.44:* The nurses were chattering away about something or other and I wondered how they could be so



nonchalant when such an important thing was going on. I next lost my senses of taste and smell. I could still hear a pounding in my ears. Also, I could and did wiggle my toes. The nurses were stroking my arms. I imagined they were all set to hold me down in case I decided to get tough. The weight of the towel on my eyes could no longer be distinguished. There was just the stroking of the arms and the wind in my mouth made by the blast of ether.

8.50: The voices became quite indistinct, and at the same time I became *frightened*. I wanted desperately to stop the whole thing but discovered the only thing left I could do was to tap the table with the index finger of the left hand. The nurse slipped her hand down over my fingers and I was cut off from all hope. There was a thought of what death must be like when the victim is still conscious but unable to give any sign.

8.51: There was a noise. It was a click which was identified as the sound made by my gullet as I swallowed. It was repeated rapidly, at very short intervals. This was the last thing I heard.

I now felt that I had reached a stage where nothing further could be done on my part either to help or to hinder my condition. Never before nor since have I felt such a condition of helplessness. I said the most fervent prayer of my life and hoped for the best.

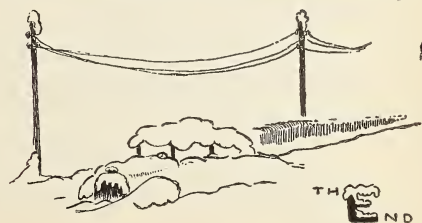
There seemed to be a rushing of wind. I was alone inside *my* head! A silly thought about the meaning of ego ran through my mind. It was as though I were *inside* myself! You've heard of people who were *beside* themselves, e.g. with rage; others were *outside* themselves in ecstasies; I was *inside*. Inside because I seemed to be aware of my body around me. Inside because I

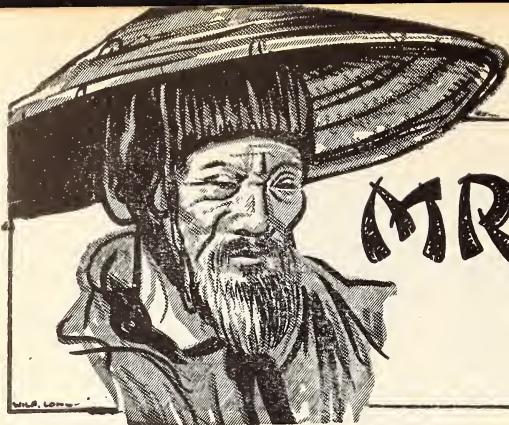


had no control over any part of that body, yet I was contained by it.

There was an opening far away which I could dimly perceive and from which I was fast receding. The same thing has been portrayed in the movies: a person is inside a cave on some sort of platform which moved backward away from the mouth of the cave, and the movement accelerating rapidly. There was an attempt to examine the walls of this cave into which I was backing so rapidly but my eyes were quickly drawn back to the opening where the light was fast dwindling.

The rush backwards did not last long. It seemed as though a small balloon burst. The light flashed, then went out. I woke. Two hours had passed. I had a very sore throat. Twelve hours of that. Twelve hours sleep. It was Saturday morning. I went home.





# MR. WONG

*says*

## “All under heaven are one family”

**T**HE proverb makes the real point that the brotherhood of man means nothing unless you realize that it must be under the fatherhood of God.

In January we celebrate the Church Unity Octave. The seamless robe of Christ is today rent asunder. The sheep wander without their Shepherd. We pray that they may hear their Master's voice and return to the one true fold.

The Octave begins January 18th, Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Peter, the fisherman who was commissioned the First Pope, is our symbol of the authority of Christ which commands and also guarantees the unity necessary in our world.

During this week we pray for the return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with Rome. For reunion of the Anglicans with Rome. We pray that the Lutherans and other Protestants of Europe may regain the true Faith.

We also remember the 100,000,000 of America who have lost the knowledge of Christ and who must be brought back to Him.

We pray for lapsed Catholics. We pray for Jews, once God's Chosen People.

Finally the Octave closes with the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul and we pray for the missionary conquest of the world.

The Chinese proverb tells us of what should have taken place thousands of years ago. Prayer can yet bring it about.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

When you are playing hockey or some other game of skill, you have noticed how the bigger boy has the advantage. If he is taller and heavier we think that he has a better chance. It's usually true too because the big boy can skate faster with his long legs, and when he is heavier he can push the smaller fellow out of the way. However, many times the smaller player wins because he is faster and uses his head. Still, if the big boy uses his head, his chances are usually better.

The same thing happens when boys and girls try to compete with grown-ups. The latter are bigger, stronger, have more experience and it's hardly a fair test. There is one department though where the younger set seem to hold their own and frequently win out. That is the spiritual department. Whose prayers are best? I'm sure I don't know but it's certainly not safe to say that grownups can always pray better just because they are grownups, is it? Let's take a look at the life of Our Lord. Who were the first ones to suffer for Him? Why, the Holy Innocents! And they were tiny babies! I think that's quite a hint from Our Lord, don't you?

What He is telling us is that boys

and girls have a special job to do in the spiritual department of life. It's not just an imitation of what grown-ups do, it's a special job all their own. And that's what I'd like for you to have in mind when you are making your New Year's Resolutions. You are something special in God's plan. So please do something special for Him.

Did you ever wonder how big the saints are? All sizes, eh? Some are tall, some short, some thin, some fat. It should also be said that some are old and some are young. This last group interests us at the moment. Do you think their lives were pleasing to God? Well, they certainly must have been or they would not be in heaven! So let's take a look at their lives for an example to follow. Perhaps you should look at the life of your patron saint. You say he or she was a grownup? Well, they must have been young once! Then picture what they would do if they were in your place. Now you know what to do! Just make the resolution to live according to your state in life in the way your patron saint would do it if he or she lived in your place.

Happy New Year

Sincerely,

Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim,

I am sending you, with this letter, a money order for the sum I have collected in my mite box. I hope it will, in a small way, help you with your work. I will continue with my collections and with my prayers, and urge all my Rose Bud friends to do likewise.

Jane Wickert  
202 South Marks St.  
Fort William, Ont.

Dear Jane,

Thank you very much for the mission present. It's much bigger than you think. When you consider all the Canadian Buds who are saving with you for the foreign missions, you can realize that by the combined sacrifices we can do a lot.

This is even more true of prayers. When we all pray together for the missions, God gives us a sort of bonus for working for him, an extra reward for spreading the faith. Thank you for both gift and prayers and please remember your Rose Bud promises.

Dear Father Jim,

I have not written you for a long time. Thank you for the mite box. I would like some pen pals from Ireland or the United States who are 10 years old. My sister and I both passed and are now in grades II and VI. I am glad I joined the Rose Garden and

am now saving stamps. I will say goodbye and May God protect you.

Mary Murphy  
Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Mary,

Remember to say those prayers for the missionaries too won't you please? They will need them now, especially in China. Did you read about our new missionaries going to Japan and Santo Domingo? God bless you.

Dear Father Jim,

I am 13 years old. I would like to join the Rose Garden. I would also like to hear from a penpal.

Grace Frost  
Foord St.  
Stellarton, N.S.

Dear Grace,

Welcome to the Rose Garden. Remember to say those prayers won't you? Just pick a name from the list on page 29, and write to her.

Dear Father Jim,

I guess you think I had forgotten the missions but such is not the case. I am sending you part of this present for the subscription to the CHINA magazine and the rest is for your mission. It's the contents of my mite box.

Bernard J. Walsh  
Bellevue, Nfld.



Dear Bernard,

Thank you again for your help. Old friends of the missions like yourself are the ones we count on. You may not write very often but we know you are working for the spread of the faith anyway. Glad to hear from you again and thank you for the present. It will help our new field in Japan. The people in that country are ready to accept the faith and we must be prepared to send as many priests from Canada as we can spare.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am sending you some used stamps; I hope they will be a help to you. Sorry I have not written before but I have been in the St. John's General Hospital now for the past 3 months. My home is in St. Alban's Bay d'espoir. I will send you more stamps soon.*

George Howse  
General Hospital  
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear George,

I hope by the time this appears in the CHINA that you are much better and perhaps back home again. I have been praying for you. Thank you for the valuable stamps. All Nfld. stamps will become more and more valuable now so save them for the missions please. Glad to hear from you George.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am sending you 25 postage stamps. I am 7 years old and would like to join your Rose Garden. I would like pen pals from all over the world. I am going to make my First Communion this Fall. Please say a prayer for my sister Marlene Theresa (after St. Theresa) that she will soon be well.*

Carolyn Mary Doyle  
Wolfe Island, Nfld.

Dear Carolyn Mary,

Thank you for the stamps and I sent the mite box. You have been enrolled in the Rose Garden of St. Theresa. I am very happy that you

are about to make or have just made your First Communion. It's one of the very greatest days in your life. When you first receive our Lord and King, ask Him to take good care of your parents, who have been taking such good care of you. Thank Him for all the blessings you have received, in being born in a good family, having devoted parents, going to a good school, enjoying good health, and above all thank Him for the gift of Faith. That will please Him, I know. He's easy to please, but hard to satisfy. But some things please Him more than others. I think that when we say "Thank You" He is most pleased of all, don't you?

Dear Father Jim,

*I have been reading CHINA now and really like it. May I be a Rose Bud in St. Theresa's Rose Garden? I am eleven years old. Please send me a mite box. I pray for the missions every night and I hope that I shall be a help by saving stamps and pennies in the mite box. I would like you to ask Clara Caners, Fisher Branch, Manitoba, to be my pen pal.*

Helen Cole  
Chaple St.  
Picton, Ont.

c/o Mr. Michael Cole.

Dear Helen,

Just go ahead and write to Clara, that's all. Her name was published for you to write to her. When the name appears on page 29 just simply sit down and write her a letter. She's waiting on somebody like yourself. When you write, tell the other Bud about yourself, the members of your family, where you live and what it's like, the school you go to and what grade you are in, what sports you like and what books you read. In short, tell her whatever interests you and then you will discover what interests you have in common with the other Buds in our Rose Garden. Welcome to our Garden. It's getting bigger all the time, and stronger in its help to the missions.



# Honour Roll

of the

## Scarboro Foreign Mission

**K**NOW ye all men by these presents that the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society hereby declares the following schools as worthy of special mention in the annals of Canadian Mission History because of their share in this apostolate. Be it known that by their prayers and monetary sacrifices which they have offered to the said Scarboro Foreign Mission Society they have made a notable contribution to this work and such aid must be duly acknowledged. They may really and truly call themselves friends and helpers of the said Society and must be recognized by all as veritable missionaries.

*With special pride we this month want to mention the following as deserving of special praise:*

St. Basil's School  
Brantford, Ont.

St. Ann's School  
Hamilton, Ont.

St. Mark's School  
Prescott, Ont.

St. Mary's (Girls) School  
Halifax, N.S.

St. Joseph's Convent  
Orillia, Ont.

St. Joseph's School  
Ottawa, Ont.

St. John's Academy  
New Glasgow, N.S.

Presentation Convent School  
Renews, Nfld.

Convent of Mercy School  
Bay Bulls, Nfld.

St. Joseph's School  
Port Arthur, Ont.



# New Members and Pen Pals

## OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Anderson, Grace, 13, 523 Bay St.; Burnham, Shirley, 14, Frances, 15, Gloria, 16, 279 Gloucester St.; Burton, Mavis, 11, 279 Gloucester St.; Byrne, Margaret, 5, Patricia, 9, 279 Gloucester St.; Beaudry, Sylvia, 13, 373 Cooper St.; Caverley, Denis, 14, 191 Kent St.; Cotterall, Ronnie, 35 Morris St.; Coupland, Sheila, 7, 279 Gloucester St.; Crate, Mary, 10, 279 Gloucester St.; Donnelly, Sheila, 13, 231 O'Connor St.; Dunn, Sheila, 5, Marlene, 10, 279 Gloucester St.; Elbourne, Joan, 11, Carole, 13, 279 Gloucester St.; Fahey, Lorna, 10, 83 Rosemount St.; Fitzpatrick, Carmel, 13, 474 Somerset St. W.; Flanagan, Elizabeth, 9, Patricia, 10, 279 Gloucester St.; Gourley, Joan, 15, 279 Gloucester Ave.; Guertin, Dolores, 11, Prudence, 279 Gloucester St.; Harrison, Joan, 14, 488 Cooper St.; Huard, Shirley, 9, Carole, 9, Marilyn, 7, 279 Gloucester St.; Johnston, Gale, 7, Clare, 9, 279 Gloucester St.; Kennedy, Mary, 14, 436 Gilmour St.; Leblanc, Elaine, 13, 484 McLeod St.; Lemire, Marjorie, 495 Lisgar St.; Lunch, Maureen, 8, 279 Gloucester St.; Moore, Beverly, 13, 545 Lyon St.; Macmillan, Barbara, 13, 324 Nepean St.; McIlkinney, Margaret, 14, 520 Bank St., Apt. 2; McManus, Ethna, 15, 404 Bay St.; McNeil, Elizabeth, 14, 279 Gloucester St.; O'Hearn, Doreen, 13, 561 Lisgar St.; Patairk, Patricia, 11, 279 Gloucester St.; Rooney, Jean, 17, Rosemary, 14, 40 Preston St.; Ryan, Myrtle, 11, 279 Gloucester St.; Scarbo, Theresa, 10, Helen, 9, 279 Gloucester St.; Scissons, Lois, 13, 96 James St.; Seigel, Doreen, 13, 279 Gloucester St.; Shipman, Shirley, 9, 279 Gloucester St.; Skerry, Helen, 14, 390 Nepean St.; Stappert, Doreen, 11, Sylvia, 5, 279 Gloucester St.; Vosdingh, Frances, 8, 279 Gloucester St.

## OTTERVILLE, ONTARIO

Murphy, Joseph, 11, Patrick, 12, Mary, 13, R.R. 2.

## OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

Hickey, Margaret, 14, Pat, 16, 250 Ninth St.

## PEMBROKE, ONTARIO

Deloughery, Frances, 13, 402 Everett St.; Fitzpatrick, Pat, 14, 375 Christie St.; O'Meara, Helen, 12, R.R. 7; Soucy, Bernadette, 16,

## PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO

Laton, Doris, 13, 528 Weller St.; Young, Maureen, 10, R.R. 1.

## PICTON, ONTARIO

Devine, Barbara, 17; McAuley, Agnes, 19, R.R. 5.

## PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO

Parisien, Helene, 12, 20 Hull Ave.

## PORT CREDIT, ONTARIO

Kelly, Joanne, 14, Indian Rd.

## PORTLAND, ONTARIO

Rodgers, Irene A., 15.

## PORTSMOUTH, ONT.

Coleman, Beverley, 12, Elaine, 17, 207 Kennedy St.

## PRESTON, ONTARIO

Beuerlein, Mary Helene, 17, 400 Guelph St.

## READ, ONTARIO

Brennan, Bernard, 11, Bobbie, 15, Donald, 15, Gerald, 13, Rosemary, 11; Calery, Tommie, 11; Enright, Harold, 9; Farrell, Margaret, 7; Gaffney, Harold, 14, Michael, 10; Hanley, Basil, 10; Hannifan, Carol, 6; Hunt, Agnes, 17, Catherine, 14, Helen, 9, Jim, 16; Kehoe, Kenneth, 13, Terry, 14; Kirby, Tom, 13; Meagher, Lucy, 14; Murray, Gertrude, 9, Mary, 7, Teresa, 10; McDermott, Bernard, 16; McKay, Billy, 8; McKenny, Helen, 10, Mary, 14, Vincent, 11; Nash, Jimmy, 7; O'Neill, Vera, 18; O'Ray, Jack, 14; O'Ray, Kenneth, 12; Pitt, Helen, 15, Jack, 14, Mary, 12, Theresa, 8; Power, Bernice, 11, Gerald, 15, Joan, 14, Kenneth, 12; Sagruff, Evelyn, 9; Walsh, Richard, 8.

## RENFREW, ONTARIO

McAdam, Billie, 13, R.R. 4.

## ROBLIN, ONTARIO

Corrigan, Joseph, 7.

## ROSLIN, ONTARIO

Byrne, Gerald, 14, Leo, 8, Sheila, 11; Hunt, Donald, 14, Garry, 7; Kehoe, Madeline, 12, Monica, 15; McGuinness, John, 6, Leonard, 7;

## ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

Hamilton, Patricia, 16, 128 George St.; Taugner, Sylvia, 14, 204 Queenston.



Carol Killoran, 5 Kimbourne Ave.,  
Toronto, Ont.

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# ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## Pray For Our Dead

Mr. Joseph McQuaid, Seaforth, Ont.  
Mr. McQuaid was the father of Very Rev. Thomas McQuaid, Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

Mrs. Catherine Chafe, St. John's, Nfld., mother of Very Rev. A. Chafe, S.F.M., the Vicar General of our Society.

John Barry, St. Raphael's West, Ont.

## New Book Forthcoming

Readers of CHINA are asked to watch for the announcement of a new book by Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A., S.F.M., on Our Lady of Fatima.

## China

Rev. C. B. Murphy, S.F.M., is the latest missionary home from China. Father Murphy was the pastor of our mission at Iwu which had to be closed due to the invasion of Communist troops. He left Shanghai November 8th where Rev. G. McKernan, S.F.M., is stationed. All in China are in good health.

At *Lishui*, with Bishop Turner, are Revs. Venadam, A. MacIntosh and P. Kam. They are quite restricted in their movements and may not leave the limits of the town without permission; in practice such permission is not granted. However, the work in the town is continuing and the people are more faithful than ever in attending to their religious duties.

Also in *Lishui* are Sr. Mary, as Superior, Sr. Mary Catherine and Sr. St. Matthew. They are very busy in their dispensary work but medical supplies are getting quite low. Lacking the money to replenish such supplies the Sisters will have to reduce the number of treatments.

In *Kinhwa*, Revs. E. Moriarty and A. Clement are enjoying comparative freedom and their work is not being restricted.

The dispensary in *Kinhwa* is in charge of Sr. St. Angela, assisted by Sr. St. Martin. The work here is in a better position than in *Lishui*

inasmuch as the townspeople can pay, at least in part, for the medical attention received and in this way the Sisters can replenish their medical stores.

In *Lanchi*, Rev. Harold Murphy, S.F.M., is quite restricted by the Red regime. However, as elsewhere, the people have been better than ever in coming to their parish church knowing that their pastor cannot visit them if they live outside the town. Father Murphy continues his great interest in High School students and several of them are sheltered with him in his rectory.

In *Pihu*, Rev. C. Strang, S.F.M., has been carrying on with increasing interference. He had been trying to look after his old parish at *Yun Ho* as well but this cannot be done any longer.

In *Sungyang*, Rev. R. Reeves, S.F.M., finds himself equally confined to the limits of the town. However, he too is well and continuing the work.

In *Tungyang*, Rev. T. Morrissey, S.F.M., is assisted by Rev. Paul Kuo. This fortunate arrangement enables Father Kuo to care for all missions lying outside Tungyang. Father Morrissey is restricted but Father Kuo has even been able to visit Iwu (Fr. C. B. Murphy's old parish) and Pukiang (Fr. John Kelly's). These two last parishes had to be closed but regular visits will help a great deal.

In *Lungchuan*, Rev. L. Hudswell, S.F.M., is in charge. Besides the parochial work as such he also has a dispensary which is run by Sr. Genevieve as Superior, assisted by Srs. St. Joan, Mary Esther and St. Nicholas. There has been a little interference but the work has not been stopped.

After leaving Shanghai, Father Murphy returned by way of Japan. He reports that the new missionaries (Revs. Flaherty, Kelly, Cummins) are getting used to their new home and are learning a lot from our veterans: Revs. M. Dwyer, A. McRae and J. MacIntosh.

Father Murphy will enjoy a short holiday at home and then will be assigned to campaign work in this country.





# **—Effective Ways —To Help —The Missions**

## **WILLS**

A Catholic Will should show the maker's gratitude to God for the blessings of a lifetime in the Faith. This can best be done by helping to bring the Faith to others by remembering the Foreign Missions in your Will. We suggest you put this Clause in YOUR Will, now:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$.....".



## **BURSES**

The great need of the Church is PRIESTS. The education of a Priest costs hundreds of dollars a year. A BURSE is the sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS invested to produce a regular income; the INCOME is used FOREVER to pay for a Priest's education while the original Five Thousand dollars is NEVER SPENT. Year after year that sum goes on helping produce a succession of Priests.

If you cannot found a complete Burse, giving it whatever name you wish, you can contribute any sum to help complete a Burse already established. Your donation will be gratefully received for any Burse listed.



## **ANNUITIES**

If you write to us we shall be glad to send you a copy of our ANNUITY Contract. A method whereby you give our Society a stated sum of money and the Society will pay you a generous interest on that donation AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. At your death the donation becomes an outright gift for the Missions. Such a manner of giving helps YOU while you live and helps the Missions after your death.

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society  
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario



This little mite is a symbol of paganism on the missions. The extreme poverty everywhere is matched by the spiritual desolation. They must be helped in both the spiritual and temporal spheres. Our missionaries, priests and sisters, are willing and ready to do their part. Will you resolve in 1950 to help the foreign missions?





# CANADA



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

FEBRUARY 1950

"MAY THIS GENUINELY HOLY YEAR  
HARBINGER OF A NEW ERA OF

BE FOR THE HUMAN FAMILY THE  
PEACE PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS"

HOLY YEAR **ROME 1950**



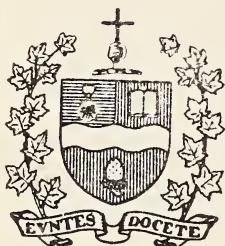
# *Pilgrimage in honour of Canada's Patron*

## ST. JOSEPH

*Specially Conducted Pilgrimage to Canada's National Shrine of St. Joseph in Montreal, leaving Toronto by train Friday, March 17th, on the "Flier" (Special Coach for the Pilgrims), and leaving Montreal Sunday, March 19th, 4 p.m.*

## MIDNIGHT MASS AT THE SHRINE

Saturday Night



SPECIAL DEVOTIONS IN ENGLISH  
ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE  
FEAST

*For information please telephone or write to:*

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**

60 Crescent Road, Toronto 5, Ontario

RAndolph 0013

St. Joseph is the patron of Canada as well as the patron saint of China, and indeed of the Universal Church. Besides being patron of the workingman, he has been chosen as the special patron saint for our Society. In China, our priests and sisters are under the Communist regime. Please pray for their safety and for the triumph of Christ's teachings over those of atheistic Communism.



# Letter from Lishui

December  
1949

By

His Excellency  
K. R. Turner  
D.D.



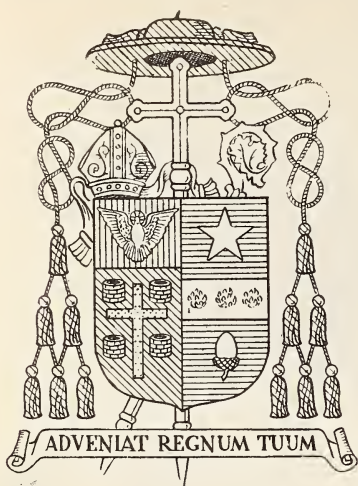
“YESTERDAY I received the first letter in many months; it was from my folks dated November 9th. It was forwarded to me by Rev. Frederick McGuire, Executive Secretary, Catholic Welfare Committee of China, King's building, 1st. Floor, Hong Kong. If you send letters for us to him he will forward them to us . . .

Father Reeves has not been too well and will return to Canada at the first opportunity. I have not been able to see Fathers Harold Murphy, Clement, Morrissey or Hudswell for months. I applied for a permit to travel up to Kinhwa months ago but have had no answer. Father Moriarty got a permit to come from Kinhwa to Lishui without any trouble and spent ten days with us, returning a week and a half ago. He is fine. Father

Stephen Mo (a Chinese priest) does most of the country work in the Kinhwa area. However, I was able to confirm some of Father Craig Strang's Christians in Pihu last week.

Mail service is good with all the priests but it is difficult to get permission to travel. Father Venadam and Father MacIntosh are here with me. Father Venadam is very well. Father MacIntosh has a sore knee; otherwise he is well. All of us Scarborough priests do most of our work in the towns in which we are stationed. All the Sisters are well and working hard healing the sick and in many cases have had really wonderful results . . .

In October I consecrated the diocese to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and each rector consecrated his parish, the Faithful all being invited to



consecrate themselves and their homes to Her Immaculate Heart. Many other dioceses have done the same and I renewed the consecration to-day at her altar. You can sense an increase in devotion to the Mother of God and to the Rosary and I think this is especially true among the clergy everywhere. All our hopes are in her. Please excuse the rambling way in which this letter is written. It is hard to keep any order when I have so many things to write about in one letter. The thoughts come piling in, and I haven't the least doubt but that when this is consigned to the mails I'll think of many other things.

Surroundings reflect my lack of order. I have the room upstairs and a small sleeping cubiculum. But in the room are two desks, five chairs, four trunks, a small box, 2 book cases, and a small shrine to Our Lady of Fatima and believe it or not, my bicycle. Father Kam occupies the room opposite and Father Venadam and MacIntosh have a room each downstairs. We still eat in the same refectory. All the other rooms are

occupied by "others". We say Mass in the Cathedral usually at an early hour so as to allow their meetings to start on time. The Blessed Sacrament is always reserved in the sacristy. Monsignor McGrath has the opportunity, and I do not doubt he is using it, of asking the prayers of devout followers of Our Lady. I am confident you are all asking for prayers. This is the only place at present where we have "guests" . . .

A recent letter of Father McKernan's gave news at mid-November about Father McGoey that he was recovering satisfactorily from what the doctor reckoned was a successful operation. We are sincerely grateful to God . . . I ask you to give expressions of my deep regard to all . . . I do not forget the students either and wish to be remembered to them. I feel we have a powerhouse of prayer at home which never lets up for us. My blessings to you and to all with all my heart.

Devotedly yours in Christ,

✠ K. R. Turner.

## CHINA

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Vol. XXXI

No. 2



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# Letter from Japan

By

James MacIntosh  
S.F.M.

(Written last summer, we have here an interesting description of Tokyo and environs).



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Tokyo

Aug. 12, 1949

**I**T IS very hot here in Tokyo now. All the rich and the wise went to the mountains until it cools off again. We are sweating it out here. By now we are more than thawed out after last winter's freezing. It was terrifically cold here when we arrived. At least we minded it a great deal. There was hardly any snow all winter, but the temperature was away down for a long time. Then the houses are not heated for winter weather. We had nothing but a little electric heater and a smaller gas heater. The Japanese seem to suffer in silence during the cold months. I don't know why they do not make some effort to have their houses heated. I guess fuel is quite a problem. It might be hot now but it is easier to take than the cold.

Tokyo is a tremendous city—has about six million people. The downtown section is much like any of our

cities in America—has big buildings, good stores, theatres, etc. The city has subways, electric trains, street cars, busses, etc. also rickshas. The rest of the city is typically oriental: the streets are very narrow, the houses are built with a sameness, the smells are terrific in places.

The coolies work like horses. You should see some of the loads they pull along on their little two-wheeled carts. The average bicycle carries a load that you would scarcely put on a three-ton truck back home. Anything with wheels on it is capable of a load and the Japanese sure know how to pile a load on. Last week I saw one fellow driving along on his bicycle and he had a piano on a little trailer with him. That was only a small load compared to some we see. The poor horses (most of them are pretty bony) are made to pull terrific loads. There is some law in Japan forbidding the driving of horses. The owner must lead his horse. It does seem a bit odd. It is not uncommon



Shinto temple near Tokyo.

to see oxen and water-buffalo pulling loads along the busy streets of Tokyo.

Out in the country things do appear a bit primitive yet I guess it's the only way it could be here. With their few little farm implements the farmers seem to get the most out of their land. Personally I don't see how they could use much of the machinery that we are accustomed to at home. Most of the fields are small and divided up. Every available inch of ground is used. It is almost unbelievable to see how the hills are terraced—some of them to dangerous heights. Did you hear of a farmer falling off his farm? I'm sure it could happen very easily in parts of Japan. Some of the farmers must have a hard job reaching their farms. The banks along the railroads, the drains of the highways, the river beds, under bridges—wherever there is a spot of ground at all it is used for the growing of wheat, rice and vegetables. Even here in the city it is the same way. It is not uncommon to see a row of corn or some other vegetable growing along a street.

A word about the language. It is very difficult—not quite as tough as Chinese I'm sure. So far we have been trying to speak a little of it. Soon we will try the writing too. There are so many degrees of politeness in their expressions that it is almost a combination of languages. For instance you do not use the same words and expressions to a servant that you would use to a superior or one of high social standing. Then different expressions again are used among intimate friends. It's quite a problem trying to keep in everybody's good graces.

The people are really wonderful. They have treated us fine ever since we came here. We were not too much of a novelty because of the presence of so many Americans in this country. There are several Catholic families near us here. We have about twenty for Mass on Sundays and four or five faithful ones who come every morning. Most of them are young 'teen agers. Many of the people here can speak English. I guess it would be better for us if they could speak only Japanese as there is always the tendency to take the easier course which means speaking Japanese as little as possible.

The children, and there are so many of them, are very cute. You should see them dressed in their brightly colored kimonos. At this time of year when it is so hot many



Street bazaar.





Imperial Palace courtesy guard.  
U.S. & Aussie.

of them don't wear kimonos. In fact, many of the little shavers don't wear anything more than a G string and some of them even less. Nobody notices those things in this country. One good feature about these people is that they are very clean. A bath every day or almost every day is a *must* with them. Many houses have their own bath and there are many public baths in the city. The Japanese bath is a bit different from ours. I will describe our bathroom and how we take a bath Japanese style. The bathroom has two tubs — one large one about four feet square and about three feet high. Along side it there is a little stove for heating the water. Then there is a smaller tub — about two feet long and a little more than a foot wide. It contains cold water. The floor is made of tile. The idea is that when taking a bath you first wash yourself all over with soap and water and rinse yourself off before getting into the tub of hot water. This may seem strange to you at first but to us now there is a lot of sense to it. It does not require much hot water to give yourself a good wash and rinse off the soap. So when taking a bath you are clean before getting into the tub. You might say why get into the tub at all after cleaning yourself in such a manner? Well, you just have to try it once to find out the merits of such a procedure. It is wonderfully

refreshing. Then the Japanese like their hot baths for several reasons. In the winter time it warms them up or I should say thaws them out, and in summer time it is very refreshing after a very hot day. I think the Japanese bath would be just the thing on many of the farms in Canada where water is not too plentiful at times.

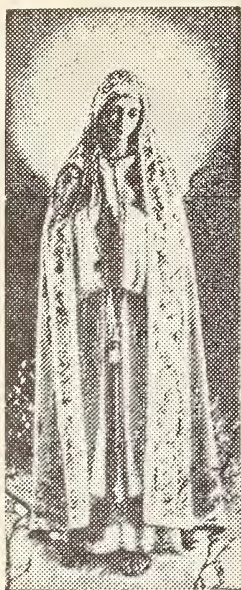
The country is really beautiful—very mountainous. Japan seems to have a particular beauty all its own. The mountains are only about an hour's ride from Tokyo. Then Japan has so many beautiful flowers at all seasons of the year. The Japanese have an artistic touch about everything. They really love flowers and have beautiful little gardens. The Japanese differ from us in this respect. Whereas we try to have beautiful lawns and flowers in front of our homes the Japanese have their gardens and flowers in back of their homes. The front of the home may look a bit drab and perhaps forbidding but once you get inside you are likely to find a regular little fairy land. The Japanese specialize in dwarfed trees, rock gardens, and flowers. The Japanese like privacy. Almost every home has a high wall around it. We have our own wall too—it's about ten feet high—made of brick and concrete. I guess we should call the place The Walled-Off.

Best regards to all. In Japanese we say it this way "minnasan ni dozo yoroshiku"

Sayonara,

James MacIntosh, S.F.M.





# A Day to Remember

By

L. Hart  
S.F.M.

**M**ANY a happy day have I spent working in the 'Campos' (country missions) in Santo Domingo, and I've just come through what will be for me one of the most pleasant memories of such days.

The first Campo in my parish of Los Alcarrizos to have the devotion of the Five First Saturdays in honour of Our Lady of Fatima was a little place called Palabe. The zeal of the people there, and their love for Our Lady, have made it one of the best sections of the Parish; their little church is far too small now to accommodate the hundreds who flock to Mass and the Sacraments every month.

Returning from Canada a year ago I brought with me a lovely little statue of Our Lady of Fatima for the chapel in Palabe. The day I brought it to the Campo will live long in my memory—the procession, the decorations along the country road, the little children all dressed in white, and so many men, attired in their

best "Fiesta" manner, awaiting on the road a mile from the chapel to receive and accompany Our Lady's statue to the church.

Seeing what effects the devotion has had in Palabe I decided to give each major Campo in the Parish a chance to venerate the statue from the Palabe Campo, bringing it from one place to another and leaving it in the respective chapels for a full month.

Last Sunday ended the month's stay in the Campo of Managuayabo. It was to go, then, to the Campo of Peralejo. But the people from San Miguel (St. Michael's), a few miles from Managuayabo, did not want to be denied a visit from Our Lady, so after a big attendance at the Mass and Sacraments in Managuayabo, we set out in a Procession to visit San Miguel, walking all the way and reciting the Rosary continually. It proved to be a great day—the people responded admirably, and there was no let-up in the public recitation of



rosaries all through the day in San Miguel.

The people from San Miguel had erected their simple arches and colored-paper decorations near the chapel. And they had gone to the trouble of preparing something to eat for the many visitors. The little chapel of San Miguel is in a lovely setting—right in the centre of a nice big green lawn. After dinner, I organized some games for everybody and had my usual good time giving out candy to the kids.

About 4.30 in the afternoon, along came the people from Peralejo. I was pretty tired after the walk in the sun and the afternoon activities but I was so thrilled by the sentiments of the people that I didn't mind it at all.

I took the statue out of the little chapel and put it on a table under one of the flower arches and arranged the people in a big circle around the statue, with all the Children of Mary, carrying flowers, forming the inner rim of the circle. I talked to them for a while and then told them I was going to have them form a "living Rosary". I gave the processional Cross to a little fellow and he went and stood in front of the statue and recited the Creed, which the people all answered. Then the Children of Mary came forward one by one reciting a "Hail Mary", answered by everyone, and they then took their places in the form of a Rosary. I had a young man represent each "Our Father". The folks were just spell-bound by it all; it was really lovely in that grand setting. We finished the Rosary just as the sun was going down, then I said the Litany, and afterwards, with the people all kneeling, many of them with lighted candles in their hands, and with four men holding lanterns around the Statue, I recited the Act of Consecration to Our Lady.

The procession set out for Peralejo—the darkness illuminated by the many candles. Rosaries and hymns

were being said continually. The path which led for a long distance to the highway was in pretty bad shape; lots of mud and water everywhere. When we got about half way to Peralejo I was getting dizzy and couldn't walk any longer. At the rear of the procession was a fellow with a horse (which I found out he had brought along for the Padre's use) so I was glad to ride till we finally reached the highway. The people, of course, were walking barefoot through the mud. From the saddle I had a fine view of everything ahead of me.

As we reached the highway another large crowd was awaiting us, attracted by the firecrackers which were being set off all along the way, as is the Dominican manner of celebrating. Arrived at the little church in Paralejo the scene was quite impressive. Standing on a chair at the entrance to the church I blessed the large crowd with the statue and spoke to them. It would have inspired anybody to look at so many upturned faces illumined by the light of the candles which they all carried. They had their altar beautifully decorated, and after singing a "Salve" at the altar I had no more strength left for anything so I asked the people to go home quietly to complete their day of Reparation in a worthy manner. Going back to the Capital at eight o'clock that night in the car there wasn't a happier fellow in the Republic than myself.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men."*

A short-sighted man went to choose a pair of glasses.

"These spectacles," he said, "are not strong enough for me."

"But, sir," said the assistant, "they are No. 2."

"What is next to No. 2?"

"No. 1."

"And after that?"

"After No. 1, sir, you will need a dog."



The former vicar and his wife decided to attend the church social of his old parish. The new vicar greeted his predecessor heartily.

"I'm very pleased to see you again," he said. "And is this your most charming wife?"

The other vicar fixed his host with an accusing stare.

"This", he said reprovingly, "is my only wife."



"Well, Doc, you sure kept your promise when you said you'd have me walking again in a month."

"Good. I'm glad to hear that."

"Yeah. I had to sell my car when I got your bill."



Customer: "You made a mistake in that prescription you gave my wife. Instead of quinine you used strychnine."

Druggist: "You don't say. Then you owe me 20 cents more."



Reporter: "What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who had the fight at the baseball game last night?"

Editor: "Why just say the bleachers went wild."

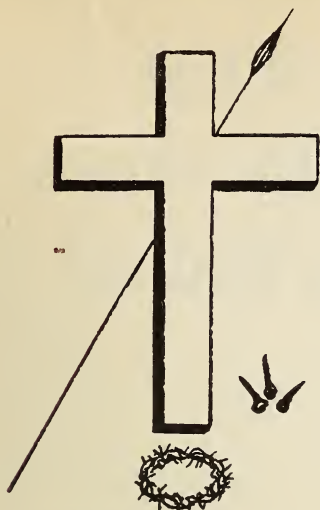


Grandma was telling the family about her day in Cincinnati. "I met such a pleasant young man in the train," she said. "He offered to give me the winner of the Kentucky Derby."

"And did he?" one asked eagerly.

"Of course not, my dear," she replied. "I had to tell him that the chickens take up all the garden and we've no room for a horse."





# Repealing the Fifth Commandment

By

R. J. Pelow

S.F.M.

*A thought for February*

**A** ROSE by any other name might smell as sweet, but murder by any name is still murder, and smells no better. Recently, the whole question of the Christian attitude to suffering has been brought to the fore with a renewed interest in what is so sweetly called voluntary euthanasia or mercy-killing. A doctor in the United States injected air into the veins of a patient who was suffering from cancer. It is charged that the air killed her, and he has been indicted for murder.

It appears that the only two organizations favouring mercy death exist in the great democracies of Britain and the United States. However, the more than seventeen hundred physicians in the States who belong to the Euthanasia Society of America do not monopolize the false philosophy upon which it is based. In 1948 some 379 Protestant and Jewish ministers in the State of New York petitioned their State Legislature for an amendment to the law to permit voluntary euthanasia. The first president of the American Euthanasia Society has stated that legislation permitting "voluntary euthanasia for incurable

sufferers is compatible with moral and religious principles." If you live long enough, you certainly do hear everything.

Catholics everywhere must be alert to this modern attempt to re-write the Fifth Commandment. Germans were quite unconcerned about it and surely none of us has forgotten the ghastly record of medicine under the Nazis with their gas-chambers, etc. Theirs was a logical use of euthanasia because based on a philosophy which holds that what is useful is good. Having no value to society, a person is thereby eligible for "mercy-death". We have organizations to protect brute animals, and we may need a few to protect human animals.

In our concept of suffering, the sick are all members of the Mystical Body of Christ. In anyone in pain or suffering we see the figure of Christ, the image of all who suffer. Suffering is something of infinite value when it is offered to God in union with the Man of Sorrows on the Cross. Yet proponents of mercy-killing are to ask the United Nations to include the right of euthanasia in the Declaration of Human Rights!



# What is the Story on China?

By

John McGoe  
S.F.M.

**C**ONFUCIUS unquestionably has made China famous, and **CONFUSION** is presently making China famous again. So diversified have been the opinions expressed on China, by left-handed writers and right-handed writers in the press, on the radio, by civilian and governmental "experts" on China, that the ordinary human being hardly knows what to think. Consequently that ordinary human being who has thought about the Chinese puzzle, has come to the almost logical conclusion that the best way to solve the puzzle is to stop thinking about it, and to let it work itself out. While this solution is understandable it is definitely bad. The problem won't be answered or solved that way. Well then, what is the story of China?

The story is pretty much the same as the story of any of the Balkan countries now under communist control. Surely it had many circumstances much different from those of

Europe, but the beginning, the middle, and the end are just the same. The Red government is undoubtedly the de facto or actual government of China right now. However it is absolutely false to say that it is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. This is the case in Europe and likewise in China. Europe met its fate through a series of coups, China met hers through a series of very unnecessary collapses. The true story could be told very much like a fairy-tale. If told this way it would read something like this.

There was once a very hard-working, poor farmer, and near the farm there were two animals who gave him lots of trouble. One was a big bad wolf, and the other was a big bad bear. The farmer was sorely tried by these two animals, but he was content because the big bad wolf only ate his sheep and sometimes a cow, but it did keep the big bear away. However as the big bad wolf



got more and more troublesome, the poor farmer began to wonder if the bear would be any worse than the wolf. So he finally decided that as the wolf was smaller and getting quite lazy because it was well filled with the farmer's sheep, he would take a chance and see if he could kill the wolf. Then at least he would be rid of one of the enemies. So the farmer killed the wolf. The Bear, on seeing that he had no opposition, was very happy and goodnatured, it relaxed and smiled, and took its time about filling itself with the livestock of the farmer. However it had to eat more than the wolf because it was much bigger. Then, much to his amazement, the farmer realised that it was harder to satisfy the bear, and the bear realised that there was not much livestock left, and the poor farmer woke up to find that the bear had eaten all his livestock, and was so hungry that it already had the farmer's head in his mouth.

The moral of the story is that while the wolf held the upper hand there was at least a farmer, even if it was a poor farmer, but when the bear got control there was no farmer at all unless you can call a corpse a farmer.

The people of China, like the people of any other nation, are simple people who want to live and let live. It is true that as a nation it is poorer than most of the great nations amongst which China has been ranked, during and since the last war. There was much less industrialisation in China than in most nations. It was 80% agrarian. With the end of the war the people, so pitifully abused by the Japanese, looked forward to peace in which they could go about the job of filling their rice-bowls three times a day. Chiang Kai Shek found himself the almost undisputed ruler of 400,000,000 people with a promising future ahead of him. It was a poor future but a promising one because any betterment in the livelihood of the poor holds promise.

Chiang had come out of a tight spot. He had avoided extinction by a slim margin, and the joy of salvation at the last moment was too much for him. He forgot his obligations to the people who made the journey through adversity with him. He forgot his former weakness in his newly-restored strength.

At the war's end the communists in China were never in a worse position. With help granted from America Chiang bottled the communists up in a little corner of China. The noose was never tighter around them. What happened then? Chiang who had, with help, killed the wolf, underestimated the bear, and so the bear got him.

Chiang, complacent in his strength from arms and money thrown into China by friends abroad, forgot that it was useless for a man to wear a bullet-proof vest if he wasn't healthy enough to carry its weight. In the rejoicing over his position and prestige, he forgot to strengthen his people. The reforms for which he had fought as a young man; the reforms which drove him to join the communists in his early days, did not materialise under his leadership. He



Sr. St. Angela with a tiny patient.



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did what so many politicians in our own country have done, got himself into power, and then paid off his friends and forgot the people for whom he was supposed to be working. The reforms that he made were paper reforms, not actual ones. To get away from the real picture he put himself into a gilded cage isolated from the truth, where all he contemplated was golden. His people hoped in vain, and the communists made hay while the sun shone on Chiang.

The people faced the facts that nothing was being done, and the communists strengthened with Japanese arms captured by Russia, and American lend-lease arms no longer useful to the Russians, edged out of the encirclement. Matching their arms with propaganda the communists soon convinced the people of China that Chiang never had intended reform and that such was the corruption of his government that the only solution was to try communism which would truly give them heaven and earth, and heaven *on* earth. Chiang refused to come out of his reverie, and the people who wanted no part of communism were anaesthetised by propaganda, fell down, and watched the flood-tide run over them. And there they are today, wondering how it all happened. They have now faced the fact that it is too late. Chiang is out of the gilded cage, but too late. Even now his head is in the mouth of the bear.

When the flood-tide has passed, as it will, it is just a question as to how

many of the victims will still have enough fresh air in their lungs to come to the surface.

Like every story, there is a moral for us to learn from the China story. Just how long will any people wait for their leaders to learn the lesson of their obligation to their people? If a teacher presents a lesson to pupil in a very forceful and understandable manner, that teacher is apt to think the pupil very dull if he does not understand it. Very few teachers can afford to take the time out to present such a lesson the second time. Experience is the best teacher, we are told, and history seldom repeats itself. Experience should have taught Chiang Kai Shek a lesson when the Japanese invaded his country and he tasted misery, in the sad plight of his people. Will our leaders in Canada, and the rest of the free world have to learn the hard way that freedom is a glorious thing, a gift of God to man, to be used, not abused, like any other grace He gives? Or will they be apt pupils and profit by the lesson the other half of the world is learning the hard way? Hope springs eternal in the human breast, so let us hope at least that a dollar-crazy world won't be led headlong by greed into the golden mirage of communist philosophies which promise all and give so little. A plunge into the sinking-sands of communism sucks up our freedom, our prosperity, our comforts, our joys, our life's blood and our souls. That is what has happened in China.







# MR. WONG

*says*

## Hold Faithfulness And Sincerity As First Principles

THE word sincerity has its roots in the latin *sine cera*, meaning without wax. It refers to the contemptible practice of filling in cracks in marble statues or pillars with wax. Ever since, we express our disapproval of sham, pretence or deception by saying that there is a lack of sincerity. If this was recognized as a virtue by the ancient Chinese, surely we ought to prize it as much in our own day. Let every man stand for what is right, speak fearlessly, and act always faithfully, in accordance with his belief.



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

**I**T'S the haircut week-end again. What a bore. And how I hate this waste of time. It's inevitable after three weeks and although I try to postpone the ordeal it's just a delaying measure. There is nothing intrinsically necessary about it but contemporary *mores* demand it.

A shave is a daily requirement in this century and a haircut comes due approximately every three weeks. It is a test, a trial, a cross, the bane of one's life but there is no choice: one must submit. Today, the haircut is of more importance socially than the chauffeur. There was a time when it was considered very aristocratic to have a "driver" for one's car and later this was improved upon by having a "chauffeur". Since then aristocracy has suffered a decline and every man is expected to know how and to actually drive his own car. But the haircut . . . that is a current "must".

A vaudeville joke which has been promoted to the rank of an axiom holds that a man in serious need of a haircut is either a poet, a violinist or a nut! Roosevelt once explained that his condition was such that he had either to get a haircut or buy a violin! This situation obtains for myself at the moment. I know I shall weaken. Although I have often longed for a fiddle, the inevitable journey to the tonsorial artist's estab-

lishment must be faced. Now why the panic?

John Kieran at his best never knew 10% of what my barber knows. He is an expert on International Finance, Sports, Medicine, the internal combustion engine, jet-planes, and goodness-knows-what-else. As an International expert his studies consisted of a two-year hitch in the Air Force, as a barber. Here he was privileged to shave and cut the hair of a number of Group Commanders who had been overseas and now my barber can explain the precise difference between Germans and Dutch, Austrians and Czechs, Yugoslavs and Titoslavs. Any question arising from the morning newspaper as to the relative arguments of Jews versus Arabs can be answered by him in such a way as to arouse the envy of Clifton Fadiman.

In sports, having seen the Maple Leafs practice in October, he is competent to describe the intimate life of every athlete in the league. He can also predict the winner of the Stanley Cup at least two seasons in advance. This would make things convenient for betting purposes but then I am not a betting man. Besides, having seen the Leafs only twice in six years I'm sorry to say their ups and downs fail to interest me.

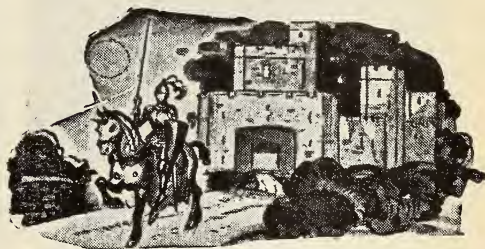
My barber also has been to the hospital several times to shave dead or dying men. His descriptions of



the care necessary to avoid cutting the tender skin of a corpse might interest a medical student but . . . However, this experience has led him to a privileged knowledge of doctors, their likes and dislikes, their abilities and limitations, their value and drawbacks. So far as I know he has never been a patient but as an evaluator of hearsay, he assures me he is a non-pareil. He is prepared to diagnose any illness and prescribe the appropriate treatment. My health is excellent, thank God, so I find this part of the talk inapplicable.

The oldest known joke concerning barbers is attributed to Aristophanes. When asked how he wanted his hair cut the answer came: "In silence". To my mind this is the secret modern barbers must learn. Were one able to go to their salons with the assurance that all would be silence there would be no suffering involved. But the knowledge that quips, jokes, anecdotes, stories, legends and old saws

will be dispensed with every snip of the scissors fills me with dread. It could be a place for relaxation, a moment in the month filled with tender thoughts of peace and quiet, when the soothing sensation of a gentle scalp-rub following a haircut would be an event to look forward to with pleasurable anticipation. Instead one views the whole procedure with distaste and even dread. It was Mark Twain who said: 'A barber seldom rubs you like a Christian.' Perhaps I'd better lock myself in the ivory tower and wear an old stocking on my head when I emerge for meals.



## "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

**I**F YOU were a little girl of fifteen and lying sick for a long time in a sanatorium, doubtless you would like to see a visitor now and then. Especially would you be glad if one of those visitors left two dollars with you and told you to buy some candy for yourself. You might even spend some time after your visitor went away figuring out just how many nice things you could get for the two-dollar gift—so many chocolate bars, some comic papers, a few ice-cream cones, and perhaps other things that would help brighten the time spent in a bed in a sanatorium.

Well, we know of such a little girl. She wrote us a letter and she told us of her visitor and her gift. And she spent her two dollars by sending it to us, saying: "I am so grateful to Our Blessed Lord for allowing me to suffer that I want this gift to be spent where it may help some little girl in China who is sick and who does not know how to offer her sufferings in union with Our Lord's."

Do you wonder that God blesses His Missions so wonderfully when they are nurtured by such acts of self-denial and charity?



# State Cult In Japan

By

John E. Gault

S.F.M.

**I**T MUST be Japan. So thought Columbus, during the closing months of 1492, as he discovered one island after the other. He had based his hope on that mysterious Island Empire which no European had ever seen.

Marco Polo, the famous wanderer of the thirteenth century, had revealed its existence. During his long visits in Cathay, he had heard much about the many inhabited islands which were situated in an immense sea to the East of China. It had been described as a land of fabulous wealth where the very roof of the Imperial Palace was made of gold. However, even Polo's venturesome spirit did not urge him to seek this strange corner of the earth.

Columbus, in his quest of a western route to China, did not harbour any enthusiasm for a non-stop voyage. Such an ambition is the result of the modern mania for getting somewhere before leaving your point of departure. The Great Admiral would have been content to make the jour-

ney by stages. He desired the Western Sea to be as narrow as possible and the Island Empire of Japan, mentioned by Marco Polo, would certainly shorten the distance between the Canary Islands and the Asiatic mainland.

Very bitter must have been Columbus' disappointment when he saw the naked Indians and crude huts of the West Indies instead of the ancient Japanese civilization.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has common interests with the renowned Discoverer of America. Like him, it first sought the Celestial Kingdom of China. Then, due to various circumstances, it found itself in the West Indies. Now, it is establishing itself in the Land of the Rising Sun, Japan.

Through the medium of our magazine, we wish to follow in the footsteps of Marco Polo. He must have been a progenitor of the present day travelling reporter. Just as he reported to the Christians of Europe on far away places, so, we wish to in-



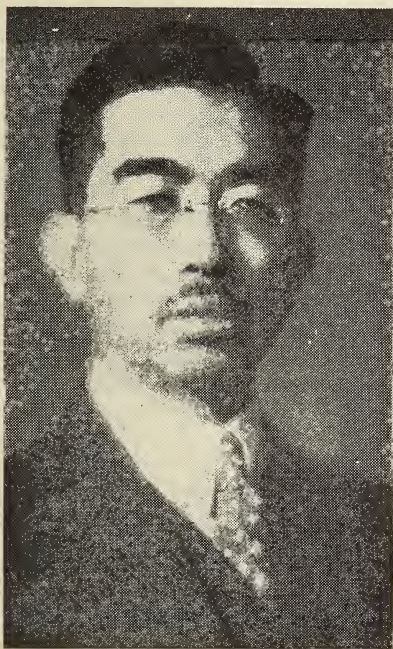
form Canadian Catholics about those distant lands where our Scarborough missionaries are working zealously. At the moment, Japan is our special interest.

Almost a half century followed the discovery of America before a European set eyes on Nippon. In the year 1539, a group of Portuguese merchants happened upon this land which St. Francis Xavier described as being at the end of the earth. Ten years later, that great Apostle carried the teachings of Christ to its people.

The Portuguese merchants learned that they had stumbled upon a culture which was already well developed when their own Iberian Peninsula was practically unknown, except to a few roaming tribes. They also discovered, to their amazement, that the Emperor of the Japanese was famous not only for the fact that he lived in a luxurious palace but especially because he was divine. Yes, believe it or not, he was a direct descendant of the supreme deity,



The Crown Prince.



Emperor Hirohito.

Amaterasu-o-mi-kami, the Sun-goddess. Such a notion has its origin in the misty past of those mysterious islands.

Japan is made up of several large islands and hundreds of smaller ones. It also has two backbones. Somewhat of a Siamese twins trick. One mountain range comes down from the north whilst the other comes up from the south. They meet on the largest island, known as Honshu. At the point of juncture is situated the sacred Mount Fuji which Westerners associate so intimately with Japan.

These two mountain ranges seem to give a clue to the racial origins of the people who now dwell on their slopes. Indeed, they are a very mixed race. It seems that the first possessors of the land were the Ainu aborigines who must have made their way from the north after crossing over from the northern sections of the Asiatic mainland. Gradually, they made their way throughout the archipelago.

At a later but still unknown period,

tribes of Malayan-Negroid stock began to trek up from the South Pacific. They made their way island by island until they had subjugated the Ainu inhabitants or driven them into the northern reaches of the land.

During this period, many of the Southerners found their way to Korea. There, however, they did not appear as all-powerful conquerors. During the passing centuries they were absorbed by the native population and practically lost their identity.

Eventually, a large group of descendants of this Korean fusion migrated to Japan. Their distant cousins had long since taken over complete control of the islands and had broken up into many clans. The most powerful and influential of these lived in a section of the principal island of Honshu. This section bore the name Yamato.

In time, the long lost relatives from Korea clashed with the Yamato tribe. What ensued is not recorded in history but the result was a union of the two peoples and from this union the Japanese race was born.

The ancient inhabitants of Japan, both the Ainu aborigines and the invaders from the South Pacific, had a firm belief in the existence of spiritual beings. These spirits were thought to dwell in the various things of nature, such as the sun, the moon, the wind, streams, plants, etc.

Down through history, nature has constantly used violent means to convince the islanders of a power greater than themselves. Drastic earthquakes and sweeping typhoons have always been regular sources of terror. In fact, portions of the islands quiver daily as a result of volcanic action. There are still many active volcanoes. Such disturbances lend the sense of awe and mystery to the atmosphere and the simple people, seeing no other explanation, attributed them to angry spirits.

The communal sentiment gradually increased as various families joined forces under a single head. Each clan

claimed the protection of one or other of the many spirits which supposedly lived in the things of nature. It was not long before the original chieftain of each clan began to be identified with this spirit or deity. Hence, the father of each clan, after his death, became recognized as its protective spirit. This gave rise to ancestor worship. Eventually, the idea of a deified chieftain was extended to the Emperor as the head of the nation and also to the father of individual families. The result was a threefold ancestor worship. The *domestic* cult required the worship of the family ancestors. The *communal* type which obliged the members of each clan to venerate their progenitors and the *state cult* which held to the divinity of the Imperial ancestors.

As mentioned above, the Yamato family became the most powerful and influential of all the families in the country. It had chosen the Sun-goddess as its protecting spirit and the leaders were looked upon as her progeny. The many clans which fell under Yamato subjugation were forced to recognize the Sun-goddess as the principal deity. They were further given to understand that her human descendants had been commissioned to rule not only Japan but the entire world. Thus originated the idea of a divine Emperor. The present title holder, a descendant of the Yamato family, disclaimed all right to divinity after the close of the recent war and thus officially ended State Worship or Cult.







# The Antics of An Old Jeep

||  
By

Francis Diemert  
S.F.M.

IF SOMEONE asked me to name the man of the half century, I would, without hesitation, propose the man who invented the Jeep. I don't know the origin of the name, but from my experience, it might have been formed from the first letters of the following words in capital letters—a *J*elopy *E*xcellent for the *E*xercise of *P*atience.

About six thirty o'clock on a Saturday night, there arrived in front of the Parish house in Hato Mayor, in the Dominican Republic, a grey coloured Jeep. It was brought up from the capital city by a man working for a group of American engineers. These Americans were putting the water system in the town, and were good friends of ours. The Jeep was a used American army Jeep which had survived the ravages of World War II, and was purchased in Puerto Rico.

No sooner had the vehicle been parked in front of the house, when a crowd of young people appeared on the scene to look it over. They tried the lights, and looked surprised when they worked. They tried the horn, and were positively thrilled by the harsh sound which emanated from underneath the hood. They were

thrilled because to produce the sound, all they had to do was to press an unattached wire against the steel dash board. The horn button had long since outlived its usefulness. They lifted the hood and looked at the motor, and they almost broke off the rear view mirror stuck on the side of the windshield. Luckily I had the key in my pocket or they would have tried the motor too.

After Confessions that night I started the motor, and it started easily enough but had a purr like an aeroplane engine. Then Sunday afternoon I tried it out by driving around the town. At each corner there was a group of young fellows who wanted a ride. When I got back to the house, I counted fourteen young fellows getting out. How they all managed to get inside is still a puzzle to me.

For a long time we had planned about all the things that could be done with a Jeep. Now that we had one, it only remained to realize our plans. There were two Mission chapels on the highway and these could be easily reached for Mass and instructions. Then there was another which had a road leading right up to the door of the school, which was used as a chapel. This road was built



by the Americans because it led to the source of the water supply, where two rivers joined.

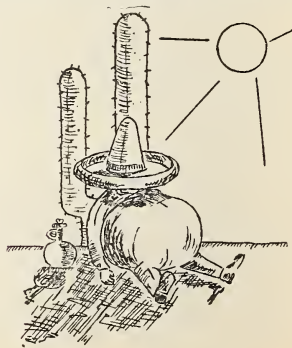
There were other places which had seemed impossible to reach in any other way than by horse or mule, but by persistent effort, and sheer determination the Jeep would get through. Gradually, to our sorrow, the people began to look on the Jeep as a miraculous contrivance which could go anywhere. As a result, we were often asked to go on sick-calls over paths which were never meant for four-wheeled vehicles. And everytime one of these next to impossible paths was accomplished, the event only seemed to bolster up the erroneous opinion that the Jeep could go anywhere that a horse could go.

There was one campo called Mata Palacio. It was the biggest section in the Parish, both territorially and numerically. I wanted to try to reach this place by Jeep, because if it could be done, there would be great prospects for a rich harvest of souls, there being many backsliders in those parts. I had often gone there by horseback and knew that some parts of the road were not very good for Jeep travel. However, I thought there must be some way of getting there.

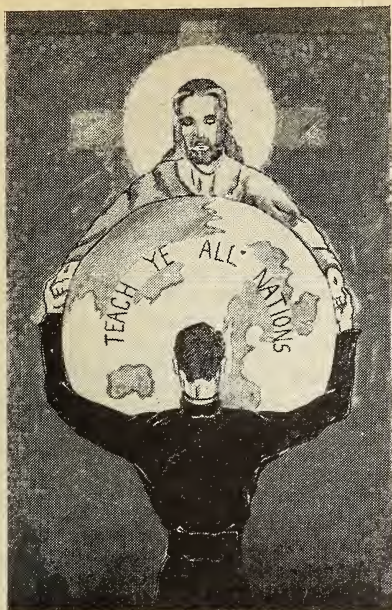
When a friend of mine from that Campo was in town, I called him into the house and explained my intention to him. I was to go there on the third Saturday of the month, so would leave early Friday afternoon by Jeep, and try to find a way of getting through. He took to the idea immediately and very volubly offered his services as guide as he was certain the Jeep could get through. We arranged to meet at the store on the highway, where we were to turn off.

Friday came, and right after dinner I started off, with the Sacristan and an altar boy. Everything went fine till we reached the store where we were to turn off, but here there was no sign of the man who was to be our guide. Thinking that he would probably be already on the way, I decided to take a chance. I turned off the highway into the fields, hoping to meet him somewhere on the way. But of all the decisions I ever made in my life that one was the most regrettable.

We started off through the fields, going up and down hills, changing from low gear to second and back to low again about a hundred times as we bumped along. The road was getting less like a road all the time, and still no sign of our guide. But we did meet a school teacher on her way back to town on horseback, so we asked her for directions. It so happened that there was a man also







on horseback about fifty yards ahead of us, and she knew the man and told us to follow him. (Later she explained to me that the man did not go directly home as she had thought, but went to visit a friend). However, we followed the man, only to lose sight of him later on in the bushes. There was nothing else to do but keep on going, wherever the Jeep could get through.

Then we came to a river but before going down into it, there was a wire fence but no gate. One of the boys with pliers, managed to untangle enough wire for the Jeep to pass, and through we went. We crossed the river easily enough because it was not deep at that time of year. The next mile or two was rather easy going. But then we came to another fence, and circled the field looking for a gate, and not finding one, had to do the same as we did for getting down into the river. From here on things went from bad to worse. We climbed a steep incline and on top of it had to make a sharp turn, and there right in front of us was a huge boulder in the middle of the trail.

It was impossible to stop the Jeep in time, so it came to rest with its middle on top of the stone. I tried to go ahead, and tried to back up but the contraption refused to budge.

I got out and warily peeped under the Jeep and then I saw what was the matter. The exhaust pipe was flattened and jammed against the stone. I blew the horn, and people came from all directions to get a look at this queer thing which they called something like "jeepy". Some men tried to remove the stone with a crow-bar but no luck. So then about ten husky young fellows, lifted the Jeep just enough to get the stone dug out, but with the stone came the exhaust pipe.

I started up the motor, and if it ordinarily sounded like an aeroplane, now, without an exhaust, it sounded as though about a half-dozen bombers were flying overhead. I had no difficulty persuading two of the husky men to come with us in the Jeep, to direct us for the rest of the way, and incidentally to be on hand should we encounter any more difficulty. It wasn't long before I had to call on them for help.

The path leading down a gulley into a stream looked treacherous, so I stopped to look things over, but my helpers wondered why I had stopped, as they could see nothing to worry about. So with their assurance I went down into the water. We got the four wheels into the water and were up against a stone. We managed to



get over this, only to be blocked by another stone, so then we were really stuck, not being able to go forward or backward, and I was getting wet feet from the water coming into the Jeep.

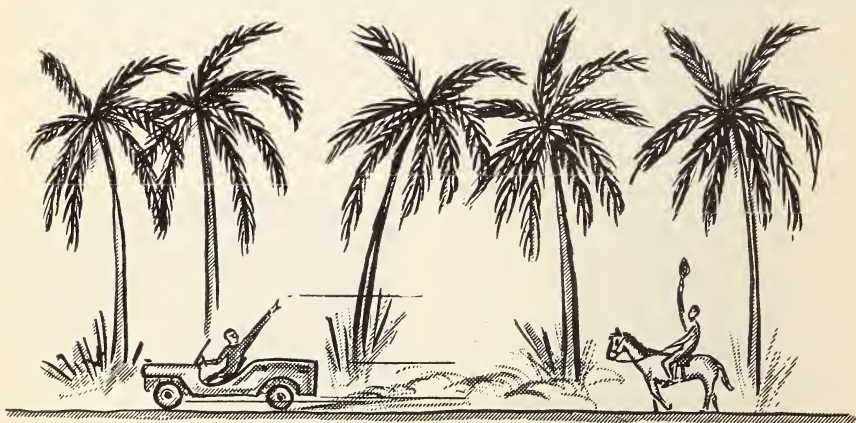
The men rolled up their pant legs (they were already in bare feet), got into the water, hoping to lift out the stones, but they were too big and too slippery to be moved by hand. With the help of some other men, who arrived on the scene, they lifted the Jeep free of the stones and it leaped forth, like a wild animal from a cage, onto the other side of the gulley. Then to get up the gulley, the men had to open a path, by cutting away underbrush and small trees with their machetes (long wide-bladed knives). Then with all the force the Jeep had, we made a big dash up the slope, and on to level ground. From here on the going was easy and we were only about ten minutes ride from our destination, the chapel.

People had already been gathering around the chapel, and as we pulled up, they all came out to greet us. Then nearly each individual said to me "Oh Father, you took the wrong road, there is another one which is much better." On other occasions I

used this other way, but to say it is much better is an exaggeration. While still speaking to the people, along came the man who was to be our guide. He was puffing and perspiring and mad as a hatter. He was at the highway alright, but missed us, because he had dropped into a friend's house to wait for us, but they didn't notice us going by. Then he had to walk all the way home, and at that, almost arrived ahead of us, by the other way, of course.

In spite of almost impossible roads, the Jeep can get through and should be declared the Eighth Wonder of the world. On the Missions it is invaluable. It enables the Missionaries to do twice the amount of work, with half and less than half the fatigue and inconvenience of the other modes of travel. There are places where horses are faster and mules steadier, yet for ordinary trips the Jeep has them all beaten. As for doing more work with a Jeep, there is no doubt about it. With it, one can visit country schools regularly, visit such people in record time, and the jeep can serve as an ambulance in emergency cases.

All in all then, my vote, for the man of the half-century, goes to the inventor of the Jeep.







# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Since last Lent a lot of things have happened to our mission in China. It has been overrun by the Communists and several of our missionaries have had to come home. Those who are still there are prevented from doing all the work they would like to do. As a rule they must stay in the small towns where the churches are and cannot visit the Christians who live in the country.

Be sure to read the letter in this issue by Bishop Turner. It tells of the difficulties under Red rule. And above all, remember him with his priests and sisters in your daily prayers in Lent. They are counting on you. Their Lent goes on all year round. Ours lasts only six weeks, so let's make the most of it.

You will probably get a letter to your school this week. It will be asking for Lenten sacrifices. As you know, this is the Holy Year and the Vicar of Christ, Our Holy Father the Pope, wants all of us to pray as we never prayed before. This year can have the most marvelous results on our world if all of us do our utmost to make it really holy. This will mean daily prayers, weekly Confession if possible, Sunday Communion (and

I'm sure you all make the First Saturday devotions) and that wonderful prayer to Our Lady: the Family Rosary.

Just imagine the change in our fair country if every boy and girl did these things! Thousands and thousands of prayers every morning would become millions and millions before sun-down! Then the angels in heaven would be busy recording all this for the Day of Judgment. Surely these sacrifices would appease God and draw down His mercy and pardon on the whole world. I believe that this Holy Year can mean more to help us than all the atom bombs ever made. Prayers express our love for God; bombs express our hate for men. Up with Love! And down with hatred. Love makes the world go 'round; hatred puts sand in the gears.

I hope that your Lenten season will be the holiest one yet. I hope that the prayers and other sacrifices you make will be greater than ever before. I'm sure you can do it. Never get discouraged at what seems to be small results. The Chinese say: Better light a candle than complain about the darkness.

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.



Dear Father Jim,

*Here I am sending the money from my mite box and I want it to buy a catechism for some Chinese boy or girl. I am eight years old. I wrote you a letter and asked for a pen pal. I am saving more pennies and putting them in my mite box. Well I have to close now.*

Joan MacNeil  
Kentville, N.S.

Dear Joan,

Suppose you write to Carolyn Mary Doyle, Wolfe Island, Nfld. She also wants pen pals. Besides Carolyn, why don't you choose any name at all out of the long lists we publish each month. That's why they are there, for you to choose one or more and write to them.

Your gift for the catechism was well chosen. The boys and girls in China, Santo Domingo and Japan all need them. Your present will help that cause. Thank you.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am sending you another collection of stamps for the Foreign Mission Society. I always pray for the success of the foreign missions.*

Madonna Gosse  
Torrey, Nfld.

Dear Madonna,

My! you have a lovely name! I hope you have great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Queen of the Missions. She's always praying for the success of missionaries too. Now you can help her. Thanks for the stamps too. They are also a help.

Dear Father Jim,

*I would like to join the Rose Garden. I am eleven years old and would like to have some pen pals. Please send me a mite box as I want to save my pennies for the missions. I will send you some stamps soon.*

Patricia Jarrett,  
1225 Island St.,  
Montreal 22, Quebec.

Dear Patricia,

Glad to hear from you. You are now enrolled in St. Theresa's Rose Garden. I'm sure you will be happy with the other thousands of Buds all of whom are working for the missions in China, Santo Domingo and Japan. The priests and sisters in those countries need your prayers and sacrifices and so you are welcome indeed.

Dear Father Jim,

*I too want a mite box, some pen pals, and my name on your list of*



*Buds. I will also send some stamps, the latter, later.*

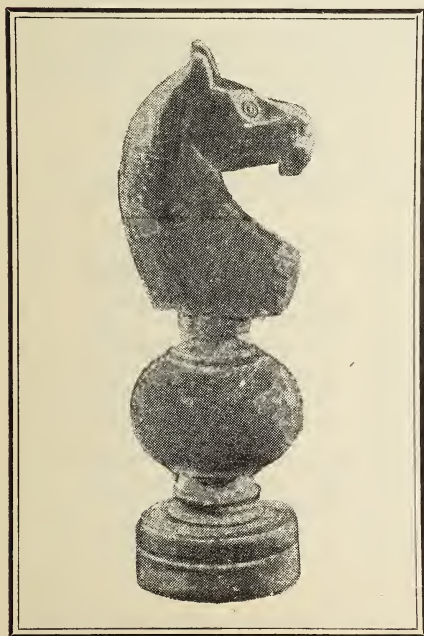
*Joyce O'Brien,  
373 Charron St.,  
Montreal 22, P.Q.*

Dear Joyce,

Welcome to our Rose Garden. One thing above all is necessary to be a good missionary and that is to pray. The people who live in faraway lands are hard to convert. They watch the priest or sister all day long and it's the good example which finally wins them for Christ. But the missionary must be helped by the boys and girls back home so that he can be patient, cheerful, kind at all times. Every difficulty requires some special help and I'm sure you will realize that prayer is needed above all. Do that and you will be a good missionary's helper.

Dear Father Jim,

*I am 13 years old and would like to join the other Buds in St.*



CHINA



Colette and Celine Langevin, two new Buds from Lac La Biche, Alberta

*Theresa's Rose Garden. I am in grade 7 in St. Joseph's School. Colleen is my sister. We will try to get others to join the Rose Garden and to read CHINA.*

*Georgina Wells,  
36 Kane St.,  
Halifax, N.S.*

Dear Georgina,

Say hello to Colleen for me, will you, please? I have not heard from her lately. Well, Georgina, I am always glad to meet someone like yourself who wants to increase the numbers of boys and girls in our Garden. The more we have, the more the prayers which will be offered for the success of the work in distant China, Santo Domingo and Japan. Thank you for your letter.

Dear Father Jim,

*Please enroll my name in the Rose Garden list. I am eleven years old and would like some pen pals. Also, please send along the mite box. I shall send you some stamps soon.*

*Roselind Morse.  
244 Bourgeois St.,  
Point St. Charles.  
Montreal, P.Q.*

Dear Roselind,

All is arranged and St. Theresa is glad to have you as her helper. You know she was a great lover of the missions and at one time she tried to go there herself. However, her health did not allow this and in God's plan she was meant to do something greater. To make up for her own inability to go to a distant land, St. Theresa used to offer up her prayers and sacrifices for the benefit of some missionary priest who needed help. That's what we want you to do too. Offer up your sacrifices and prayers and thus follow the example of our patron St. Theresa.



Hughie, Tommy and Johnny Maccagno, three of Lac La Biche's most faithful Buds.

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## New Members and Pen Pals

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### GANANOQUE, ONTARIO

Boyle, Theresa, 18, R.R. 1; Driscoll, Catherine, 18.

### GERALDTON, ONTARIO

Daneff, Theresa, 12.

### GODFREY, ONTARIO

Howes, Noreen, 17.

### GREEN VALLEY, ONTARIO

Leger, John Paul, 12, R.R. 2; McDonnell, Sandra, 10.

### GUELPH, ONTARIO

McKeon, Ann, 14, Box 224; Norman, Celine, 12, 51 Cork St. W.; Ray, Dale Ann, 13, 232 Dublin St.

### HAGERSVILLE, ONTARIO

Divon, Joan, 16, Box 126.

### HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Jennings, Carol Ann, 11, 70 Cope St.; Kelly, Joe, 10, 1192 Barton St.; Hindmarsh, Dolores, 201 Picton St. E.; Newstead, Bobby, 10, 16 Robins Ave.; McLaughlin, Sheila, 10, 158; Crosthwaite; McFarlane, Hugh, 11, 37 Hope Ave.

### HANNON, ONTARIO

Keen, Barbara, 12.

### HARLEY, ONTARIO

Block, Mary De, 14, R.R. 1.

### HAROLD, Ontario

O'Neill, Dorothy, 14, R.R. 1.

### HARROWSMITH, ONTARIO

Cummings, Dalores, 17.

### HATCHLEY, ONTARIO

McDonald, Theresa, 16, R.R. 1.

### HESPELER, ONTARIO

Baker, Mike, 13, David Street; Crane, Monica, 15, Millview; Deemert, Audrey, 12, 55 Cooper St.; Deemert, Helen, 14,

55 Cooper St.; Deemert, Ruth, 10, 55 Cooper St.; Flynn, Jimmy, 12, Queen St.; Flynn, Mike, 14, Queen St.; Hilker, Ruth, 11, Fishermill Road; Hinsperger, Patsy, 11, Bergey St.; Hinsperger, Marilyn, 10, Bergey Street; Keelan, Russell, 11, George St.; Lepard, Christine, 10, Guelph Road; Munch, Audrey, 13, Bergey St.; Mitchell, Thomas, 12, Adam Street; MacGillivray, Mary, 12; Dorothy, 16; Peggy, 14; Margaret, 10, 24 Galt St.; McMaster, Barbara, 13, 78 Queen St.; Power, Mary Lou, 12, 53 Cooper St.

### HOWE ISLAND, ONTARIO

Prior, Mary, 17.

### INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

Patterson, Margaret, 12, 161 Margaret St.

### IVANHOE, ONTARIO

McAvoy, Ileen, 14, 190 George St.; McAvoy, Rita, 12, 190 George St.

### KILLARNEY, ONTARIO

Beaucage, Robert, 12.

### KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Ackley, Kenneth, 10, 156 Ontario St.; Adam, Joan, 8, 127 Division St.; Adam, John, 9, 127 Division St.; Alarie, David, 11, 309 Brock St.; Alarie, Don, 13, 309 Brock St.; Alsen, Emma, 17, 50 Earl St.; Amato, Lene, 10, 78 Mulberry St.; Amodio, Anthony, 13, 34 Plum St.; Amo, Lois, 12, 542 Bagot St.; Andre, Joan, 12, 115 James St.; Andre, Pauline, 16, 144 Bay St.; Anglescu, Caroline, 14, 84 Thomas St.; Anglescu, Cecilia, 11, 84 Thomas St.; Anglescu, Richard, 12, 84 Thomas St.; Anson, Francis, 12, Theresa, 14, 114 Rideau St.; Aubin, Jacqueline, 11, 34 Picton St. W.;





# Honour Roll

of the

## Scarboro Foreign Mission

**K**NOW ye all men by these presents that the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society hereby declares the following schools as worthy of special mention in the annals of Canadian Mission History because of their share in this apostolate. Be it known that by their prayers and monetary sacrifices which they have offered to the said Scarboro Foreign Mission Society they have made a notable contribution to this work and such aid must be duly acknowledged. They may really and truly call themselves friends and helpers of the said Society and must be recognized by all as veritable missionaries.

*With special pride we this month want to mention the following as deserving of special praise:*

St. Emeric's School  
Hamilton, Ontario

Lac La Biche School  
Alberta

Holy Rosary School  
Toronto, Ontario

Sacred Heart Convent  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

St. Michael's Academy  
Chatham, N.B.

St. Mary's (Boys)  
Halifax, N.S.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help  
School, Toronto, Ontario

St. Edward's School  
Placentia, Nfld.

St. Michael's College School  
Toronto, Ontario

St. Patrick's Girls' School  
Halifax, N.S.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST

## Pray for Our Dead

Rt. Rev. Hugh P. MacPherson, P.A., D.C.L., President Emeritus of St. F.X. University, Antigonish, N.S.

Rev. G. Quinlan, bursar at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and former professor of many of our priests.

Mrs. C. Farragher, Toronto, Ontario.

Mrs. George Hogan, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Peter Pitre, Vallies, Lourdes, N.B.

Mrs. W. Barry, Calgary, Alta.

Mr. James McLean, McKennon Harbour, N. S.

Mr. Isidore Ferracin, Port Arthur, Ont.

Miss K. D. Ryan, Georgetown, Ont.

Mrs. Annie Krug, Kitchener, Ont.

Mrs. Margaret Mears, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Chas. M. Mombouquette, Rockdale, N.S.

Mrs. J. MacDonald, Harmony Jct., P.E.I.

Mrs. Frank J. McCafferty, St. John, N.B.

## Thanksgiving

For favours received through intercession of St. Jude, Mrs. J. A. C., Antigonish, N.S.

## Golden Jubilee

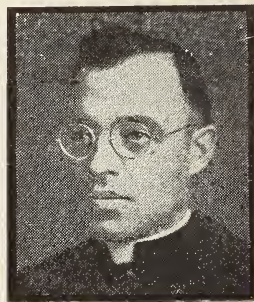
Very Rev. D. J. Egan, P.P., V.F., of St. Joseph's parish, Stratford, Ontario, celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood during the Christmas season. Dean Egan has been a wonderful friend to our missions ever since Nazareth House was opened in St. Mary's, Ontario, seven years ago. CHINA offers the congratulations of all members of the Society to this distinguished priest of the London diocese.

## New Monsignori

Congratulations are offered to Dean McAuley, of Lindsay, Ont., and to Father Butler, of the Cathedral in Peterborough, Ont., both of whom were recently named Monsignori. CHINA offers best wishes and felicitations.

## Appointed to Dominican Republic

Rev. J. L. Beal, S.F.M., who has been stationed in Toronto the last several years, has just been appointed to Santo Domingo. Father Beal is a veteran of fifteen years in China. He attended the First General Chapter



of our Society in 1941, returning to China that same fall as Regional Superior. He was interned by the Japanese and repatriated on the Gripsholm. Since 1946 he has been superior of our Toronto Mission for the Chinese people.

## Appointed to Japan

Rev. Michael Carey, S.F.M., who was a delegate to the Second General Chapter last summer and who has since been on campaign in Newfoundland, has been appointed to our newest mission, Japan.



# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

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*By Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.*

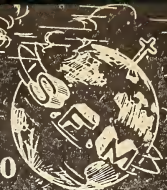
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**The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society**  
**Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, Canada**



# CHINA



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

MARCH 1950





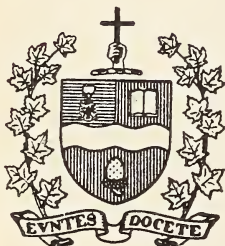
# *Pilgrimage in honour of Canada's Patron*

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*Specially Conducted Pilgrimage to Canada's National Shrine of St. Joseph in Montreal, leaving Toronto by train Friday, March 17th, on the "Flier" (Special Coach for the Pilgrims), and leaving Montreal Sunday, March 19th, 4 p.m.*

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St. Joseph is the patron of Canada as well as the patron saint of China, and indeed of the Universal Church. Besides being patron of the workingman, he has been chosen as the special patron saint for our Society. In China, our priests and sisters are under the Communist regime. Please pray for their safety and for the triumph of Christ's teachings over those of atheistic Communism.



# ANNOUNCEMENT

*Coming*

## The Scarboro Missions

**B**EGINNING with the month of April, our magazine will bear the new name "THE SCARBORO MISSIONS".

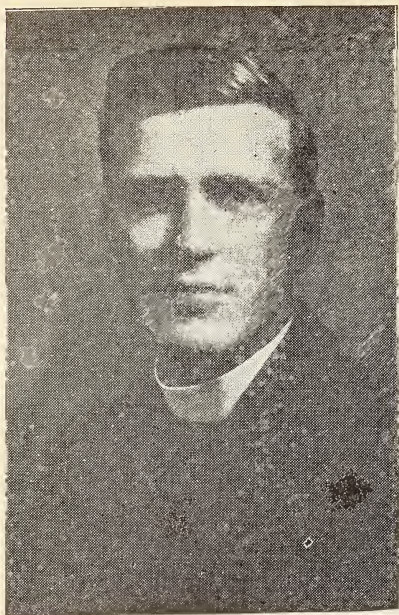
The name "CHINA" goes with the March issue 1950.

At any departure ceremony many a tear is shed, and hearts are heavy with thoughts of imminent separation from those dear to us. Well, the "CHINA" is dear, very dear to all our priests and our many loyal friends and supporters. Now it is taking its departure. There are many who cannot see it go without regret, and that we can easily understand. After all we have depended on the good old "CHINA" for almost everything we had in years past. However, time and tide wait for no man, and times have changed.

By the original constitution we were established for mission work in China alone. With the last war in full swing, and our work in China in serious jeopardy, the first General Chapter decreed that as "The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society", we would work in any part of the world to which the Holy Father might send us. We are now working in the Dominican Republic and Japan as well as China. The name "CHINA" hardly seems adequate any longer.

For this and other reasons, the change. But practical and all as this step is, we don't put the good old "CHINA" out to pasture without a lump in our throat.

We hope our readers will continue with us, and that through the pages of "The Scarboro Missions" interest in our work will not only be maintained but vastly increased.



# Nothing to do

By

G. Courtright  
S.F.M.

HE WAS a husky fellow dressed in khaki, with a slouched hat, his hands on his hips, giving orders to a gang of workmen. Quite evidently an American foreman or engineer, and so he was.

"Yes, we're starting the aqueduct today, Padre. How are you?"

A brief exchange of small talk and then—"Gosh, Padre, I'll be glad to get back to the big city, where there's some life. These small towns give me the creeps—there's nothing to do. I guess you find it pretty boring, Padre, living here all year round?"

I returned to the parish house to attend to the frequent visitors that come at all hours of the day. The tree-lined main thoroughfare in front of our house boasts a few eucalyptus trees whose leaves make a fine remedy for the common cold—hot eucalyptus tea with a little sugar is a very refreshing drink and the best cure for a cold yet invented.

As I sat down at my desk, a shadow fell across the open front door and a moment later, a tall thin campesino shyly edged into the room. The serious expression on his sun-browned features indicated trouble.

"Padre, I'd like to talk to you about something very important."

He sat himself down gingerly on the edge of the chair, his bare feet wriggling nervously.

"Padre, I've made a promise to donate a wig and a veil to Our Lady (a promise is almost the same as a solemn vow). Now, what I'd like to know, Padre, is this. Can I give you in the form of an alms, the money I was going to spend on the wig and veil?"

At this point, our cook, Guzmencinda entered the room with a glass of ice cold orange juice. "Oh, by the way, Padre", she said "while you were out talking to that American gentleman, there was a woman here



who left an alms of 5c for San Alejo. She wanted to know if you had something which she could use to put on her sick daughter, so I gave her some holy water."

"What's the matter with her daughter?" I asked sternly, thinking of the strange uses to which holy water is sometimes put.

"Oh, nothing" she replied diffidently, "nothing but 'mal de ojo', Padre—but I warned her not to use the holy water to make medicine."

Just then, there was heard a shrill piercing sound as of heavy furniture moving across a hardwood floor. It was my visitor's little burro, tethered to the front door latch, braying convulsively.

"I forgot to tell you, Padre" resumed the cook, when the burro's doleful wail had subsided "that the same woman wanted you to confess her daughter."

"Oh! is that so?—where does she live, Guzmecinda?—and where is she now?" I asked.

"I don't know, Padre, all that I remember is her name, Salustiana Villanueva" replied the cook.

The tall campesino had been following the conversation rather closely and now he broke in "Why, that's my comrade Salustiana!" he ex-



claimed, "And the little girl is my godchild."

"Well, well, that's fine" I said "maybe you could direct me to the place where the sick girl lives?"

He was only too glad to oblige, since he lived right next door to Dona Salustiana, in a place called Plaza Cacique, about 5 miles away from town. So without further ado, my horse was brought in, saddled, and away we went.

It was now ten o'clock, and the glare of the sun foretold a hot journey. We crossed the green fields and muddy ditches, skirting the mudholes and twisting up and down the slippery banks of the small streams, where the foliage grew jungle-thick. A short time before, these same fields had been parched brown from a three months dry spell, but now a perfume of new grass greeted the nostrils. The monotony of green foliage was relieved by orange mempo blossoms which were now coming out, thanks to the recent rains.

"Is the little girl very sick?" I asked my guide.

"Padre, I really can't say for sure" said the tall campesino "but she didn't even ask me for my blessing the other day, and her parents think she had 'mal de ojo'. My comrade Salustiana came to see you today to get the Evangelios, so she could cure the girl."

"But my dear man, the Evangelios are not meant to be used as a cure for 'mal de ojo'. They are simply a few

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## CHINA

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Established 1919

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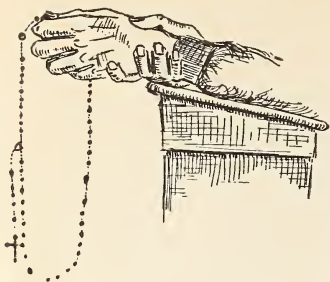
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prayers printed on a sheet of paper" I answered him sharply.

"I know, Padre," replied my guide "but some people think that putting the prayer on the sick person's forehead is a sure cure."

We continued our journey in silence until we reached the house where the sick girl lay. A solemn crowd of about 35 curious neighbours had gathered to watch and pray. The little girl was suffering from partial paralysis, and unable to say a single intelligible word. However, she seemed to understand the purpose of my visit and I did the best I could for her under the circumstances.

Now I was ready to return—but not until I had been offered the customary *demi-tasse* of strong, syrupy, black coffee. As I waited in the shade of a friendly mango tree, the people started gathering around me. Here was an excellent chance for me to recall a few points of doctrine, and at the same time find out how many were making their Easter duty. But right in the middle of my talk, a young woman suddenly began to moan. Her female companions immediately seized her, as she struggled violently to free herself.

I hoped that I had said nothing to cause this, and was quite surprised at her behaviour. A third woman was called to help, and then two men seized her ankles and held on grimly.

Things were looking quite serious, but the rest of the crowd watched quite dispassionately, as if it were a common event. Then, in a flash, it dawned on me that the woman was suffering from a seizure.

If the malady was known to me, the treatment, at least, was ingenious. One woman rubbed the victim's hands, another blew into her ears, while the others held her tightly. Then, some *guanabana* leaves were rolled into a ball and held to her nose. I watched, fascinated, as the sufferer finally relaxed and regained consciousness.

With the coffee under my belt, and cries of "Your blessing, Padre", in my ears, I wasted little time in retracing my path home. The hot sun had, by now, dried up every vistige of yesterday's rain save the larger mudholes. The breeze, however, was fresh and bracing and as I neared town, it seemed to bring me the sound of the church bells ringing out the noon-day *Angelus*. As I crossed the last stream at the edge of town, there was my American friend, the foreman, in his Jeep.

"Well, I'll be seeing you later, Padre. I'm going to the Capital for some excitement. I still don't understand why you aren't bored to death with the monotony and inactivity of this place—nothing doing here."





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# The True or Perfect Devotion to Mary

By

J. P. Leonard  
S.F.M.

*In the January issue of CHINA Father Leonard outlined a brief history of St. Louis Grignion de Montfort and his apostolate of True or Perfect Devotion to the Mother of God. In this issue emphasis is placed on the reasons why we should practise this devotion. It is the writer's hope to contribute a third article commenting on the meaning of the ACT of Consecration itself.*



---

**T**HIS devotion consists, then, in giving ourselves entirely to Our Lady, in order to belong entirely to Jesus through Her." Thus in one sentence does St. Louis Marie de Montfort sum up the devotion I am trying to explain.

There are two elements in this devotion: First, AN ACT OF SPECIAL CONSECRATION; Second, THE LIVING OF THAT ACT! It is in the fulfillment of the second element that one makes a failure or

success of his or her consecration. If a soul touched by the special gift of the Holy Spirit takes this Living of the Act of Consecration in a truly serious way, then that soul will with utmost certainty walk under the protecting arm and mantle of the loveliest creature God has ever made.

Mary is only a creature and in comparison to God, Her Son, is infinitely beneath Him but in comparison to all God's creation, She stands out as the Masterpiece. Why? Because She was chosen by the decree



of the Divine Trinity to clothe the Second Person of that Trinity with a created nature and in doing so She was clothing the Divine Person with Herself; could God choose an imperfect or even less-than-possibly-perfect being to become so intimately united with Him? Why, it was through Mary's lips and arms that humanity reached up to Heaven and brought down to this earth Our Eternal Salvation, Jesus Christ. She is the link between God and Mankind; She is the bridge over which Jesus came to us; She is the point of contact between Heaven and Earth. Thus She is the Mediatrix between her own race and the Divine Creator, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.—How can we refuse Her our Love? How can any member of the race of which She is Queen deny that dominion over his heart which is necessary to enable Her to take that heart and fashion it after the model of the Heart of Jesus Christ. To be true followers of Christ we must follow Him in the very first act He performed; He became a little child and gave Himself completely to Mary.

To put into daily practice this TRUE DEVOTION TO OUR

BLESSED MOTHER one must find a way to make it relatively simple and practical. St. Louis Marie Grignion De Montfort tells us that the Slavery to Jesus through Mary is the safe, sure, and simple way to God. Let us then try to discover a simple, safe, and sure way to make his teaching "part and parcel" of our every-day life.

Early in the Treatise explaining the DEVOTION which we are considering the sainted author addresses Our Lady by a title which, if grasped in all its fullness, will convey even to the mind of a child the essence and meaning of the TRUE DEVOTION.

MARY QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS! That is the title! If Mary is the Queen of our Hearts, then She is the Queen of our love. Our love is the greatest thing we possess and if Mary is Queen of the greatest of our human possessions, then by the force of logic She is also Queen of all else. To be Queen means that She has dominion, and if She has dominion we are Her servants. If our love for Mary is the love of a faithful child for its Mother, then we will not make any great effort to refuse her a fullness of love that in its Christian sense means the love of slavery. The first thing for us to do is to pray to Our Blessed Mother with fervour and devotion under whatever title appeals to the individual, but to have a fixed conviction that Mary is the Queen of our Hearts because as the Mother of the King She rules as His consort. With this full recognition of Mary's place in our lives we can then proceed to practice the Devotion to Jesus through Mary which is the True or Perfect Devotion as taught by St. Louis Marie Grignion de Montfort.

(Next month we will consider and explain the Act of Consecration.)







# For Gerontologists, Only

By

R. J. Pelow

S.F.M.

*A Thought for March*

IN A recent article in one of America's best-selling magazines we were informed that science had now discovered an important clue to inner knowledge of ourselves, and one which opens the door to success. Of course, the scientists have a most impressive name for this magnificent discovery—gerontology. Gerontology holds the key to so many human problems. The funny thing about this startling revelation of modern science is not that it is so true, but that it is so old. They could have saved themselves so much trouble if they had picked up any manual of Catholic ascetic theology, some of them hundreds of years old, and read over the section on the particular examination of conscience.

The secret of success, the scientists brilliantly explain, is the detection in our characters of our besetting sin and the conquering of it. If the scientists had been smart enough to read, for one example only, a book, called *The Spiritual Exercises*, written by St. Ignatius Loyola (1491-1556), the founder of the Jesuits, they would

have a thorough explanation of the necessity for overcoming our predominant fault. The psychological aspect of the whole matter with clear-cut rules for recognizing the besetting sin along with the means for combatt-ing it are all set forth these hundreds of years. Many, many other priests, years before St. Ignatius and since his time, have written at length on what is now called the great "discovery" of modern science.

Time and again scientists have accused the Church and her priests of being backward, of refusing to aid the advance of science, of blocking all human progress, etc. In gerontology they "discovered" a predominant teaching of the Church for centuries. Well, anyway, they did come up with a nice new name.



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# The Passing of Polo



By

L. Curtin  
S.F.M.

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SOMEHOW, I never could remember his second name, or I should say, his other name. He was known to everyone as Polo. Whether that was his surname, or his given name, I cannot say.

Polo was the catechist at Bayaguana, and was considered one of the best in the Dominican Republic. If we had a hundred like Polo, the Church would soon be flourishing in Santo Domingo, for the Catholics throughout the country would soon be thoroughly instructed, and that seems to be the greatest need at the present time.

You will notice I speak of him in the past tense, for Polo is dead.

When I left Bayaguana in July, 1948, he was there, and seemingly in good health, but during the past year we were astounded and saddened to hear that he died very suddenly while on duty in one of the campos. His death is a great loss, for he leaves a wife and two small children, one three and one less than one year of age.

His death is also a great loss to the parish of Bayaguana and its campos, for he was the only real catechist there. Fr. James Walsh had been in Yamasa before he came to Bayaguana as Pastor in 1946, and he knew Polo there. He was impressed with the fellow's sincerity and

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"Sister," said the deacon severely, "you should avoid even the appearance of evil."

The deacon eyed her sternly.

"I observe," he said, "that on your sideboard you have several cut-glass decanters, and that each is half-filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"But, deacon," she protested, "it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I fill them half-way with a mixture of floor-stain and furniture polish, just for the sake of appearances."

"That's why I'm cautioning you, sister," said the deacon. "Feeling a trifle faint, I helped myself to a dose from the decanter in the middle."

---



with the success with which he used to instruct some of his fellow camposinos on points of doctrine. When Father Walsh moved to Bayaguana he brought Polo with him and put him to work as catechist in the many campos connected with that parish.

It was a good move, for his good example as well as his zeal as a catechist had a very edifying effect on the camposinos of that parish. When he was out with the priest for Mass in the campos, he always received the Sacraments, and when his baby was born, he did not wait for weeks, or months, as some did, before having it baptized, but attended to that within a day or two.

The first trip I made with him, I was delightfully surprised to see how competent he was. At every turn he knew what to do, without being urged. In the evening he assisted the people in the recitation of their evening prayers, and instructed them while confessions were being heard. During Mass he served and prayed the Mass with the people, and after Mass he made the Thanksgiving with them. He would find out in good time about the sick in the district, or about anyone else who needed the priest's special attention.

One of the highlights of the campo visitation is the administration of Baptism. Here again Polo was indispensably efficient. Where there is no chapel, or where the chapel is too small, this ceremony usually takes place in the open air, and the catechist would prepare the table

outside under the trees. He would collect all the data for the Register; and line up the sponsors in proper order for the priest. But it was as an instructor that Polo was most successful. He was a born teacher. Though he had only a primary school education, he seemed to have the knack of explaining the doctrine in a way that made it stick. He used the homely examples from every day life familiar to the simple camposinos, and they were able to follow him. He was at his best in small groups or even with one person, when he spoke to them as in ordinary conversation. Only God knows how much good this man has accomplished.

A week before the priest would go to a certain campo, Polo would be there to prepare for him. He would gather the children, and the grown-ups, too, and teach them, especially on the meaning of Penance and the Eucharist, and the way to receive these Sacraments worthily. Then he would ride in to Bayaguana and escort the priest to the campo. One week while he was on one of these assignments he was stricken, apparently with acute indigestion, and died.

It was regrettable that he did not have the consolation of the Last sacraments in his last hour, but I have a feeling that he was well prepared and died a good death. Whenever he had an opportunity he heard Mass, and approached the Sacraments, whether Sunday or week day, and living thus, I think he was ready when the summons came.



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men."*

Hubby had been out of work for some time, but one day he returned home smiling happily.

"Well, had any luck?" asked his wife.

"Yes, Mary, dear," said the husband. "The tide has turned. I've secured a good job as night watchman at last."

His wife shook her head despondently.

"There. I knew something like that would happen," she said. "Here I have been working all the week, making you a couple of new nightshirts, and now you'll be sleeping all the daytime."



Young Wife: "Leonard is so slovenly. Half the buttons are generally missing from his clothes."

Severe Aunt: "H'm. Perhaps they are not sewn on properly."

"That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing."



At the time of the atomic bomb test in New Mexico, an Indian was smoke-signalling a love message to his girl friend. Suddenly a mushroom cloud covered the sky with smoke. The Indian stared in amazement, then muttered enviously, "Gee, I wish I'd said that."



"And see this bear on the floor," said the garrulous explorer. "I shot it in Alaska. It was a case of me or him."

"Well," yawned the weary listener, "the bear certainly makes a better rug."



## SIGNS

A sign in a laundry window reads—"Don't kill your poor wife, let us do the dirty work."

A certain nut shop boasts: "If our peanuts were any fresher, they'd be insulting."

"Come in, you're losing your sole," reads a sign in a shoe repairer's window.



A Chinese bothered by a toothache phoned his dentist for an appointment. "Two-thirty," answered the dentist. "I know tooth hurty," said the Chinese laundryman, "but what time I come and get him out?"





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# A Tribute to Youth

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By

A. Chafe  
S.F.M.

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**T**HERE can be no doubt but that the young people in our Catholic Schools today hear, and know, much more about the Missions than the children of, say, twenty years ago. It is reflected in the objects of their sacrifice-pennies, nickels and dimes. There are schools where, thanks to zealous teachers, little folks, as well as High-School and University grads, are trained to respond to the many needs of Catholic Missions the wide world over.

The increase in Mission vocations, the wider knowledge of Mission problems, the generous aid given to missionaries in many parts of the world, all are the fruits of good teachers talking Missions to their pupils and encouraging their interest.

On every hand one notices the awakened interest in the Missions. Especially on the part of young people. The Holy Childhood Association, the Students' Mission Crusade, the various Religious Orders who do Missionary work, all have contributed to educating our Youth to be mission-minded, and to pray and work for Missionaries. It is a most hopeful sign and worthy of all praise. The children of today will be the wage-earners of tomorrow, the fathers and mothers who will have the duty of bringing up the

coming generations and they will be equipped to pass on to them the legacy of their own awareness of the Missions.

To mention the financial aspect alone—leaving aside the even more important features of prayer and knowledge—would it have been possible, say, twenty years ago, for a North American school to proudly announce in its own Mission publication: “in the past twelve years the boys in this School have contributed *more than* \$80,000 to the Missions. They have built churches, completely educated native priests, and help hundreds of missionaries in many lands.” We have just read such an announcement in “Aquiner”, the student Mission publication of Aquinas Institute of Rochester, N.Y., conducted by the Basilian Fathers. We mention it in praise of Aquinas and as an inspiration to all Catholic Schools. And as giving us the opportunity to commend and thank the teachers and boys and girls of many, many Canadian Schools to whom we are deeply indebted for their generous aid of prayer and alms. There will be light in many lands because the flame of Mission enthusiasm is burning brightly in our own, in the hearts of our Catholic Youth.

# BURSES

FOR THE

## EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

March is the month for vocations. In our schools across the country, the idea of a religious vocation is presented to our boys and girls, to inspire them to follow in the path of Our Divine Lord. If you would like to help in a tangible way in furthering vocations during this month, you may do so effectively by contributing to our burse fund.

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Mrs. L. G., Hanover, Ont. ....	1.00
M. M., Detroit, Mich. ....	5.00
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE NO. 2 .....	519.60
BLESSED SACRAMENT .....	1,302.82
ST. ANN'S .....	251.00

Address all contributions to the

**SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY**

SCARBORO BLUFFS

ONTARIO



# THE POOR — God Bless Them

“THE poor you have always with you.” Maybe other Mission organizations have had the same blessed experience as the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. That it is by the sacrifices of the poor that our work is enabled to continue and succeed. We would not have accomplished much for the Church and the salvation of souls if our activities had been dependent on the rich.

And not only the poor—but the *very* poor have been touched by the needs of the Missions and drawn God’s blessing to our work by their generosity.

In a city near Toronto live an aged couple who trust to the old-age pension to keep them alive. Through the years they had stinted themselves and saved to be able to pay for a lot in the cemetery when they died. Then they were favoured by a friend who paid for their cemetery lot. Shortly after that our Bishop Turner was being consecrated first Bishop of Lishui in St. Michael’s Cathedral, Toronto. The old couple read of the event—they had always admired missionaries and wished to be able to help them. Just before his Consecration day the new Bishop received a letter and a cheque for—ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. It was the price of the cemetery lot saved through many sacrifices by the aged couple. They wanted to say a “Thank You” to Almighty God for all his favours and they knew no better way than sending their savings to aid the poor in China.

The true story has a sequel—and, we hope, a lesson for many.

And the sequel we will tell you in the very words of a letter which came to us this very month. Yes, from the same poor old lady from the city near Toronto.

“Dear Rev. Father,” begins the letter, “a friend called on me over a week ago and somehow or other we got talking about money. Well, I told her I had always said if I had any to spare it would go to the Missions, and I said occasionally I sent a little bit to the China Missions as they needed it so much. What was my surprise when she was leaving she handed me two dollars and said that when you write again send this for me. Then she handed me twenty-five cents and said of course you need stamps and I said Oh the one stamp will do for both so I am sending the quarter on and adding another five dollars from myself to make it look a little better. Would it be too much trouble, father, to write a little note to her so that she will know I sent it on. The address is . . . yours respectfully.”

“The poor you have always WITH you.” Thank God.



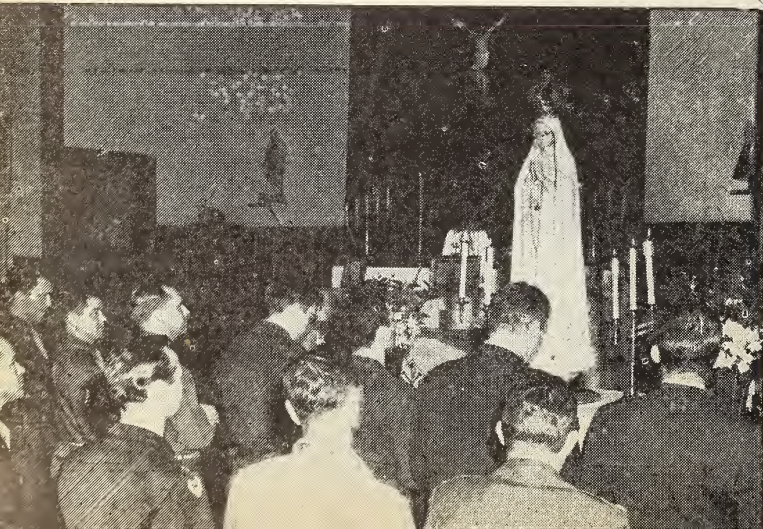
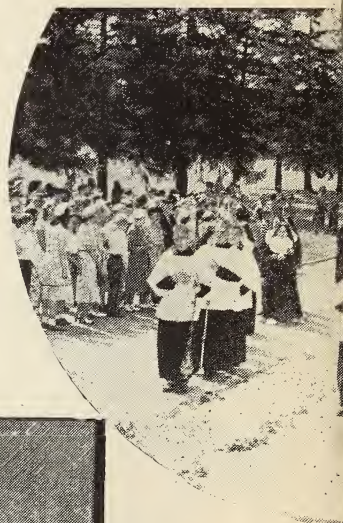


THE QUIET

THROUGH THE MULTITUDE

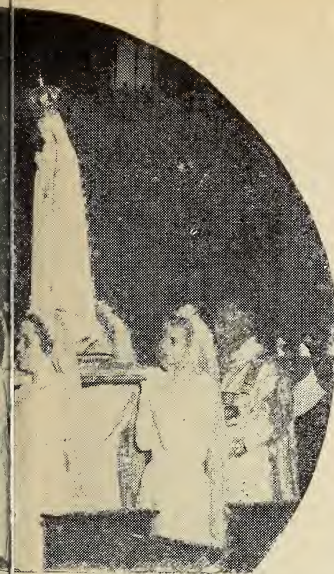
# The Pilgrim Virgin

TO THE MEN IN THE SERVICE



Through the  
her message  
same, praye  
ance, by all  
or never.





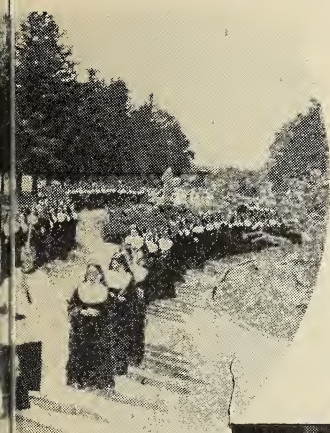
LOISTER



TO THE LITTLE ONES

# Wends Her Way

TO THE HUMBLE CHAPELS



open spaces  
remains the  
and pen-  
for all, now







# The Pilgrim Virgin goes to South America

By

A. Chafe  
S.F.M.

**A**MID all the clamour about the evils that presently afflict the world—evils that are evident on all sides—it is well to remember that there is also a great deal of virtue. This Holy Year of 1950 will be marked by a flood of Divine Grace in answer to the efforts of sincere people to heed the message of the Church to do penance and to pray, and to sanctify their lives. The vigorous Call of our Holy Father to all the world to return to a more Christian manner of living is strikingly similar to the appeal made by the Mother of God in her Apparitions at Fatima 32 years ago. The world is learning now that Appeal and, thank God, is corresponding wonderfully with it.

## Our Lady and Scarboro

It has fallen to the lot of our Scarboro Society to play an important role in bringing the Message of Fatima to millions of people. Our Monsignor McGrath was one of the first to make known that message in Canada through the publication of

his booklet "Fatima—Hope of the World," which reached the amazing circulation of more than fifty thousand copies. Later, Monsignor McGrath was chosen to organize a Pilgrimage of Our Lady of Fatima throughout Ontario and the United States of America, and for more than two years he has been privileged to witness the phenomenal spreading of the Devotion to our Lady of Fatima wherever the "Pilgrim Virgin" has been received by the faithful.

## In Santo Domingo

Associated with Monsignor McGrath on the Pilgrimage throughout America was our Father Patrick Moore. Seeing the tremendous spiritual results of the Pilgrimage, friends of Our Lady made it possible for Father Moore to go to Fatima and secure a replica of Our Lady's statue which he brought to the Dominican Republic. There, in a six-months' visitation embracing every parish in the Republic, a spiritual revival of the Faith took



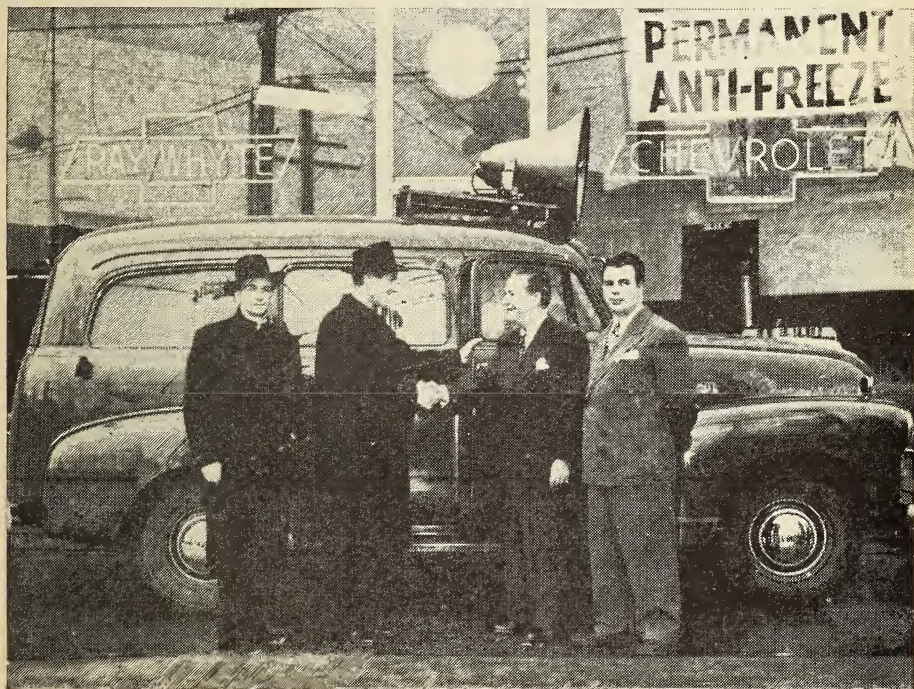
place such as the country never before had witnessed. Our own Scarboro missionaries, at work in thirteen Dominican parishes, can attest the permanency of the blessings Our Lady showered on Santo Domingo by the unheard-of increase in the number of people receiving the Sacraments and practising their Faith. The Santo Domingo story differs only in local detail from what is transpiring in America, in Europe, and in Asia, where Statues of Our Lady of Fatima have been brought on Pilgrimage.

Now, Father Moore has set out on a further Pilgrimage. This time, to bring Our Lady's statue from Santo Domingo to the countries of South and Central America, so that during this Holy Year many millions of Catholics may have brought to their attention the need to follow the wishes of Our Blessed Mother and to correspond with the Graces that this Holy Year offers to all Christians.

### Episcopal Blessings

The Pilgrimage through South America begins with the blessing of the Bishop of Leiria (Fatima) who wrote Father Moore that "I am pleased to know the Statue of Our Lady of Fatima is going to continue its journey through South America showering blessings everywhere and drawing souls to the heart of Her Divine Son. May God bless all who take part in this Apostleship." When the statue that Father Moore will take through South America was blessed by the Pope in Rome, His Holiness expressed his pleasure at the Mission to be undertaken with it. His Excellency, Archbishop Pittini, of Santo Domingo, has given every encouragement in the planning of the Pilgrimage.

The first country to be visited will be Trinidad, where Archbishop Finbar Ryan, O.P., of Port-of-Spain has made arrangements for a wonderful reception to Our Lady during the



month of February. Archbishop Ryan, who has written a notable book about Fatima, and who has but recently returned from a visit to that world-famous Shrine, has already established a Shrine to Our Lady of Fatima within his See City. He writes Father Moore that the clergy and laity of Trinidad are waiting expectantly to share in the graces that will follow Our Lady's visit.

The preparations for such a great undertaking have been made quietly, and prayerfully, by Father Moore. Friends in the United States have supplied him with the necessary financial support, and Father Moore returned to Santo Domingo January 20th to make final preparations before leaving Santo Domingo with the statue of Our Lady from her shrine in our Scarboro-directed parish of Azua.

### Modern Equipment

When he reaches Trinidad he will find waiting there a new Chevrolet station-wagon fully equipped with the most modern sound-equipment. Based on his experience travelling through Santo Domingo in a station-wagon donated for the purpose by the President of the Republic, Generalissimo Trujillo, Father Moore has had his new vehicle equipped to his own specifications in Detroit. It was a revelation to see the enthusiasm of the various workmen in Detroit who seemed to consider it an honour to take part in the outfitting of the station-wagon for such a high purpose. Shown in the photograph illustrating this article are the proprietor of the Company where the station-wagon was bought, Mr. Ray Whyte (shaking hands with Fr. Moore), and his truck-manager, Mr. Ed. David, who took such a personal interest in outfitting the vehicle to meet all the requirements of a hard job in a tropical climate. It has a motor regulated for torid temperatures, a four-speed transmission,

heavy-duty tires, and all the electrical power is hooked up with the motor enabling the use of a powerful loud-speaker system, gramophone-record playing, and even the supplying of an electric light system for places where such will be necessary, and a powerful flood-light which will serve to illuminate the Statue of Our Lady during the processions after dark. No matter in what out-of-the-way places a visit may be made with the Statue it will be possible to have electric lighting and loudspeaker system within every church, controlled from the station-wagon. The electrical equipment was installed by the Reiss Public Address System, in Detroit, and they told Father Moore "there's nothing to excel it in the United States." The whole equipment attracted a great deal of attention in Detroit and the "East Side Shopper" featured pictures and a write-up on Father Moore's Mission the day he took delivery of his vehicle.

### A Humble Request

I had the pleasure of accompanying Father Moore as he drove to New York from Detroit, and as we passed through Buffalo His Excellency Bishop O'Hara, of Buffalo, blessed the station-wagon. Bishop O'Hara is the Bishop who directs the North American Pilgrimage of Our Lady in the name of the United States Hierarchy. I promised Father Moore I would tell the readers of CHINA about his Pilgrimage to South America and ask their prayers that it may prove the occasion of the salvation of many souls. So now, dear friends, will you please commend to Our Lady this Mission undertaken in Her honour. Give it an "intention" in your Family Rosary, daily.



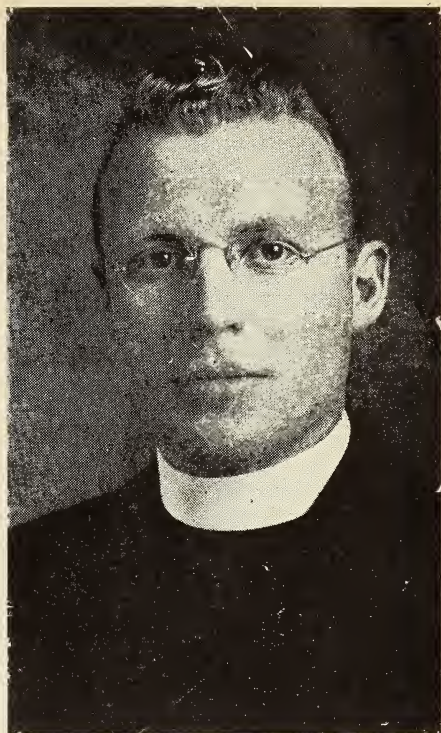


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# Notes From Our Novitiate

By

William Cox  
S.F.M.



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EVERY religious, even one far advanced in years in the service of God, looks back upon the days of the Novitiate as the calmest, most blessed and happiest of his life. Fresh in religious enthusiasm, he is prepared to do great things for God and Holy Mother Church. No obstacle will be too difficult to surmount in order that his ardent desire to imitate Christ will be realized. The tranquility of soul that follows a first general confession is truly a peace which the world cannot give. Buoyed up with those precious graces of first fervor, he tears away the shackles of earthly attractions and resolutely gives himself entirely to God.

The solitude and holy atmosphere of his new surroundings are to him so delightfully different from the

frantic turmoil of the busy world. The old adage of "early to bed early to rise, etc.," finds perfect fulfilment in the regularity of his daily routine from 5.30 a.m., until 9.30 at night; rising at this unusual hour is for him a sometimes tedious but happy innovation. The glorification of God through prayer and good works is after all the primary objective of the vocation to which he aspires. All the saints down through the centuries have insisted on the importance of the time element in the acquisition of virtue. Even our hard working Canadian people, in some instances, arise daily at 5.30 a.m., prepare themselves by prayer and meditation for Holy Mass at seven o'clock and after breakfast they are off for the day's work at the factory. Turning his thoughts back

home momentarily, the aspirant recalls that when he arrived at the church in the morning, sometimes half an hour before the time for Mass, he always found his beloved pastor there in the sanctuary making his preparation for the Holy Sacrifice and for the work of the day.

In the quiet of his room after a busy day, the young aspirant finds himself very much alone with his books, his prayers and with his God. Living beneath the same roof as his loving Master, he feels comforted and protected against the dangers and allurements of a bitter world. The thoughtfulness of his companions and their willingness to help in every way during the first days are truly heartwarming and bespeak in an excellent manner the Charity of Christ. His first letters home reflect that peace of soul which flows from the ardent desire for holiness of life. Even his parents will soon recognize, in the little details of every note he pens, an underlying expression of happiness and contentment which comes from perfect submission to God's Holy Will as manifested under the guidance of his immediate superiors.

Living a life which deals preeminently with prayer and study, gives the aspirant a sense of freedom

from the eternal strife of mundane anxieties; neither is he burdened with even the slightest exercise of the active apostolate. These immunities however, do not render him entirely free from new and far-reaching obligations.

Christ demands of him what He asked of the first apostles—personal sanctification. His will be a life devoted entirely to spiritual things and the precious immortal souls of men; His will be a life predominantly supernatural. The fruitfulness of his future apostolate will depend in great measure on his obedience and devotion to duty during these early years of formation. The obligations of the Holy Priesthood cannot be compared with those of any other state. His traffic will be in human souls. It is ever so true that God does depend at least instrumentally upon human administrations for the salvation of His people. The fact that God has entrusted these divine and priestly ministrations to weak mortals, is an excellent proof of his loving dependence on man's potential goodness. The young aspirant may profitably meditate upon the awfulness of the priestly obligations and their eternal consequences. The priestly calling because of its object is by far the most noble of all



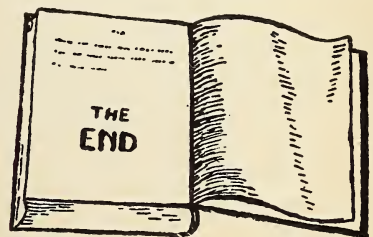




vocations but its duties are unspeakably grave. It is not surprising that those who give themselves to this vocation must be freed from the distressing cares of the world during these years of formation. Neither is there any wonder that Holy Mother Church exercises such care and solicitude in the training of her future priests both spiritually and intellectually. The long years of prayer and study and the discipline she demands of all who aspire to this dignity are excellent proofs of her loving dependence on sacerdotal fidelity and zeal for the salvation of all men.

During these years of formation and from the careful perusal of ecclesiastical history, it becomes evident to every aspirant that the priesthood has never failed at any time for lack of knowledge of the sacred sciences. The studies for the Priesthood are sublime because they treat of God and His love for men. But they are still accessible to men of ordinary intelligence who apply themselves courageously and with perseverance. The personnel of our modern priesthood has not deviated from the original types as selected

by Our Lord. We have in our midst to this very day, the Peters, the Pauls and the Johns. God, immutable as He is, remains as always the true eclectic in his selection of candidates for Holy Orders. This Divinely instituted gift could never be merited by purely human ability or achievement but it is freely given by God to him alone whom He chooses. During his frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the aspirant, with grateful heart, will thank God daily for this sublime vocation. Truly there are numbered among his acquaintances, many boys far more worthy of this dignity. They may be better equipped intellectually for the fulfillment of its demands and blessed with more excellent talents in every way. But it is true that from thousands of young men, God set apart this particular one for the sacred office of the Priesthood, Our Blessed Lord rested His eyes upon him in a particular way and unworthy though he be, endowed him with a lofty role in God's eternal designs. The thought that God has chosen him not from any meritorious reason or natural endowment renders his vocation a very personal thing; He is grateful to God for making him the special object of His care and solicitude. The words of Our Lord come to him as a loving reminder from the tabernacle "You have not chosen Me," He says "but I have chosen you."



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# Co-Op Brings New Life

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**M**ANOQUAYABO is the name. It likely sounds a bit strange to you, but it's the name of a little village in the Dominican Republic, one of the many Missions attended by the Scarboro priests in the parish of Los Alcarrizos. The country road that passes through the village is lined with homes of the Dominican country-variety; and about midway along the inhabited part of the road is the village church dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. A plain frame building it is, surmounted by a little bell-tower. Set conveniently in the centre of the community, the little church is fast becoming the actual centre of the life of the people of Manoguayabo, thanks, in large measure to Father Larry Hart, S.F.M., the pastor.

There was a day, not long since, when Manoguayabo did not enjoy much of a reputation. It was as uneventful a place as most languid tropical villages. Occasionally it burst into unwonted activity at times of Fiesta—but even then the activity was of such a nature that Manoguayabo's reputation gained nothing thereby.

Then something happened to the people. They seemed to take on new life and new activity. It was associated with the more frequent visits of the priest, more people all dressed up in their "Sunday best" and frequenting in far greater numbers the little village church. Noteworthy among village congregations the men seemed to be to the forefront. They looked brighter and smarter, they

smiled more often, and they talked more freely of their church and their work. They were, in a sense, changed men. Farmers, all of them, who now frequented less often the "gallera", or cock-fight pit, and who suddenly found a distaste for sitting around and drinking, especially on Sundays.

Those simple and poor farmers had found something to interest them at last. Something more than their day-after-day hard wrestling with the soil to produce their living. They had heard about "Co-Ops", and they had come together week after week in a little concrete-floored shack to hear their priest tell them about how they might improve themselves and their community. They trusted their priest and they wondered if all he told them could come true. They went along with him and they learned and they acted. They formed their Credit Union in due time, and today it has 100 men from Manoguayabo doing what none of them ever thought of doing in their lives before—saving a little, regularly, from their hard-earned money. And maybe the bright look on their faces today can be partly attributed to the fact that among them they have more than a thousand dollars circulating among their Credit Union members. They now are sure that a part of what had been told them has come true, and they are men who will work to bring to realization many others of the hopes that their priest has held out to them in the economic as well as the religious field.





# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

How is Lent going? I'm sure all of you are trying to please Our Lord during this holy season by means of your sacrifices. Why do these please Him anyway? You have heard the big word mortification. It a long word which means death, death to our passions when they become dangerous, and that's all the time isn't it? Ever since Original Sin we have been having trouble with them. They have to be kept in their proper place.

St. Paul often spoke of these passions. He said there were really two kinds of life in us: a higher and a lower. The higher life seeks God; the lower seeks unlimited pleasure in this world. You know what happens when you eat and eat and eat! You get sick! That's the lower life getting control and going too far. Sometimes this lower life expresses its demand in greed for power, you know the way bullies are! They want to boss everybody, they want power. But they go too far. Sometimes they push people around too long, then the others turn on them and you know what happens to the bully! He gets a good beating.

Our lower powers, gluttony, greed, etc. are like that. They need a good beating, a sound thrashing once on a while. In fact they sometimes should be

beaten to death, then you have an end to greed, false ambition and all those other things. Did I say to death? Why that's exactly what mortification means. And that is what we do in Lent. We take our greed, our false ambition, our laziness, our selfishness, our unlimited appetite for pleasure, and we try to beat them to death! That is, we mortify them. When that happens, the other life, the higher life of the soul gets much stronger.

In Lent we mortify our passions by making sacrifices, by refusing to eat between meals, by giving up desserts once in a while, we give up entertainments and deny ourselves. At the same time we nourish our soul-life by saying more prayers, by going to Confession often, by receiving Holy Communion perhaps daily, and by assisting at daily Mass whenever possible. In school we strengthen this spiritual life by obedience, by silence, by doing homework promptly. At home the spiritual life is also helped by obedience to parents, by helping around the house, by being on time for meals, by going to bed and getting up on time. If you do all this, Our Risen Saviour will be very happy on Easter morn; and so will you.

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.





Dear Father Jim,

The children on our street have started a club. It is called "Helping China's Children". Now all these children are Catholics. Well we were wondering if you would help us out by sending us a mite box and the Little Flower's prayer, etc. In this way we will do everything to help China's children. If you still want stamps we'll send you some. Everybody in the club wants to do everything possible, won't you please help us?

The President,  
Sheila White,  
108 Bromley Ave.,  
Moncton, N.B.

Dear Sheila,

Congratulations on founding such a club; that's wonderful! Your letter pleased me very much because it shows how many Canadian boys and girls are sincerely interested in the foreign missions. When we have so many who are actively doing something for China, Santo Domingo, Japan and other countries, we can be sure that in the years to come we will have plenty of priests and sisters to go to those countries and teach the people everything about the true Faith. Always remember those prayers for vocations. I sent you

everything you asked for, and thanks a lot for asking. Tell your club members that I am delighted with their interest and extend my best wishes to every one of them.

Dear Father Jim,

May I please be a member of the Rose Garden? I go to school at the Sacred Heart Convent. One of my patron saints is St. Theresa. I have some stamps which I will send you. Would you please send me two mite boxes, as one of them is for my little brother. I will pray for you.

Mary Elizabeth McLean,  
68 Quinpool Rd.,  
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Mary Elizabeth,

It's a pleasure to enrol you in our Rose Garden. St. Theresa must have inspired you to help the missionaries by joining us. Please tell your little brother how happy I am to have him with us too. Prayers and sacrifices are so pleasing to God that He just showers the missionary priests and sisters with blessings after the Buds in Our Rose Garden do their work and say their prayers.

Dear Father Jim,

I am enclosing the money I saved in my mite box and also some more



used stamps. I wrote you before and joined the Little Flower Rose Garden. You asked how old I am. I was 13 on Oct. 2nd. St. Andrew's is the name of the Church I go to, seven miles away.

Edwin Walsh,  
Mt. Stewart,  
P. E. Island.

Dear Edwin,

Thank you for the gift for the missions of both money and stamps. That's a long way to have to go to church but I'm glad you can go regularly. The sacrifice will please God and He will reward you. Keep up the good work for the missions.

Dear Father Jim,

It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I am sending you a few stamps and hope to send many more soon. I am sending you \$1 for the CHINA magazine. I won this magazine for having the best answer on the question of "Why should we read Catholic papers and magazines". I won first prize on the contest and so received CHINA all year and sure enjoyed it. I never forget to pray for you, Father.

Clara Canero,  
Fisher Branch,  
Manitoba.

Dear Clara,

Thank you for the subscription. Those stamps were also a big help for the missions. If you can get any used stamps which cost 5c and more, they are especially valuable. There are stamp collectors who want them and will gladly pay us for whatever our Buds send in. I'll bet that was a good essay you wrote. It's a very important subject too. Congratulations indeed.

Dear Father Jim,

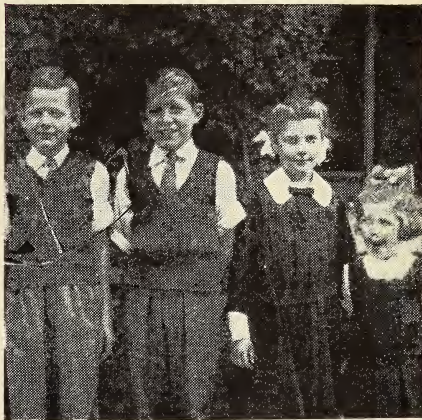
I hope you get lots of money for the missions. My sister and I want

to save for the missions so will you please send us a mite box. We saved up a few years ago but we forgot to send it in.

Catherine Dutton,  
333 Runnymede Rd.,  
Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Catherine,

Yes indeed we need a lot of money for the missions. We now have more than seventy-five priests in the Society and more and more are going to Santo Domingo and Japan. Last November six of our priests left Canada, four going to Japan and two to Santo Domingo. Even the boat fare to Japan costs \$500.00 for each missionary so you see how expensive it is. However, with the help of God and the generosity of our many Buds as well as help from the grownups, we have been able to manage so far. Above all we need the support of your prayers, so as well as saving pennies, remember all our priests and sisters when you say your prayers.



Frank Thickett of 65 Lappin Ave., Toronto, with his brother and sisters. All four are active Buds.

# New Members and Pen Pals

## HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Brady, Pauline, 8, 107 Ontario Ave. S.; Farrell, Margaret Ann, 12, 36 Cochrane Ave.; Lagan, Kathleen, 10, 107 Ontario Ave. S.; Lagan, Margaret, 12, 107 Ontario Ave. S.; Lagan, Patricia, 7, 107 Ontario Ave. S.; Ducharme, Claire, 14, St. Joseph's Academy, Box 149, Amherstburg, Ont.; Houlihan, Harriet, 10; Houlihan, Janet, 8, Codrington, Ont.; Kennedy, Genevieve, 9, 22 Fourth St. E., Cornwall, Ont.; Pilon, Gabriel, 11; Villeneuve, Patsy, 9, Maxville, Ont.; Schurter, Joan, 12, Chepstow, Ont.; Cuthbert, Margaret, 10, 107 Grange Ave., Ottawa, Ont.; MacNeill, Elizabeth, North Rustico, P.E.I.; Walsh, John, 26 Gerald St., Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Glatt, Annie, 13, Scott, Sask.; Dooling, Edith T., 13, Bell Island (Front), C.B. Nfld.; Simmons, Marie, 77 Lime St., St. John's, Nfld.; White, Bridget, 12, St. Stephen, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Whitty, Christabelle, Torbay, North Side, Nfld.; Ryan, Catherine, 12, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.

## LAC LA BICHE, ALTA.

Harpe, Emil, 8; Johnson, Carol, 8; Maccagno, Johnny, 8; Rudiger, Paul, 7; Sorochan, Victoria, 8; Baillargeon, Therese, 8; Burns, Michael, 11, 187 Jubilee Rd., Halifax, N.S.

## PAKESLEY, ONTARIO

Pilon, Marie, 11; Pilon, Gilbert, 8; Pilon, Huguelette, 11; Pilon, Madeleine, 12; MacDonald, Alexina, 10, Box 35, Port Hood, N.S.; MacDonald, Catherine, 14, Box 35, Port Hood, N.S.

## BELLE RIVER, ONT.

Gignac, Jeanne, 12; St. Louis, Harriet, 12; Durocher, Dianna, 10; Taylor, Carole, 11; Comeau, Dorothy, 12; Rinaud, Carole, 11; Taylor, Florence, 11; Wellman, Shirley Ann, 11; Parent, Betty Jane, 11; Edmond, Perline, 13; Parent, Joan, 10; Casseceli, Marion, 11.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Nolan, Violet, 11, St. Mary's, Nfld.; Bowen, Helen, 8, St. Mary's, Nfld.; Short, Rose Marie, 12, 326 Agricola St., Halifax, N.S.; Nolan, Annie, Sweet Bay, B.B. Nfld.; Nolan, Rosie, Sweet Bay, B.B. Nfld.; Burns, Loretta, 9, 187 Jubilee Rd., Halifax, N.S.; Carter, Judy, 14, 98 Fulton Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Mooney, Betty, St. Mary's, Nfld.; Bonia, Emma, 11, St. Mary's St., St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Bonia, Roseanna, 15, St. Mary's, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.

## ENFIELD, N.S.

Berg, Donald, 10; Currie, Margaret, 9; Horne, Ralph, 8; McDonnell, Roger, 8; Bellefontaine, Evangeline, 9; Benere, Edward, 11; Douthwright, Paul, 9; Horne, Alberta, 8; Horne, Alma, 10; Horne, Barbara, 9; Horne, Edmund, 9; Horne, Francis, 9; Horne, Pauletta, 10; McCormick, John, 9; McDonnell, Bernice, 10; McDowell, Edmund, 11; McDonnell, Helen, 9; O'Neill, 10; McDonnell, Ronald, 11; Wag-

ner, Elizabeth, 9; Parks, May, 15; Kohout, Christopher, 11; Kohout, Joseph, 9.

## DUBLIN, ONT., R.R. No. 1

Shea, Teresa, 6; Shea, Veronica, 8; Shea, Mary, 9; Tobin, Ida, 10; Point La Haye, St. Mary's Bay, Nfld.; Crenis, Josephine, 11, 18 Elm St., West Orange, N.J.; Davis, Kathleen, 6, 18 Dickson, Hamilton, Ont.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Griffin, Mary, 12, 9 Riverview Rd., Grand Falls, Nfld.; Fitzpatrick, Leo, Box 14, Carbonear, Nfld.; Vinneneuve, Clara, 12, Maxville, Ont.; Donohue, Irene, 10, 93 Meredith Cres., Milton, Ont.; Kelly, Geraldine, 10, Tickle Cove, B. Bay, Nfld.; Brown, Mary Frances, Scarboro Bluffs P.O., Ont.; Wellman, Gloria, 2 Bee Orchis Terrace, Queen's Rd., St. John's, Nfld.;

## KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Lippert, Shirley Jeanne, 14, 132 Earl St.; Hummel, Given, 14, 79 David St.

## LA PASSE, ONTARIO

Dufault, Helen, 13.

## LISTOWELL, ONTARIO

Stemmler, Emmeline Marie, 10, R.R. 3, Dorking.

## LONDON, ONTARIO

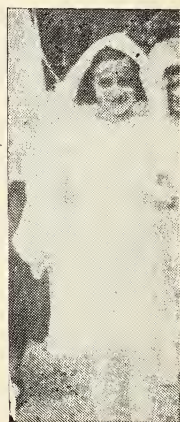
Lethbridge, Walter, 8, 170 Devonshire Ave.

## LONG BRANCH, ONTARIO

Crook, Charles, 29 James St.

## MADOC, ONTARIO

Stoklosar, Anne, 15; Stoklosy, Joan, 16.



Norma Connolly of 146 Pownal St., Charlottetown. Norma has just joined our Rose Gardens; a hearty welcome to ye!





# Honour Roll

of the

## Scarboro Foreign Mission

**K**NOW ye all men by these presents that the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society hereby declares the following schools as worthy of special mention in the annals of Canadian Mission History because of their share in this apostolate. Be it known that by their prayers and monetary sacrifices which they have offered to the said Scarboro Foreign Mission Society they have made a notable contribution to this work and such aid must be duly acknowledged. They may really and truly call themselves friends and helpers of the said Society and must be recognized by all as veritable missionaries.

*With special pride we this month want to mention the following as deserving of special praise:*

St. Mary's School  
Brantford, Ont.

Cathedral Commercial School  
Hamilton, Ont.

Sacred Heart School  
Kenilworth, Ont.

St. Joseph's Academy  
Lindsay, Ont.

Immaculate Conception School  
Peterborough, Ont.

Dr. Swift's School  
Lac LaBiche, Alta.

Mountain Road School  
Moncton, N.B.

St. Rose's School  
Fairville, N.B.

Presentation Convent School  
Witless Bay, Newfoundland

R. C. School  
Plate Cove, Newfoundland

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# ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## New Regional Superior in Domngo

Announcement has been made of the election of Very Rev. R. J. Hymus, S.F.M., as Regional Superior in Santo Domingo. Father Hymus was our first priest stationed in that mission field and has been working there since our Society assumed this new work seven years ago. His many friends wish him well in this new responsible post.

Father Beal sailed from New York February 16th for Santo Domingo where he will replace one of our priests recalled for campaign work.

## New Regional Superior in Japan

Very Rev. Michael P. Carey, S.F.M., is our new Regional Superior in Japan. He already has some knowledge of the Japanese language and hopes to be able to join in the active work of the mission in short order. Father Carey, as Father Beal, is a veteran of our Chinese mission, and they were interned together in Peking during the war.

## Prayers for the Dead

Mrs. Michael Bowlen, Calgary, Alta.

Miss K. Moylan, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Paul Clair Killorin, Napanee, Ont.

Mr. Timothy Regan, Monkton, Ont.

Mrs. Agnes Alcorn, Long Branch, Ont.

Mrs. James Sullivan, Grand Falls, Nfld.

Mr. Thomas V. Glynn, 68 Snowdon Ave., Toronto.

Miss V. de Leon, Tracadie, N.S.

Rev. Harold Rice, Lanark, Ont.

Mrs. Louis S. Diemert, Mildmay, Ontario, the mother of Rev. J. Diemert and Rev. F. Diemert, S.F.M., the Vice-Rector of our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs.

## New Auxiliary for St. Johns, Nfld.

The Rector of Holy Heart Seminary, the Most Rev. P. J. Skinner, C.J.M., has been named Auxiliary Bishop-Elect of St. John's Archdiocese, Nfld. To His Excellency, the *Scarboro Missions* offers sincere congratulations and best wishes for a lengthy service in the Lord's Vineyard. Ad Multos Annos!

## Promotion Department

Our Missionaries recently recalled to work in the homeland are now assigned to their new work. Rev. H. McGettigan, S.F.M., is doing promotion work in Nfld., Rev. C. B. Murphy, S.F.M., in the Maritimes, Rev. L. Hart, S.F.M., in Eastern Ontario. It is hoped that they will be able to visit all High Schools in these areas. Any schools desirous of such a visit are asked to communicate with Rev. J. H. McGoey, S.F.M., at 60 Crescent Road, Toronto 5.

## Books Wanted

SEVEN STEPS OF THE LADDER OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Ruysbroeck.

PRAYER IN THE POST WAR WORLD.

HOW TO PRAY WELL, by Plus.

SALT OF THE EARTH, by S. M. Shaw.



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**CAN AMERICA GO DOWN?**

**WILL RUSSIA BE CONVERTED?**

**WILL THERE BE PEACE?**

Or is a pleasure-mad generation making the most of the last days of a precarious freedom to hasten the fatal hour of Divine retribution?

We speak in whispers of the possibility of an atom bomb or guided rocket attack that may obliterate New York or Washington without the preliminary amenity of any declaration of war. But Russia can afford to wait. Time is running against us and unless something drastic and immediate be done about present godlessness and immorality, the terrifying possibility is that the Hand of God may strike before a bomber ever takes off from Moscow.

Read the answers to these questions in the most recent—and most startling—book on the message of Fatima.

**FATIMA OR WORLD SUICIDE**

*By Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.*

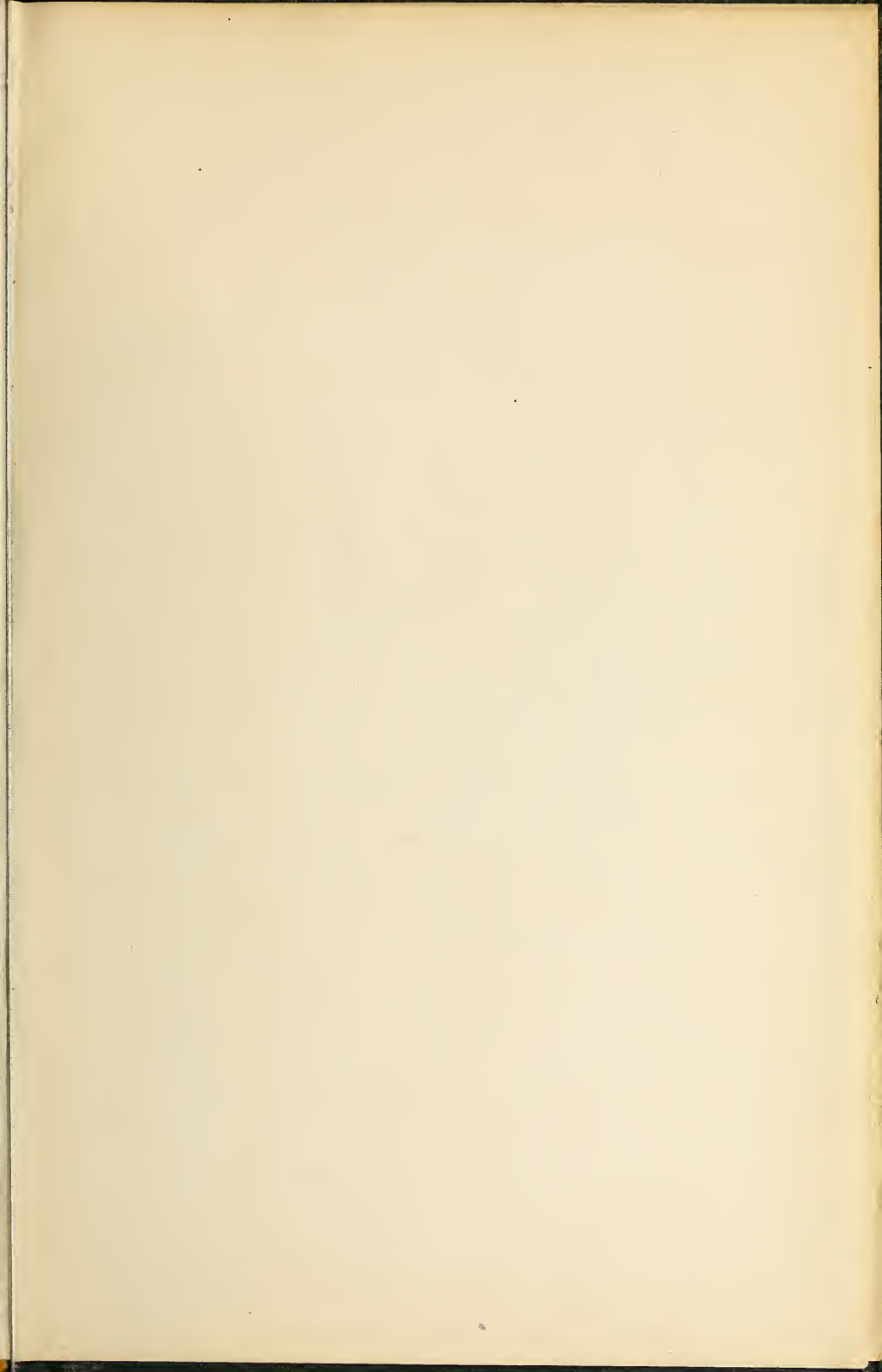
*With introduction by Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.*

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Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, Canada**









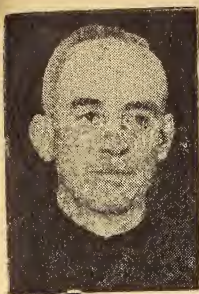
# CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

DECEMBER 1949







Dear Friends of the Missions,

*I wish you a Merry Christmas and God's choicest blessings during the year to come.*

The past year has been a trying one for our Society but at the same time we have known many graces. This is the proper season of the year to thank God for His blessings and I hasten to do so. At the same time I pray to Him that all of you, our friends and helpers, may receive the due reward of your labours. You have never failed us and I am confident that you will continue your interest in our work.

May you all enjoy a happy and holy Christmas and rest assured of a remembrance on our Saviour's birthday in the Masses of all our priests.

Thomas McQuaid, S.F.M.  
Superior General.

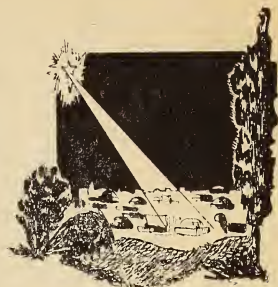




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# Fiesta Without Siesta

By  
John E. Gault  
S.F.M.



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AS FAR as many Canadians are concerned, Christmas is the ideal time to settle down for a long winter nap but for a missionary in Santo Domingo the festive season spells something different. First of all, there is much too much to do and secondly, it's June in December for a Canadian priest on a tropical island.

It was shortly before the feast of the Saviour's Birth that the first Scarboro Father made his way from the hill country of Ocoa to the desert valley of Azua, to take upon himself the pastoral duties of that immense parish. The elderly Spanish priest, whom he was replacing, seemed all too willing to hand over the responsibility. His age and health had made it impossible to care for the many mission stations attached to the parish.

One of the first duties which encountered the new pastor was the carrying out of an ancient custom known as "las Misas de aguinaldo". In English it means "the Christmas gift Masses". These Masses were nine in number and were offered on the nine days immediately preceding Christmas. They were said for the intentions of the first nine parishion-

ers to request them. There was a catch, however. The Masses were celebrated at four o'clock in the morning.

On the first day of the novena, our foreign Padre did not find it too difficult to roll out of bed shortly after three a.m. The whole affair was quite a novelty for him. But it might be said that a desert place, which is blistering hot during the day, can be miserably chilly at that hour of the morning. Also, flashlights and candles do not provide a very cheery atmosphere in the death-like darkness which precedes the dawn.

The old warehouse, which served as a church, was some distance from the house. If Charles Dickens had seen the Padre making his way through the streets of Azua that morning, he might have mistaken him for the ghost in his famous story: "A Christmas Carol". Certainly, during the wee hours, a figure dressed in white soutane and white sun helmet could easily be transformed, by any feverish imagination, into the long, flowing sheet and fantastic skull worn by all respectable visitors from beyond the grave.

The scene which met the eyes of

the ghostly Father, upon his arrival at the provisional church, gave every evidence of being a "Danse Macabre" in full swing. The racket made by the mass of dark, indiscernible figures was enough to arouse the inhabitants of any graveyard. Weird shadows, stretched into existence by the wan light from sparsely placed candles and oil lamps, swayed and jumped in every direction. Some grew rapidly into giant grotesqueness, while others, just as quickly, diminished into oblivion.

Suddenly, the eeriness was shattered by a burst of joyful melody. Yes, even the organ seemed to share in the uniqueness of the occasion. Like a prim, old lady, who had not suspected the strength of dandelion wine, it abandoned its accustomed sedateness to roll out bars of gay and lively music of which no one ever thought it capable. Doubtless, it was inspired by the semicircle of senoritas who combined clicking castanets and jangling tambourines with sweet voices, singing:

"Oh Jesus, oh buen Pastor  
dueno de mi vida  
ven a mi con santo amor  
dulce Redentor."

"Oh Jesus, oh good Pastor  
Master of my life  
come to me in holy love  
sweet Redeemer."

Before beginning Mass, the priest had to announce the intention for which it was being offered and make special mention of the person requesting it. The former pastor had insisted on the importance of carrying out this little ceremony. Since most of the donors were local merchants, it sounded more like a bit of pre-Christmas advertising than sincere piety. However, when in Azua do as the Azuanos do. At least, until you get the lay of the land. A few of the sanctimonious laymen certainly

"landed" the new Padre by promptly forgetting about the stipend, presumably due to the many preoccupations of the holiday rush. Never too busy to advertise but always too busy to consider the adverse ties of conscience.

The building was crowded to overflowing. How wonderful! you may think. This is really cause for wonder, because if the Mass had been said at the usual hour, no one would have been present but a small group of ladies and an unenthusiastic sanctuary boy. Just do the accustomed thing in an unaccustomed way and it takes upon itself the attraction of the miraculous.

At the conclusion of Mass, the people quickly dispersed to their respective homes to enjoy a festive breakfast (generally consisting of hot chocolate and buttered bread). The members of the choir strolled through the streets, singing all the Christmas hymns they ever knew. The pastor made his way to the large church which was undergoing major repairs. He mounted the steps leading to the top of the bell tower where a striking view of the sunrise could be had. It is doubtful if even an Irishman would

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## CHINA

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VOL. XXX

No. 12

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protest that sunset on Galway Bay is more beautiful.

The matutinal rite continued for nine consecutive days and was brought to a happy conclusion by Midnight Mass on Christmas morning. The latter was attended by a large, respectful and well-ordered crowd. Perhaps this was due to the presence of the Provincial Governor and his retinue of officials. Or, due to the fact that the church was well lighted by electricity for this occasion and hence all disturbers of the peace could be immediately detected. (Azua enjoys electric power for only six hours a day).

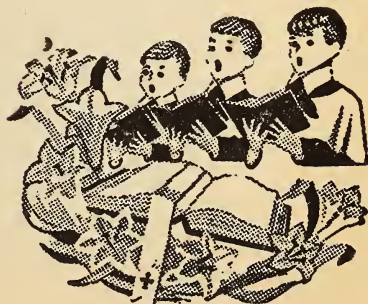
One thing marred the event. A sanctuary boy, thinking himself to be of age, tackled a bottle of rum. When he entered the sacristy he was still carrying the container in his hip pocket but most of its contents were already playing havoc with his foolish young brain. The Mass had no sooner begun than he crawled out through the window and fell fast asleep beneath it.

The last Mass on Christmas morning did not bring an end to the pastor's duties. Immediately after dinner, he mounted his horse and ac-

companied by a guide, set out for mission posts in the mountains which loomed up behind the town. As they trotted along, the Padre tried to put himself into a Christmas mood, Canadian style, by singing: "Silent Night, Jingle Bells, White Christmas, etc." The effort was to no avail. After all, swirling dust, baked earth, parched vegetation, cactus plants and the sky, like a massive, pale blue flame, burning above are not very conducive to such reminiscing. He thought of the many occasions during his Seminary days when he had feared that Christmas in a foreign land would be an extremely lonely time when homesickness would grip his heart. How different the actuality! With the best of efforts, he could not keep his mind on drifting snow, tinsel evergreens, Santa Claus, etc.

Toward evening, the pair found themselves plodding along rough, mountain paths, which were bordered by trees and shrubbery which strangely resembled the Canadian bushland. A chilling, misty drizzle was falling. Heavily laden clouds rested in the valleys and ravines while others were rolling very slowly down the gentle mountain slopes. A greyish haze covered everything.

Along the way, they met a man in distress. He was leading a mule train, burdened with merchandise for the isolated village of Peralta which was

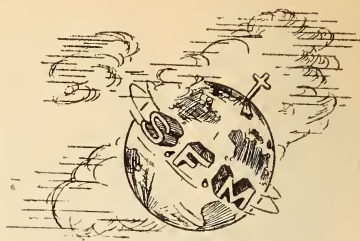


also the Padre's destination. One of the mules had broken down. The missionary, feeling very Samaritanish, came to the rescue. Later, he discovered that he had helped in bringing home the "drinks" which kept the village celebrations raging for two days. That way of spending the festive season seems to be common to all countries.

Darkness had taken a firm grip on the countryside as they waded through the last river which rushed noisily on its downward journey to the valley below. Faint blurs of light from the rows of small houses guided them down the village's one and only street.

Within a few moments, they were sitting inside one of the whitewashed dwellings. After taking a meal of native food, the Padre made his way to another little shack which was to serve as his sleeping quarters.

No book could have provided the missionary with a better meditation on the birth of Our Saviour in the stable than this "bedroom". It was absolutely bare except for a flimsy cot. The walls, which supported a bark roof, were so poorly constructed of thin palm-board that the cool,



upland air seeped through freely. There was no mosquito net over the cot. It was superfluous. The atmosphere was too frigid for those little hypodermic needles with wings on which inject one with airborne malaria germs. The single sheet which covered the bed was not much heavier than a cheesecloth net. Seeing this, the Padre merely removed his cumbersome riding boots and rolled into the cot, fully clothed. During the long hours which followed he became increasingly appreciative of the sufferings endured by the Infant Saviour in Bethlehem's manger on the first Christmas night.

Mass did not get started very early the next morning since the natives had certain work to do first. However, by nine thirty, more than a hundred persons had gathered in the little school house. The village did not possess a permanent chapel. (Recently, Father Walden Allen succeeded in making a good start on such a chapel. Funds are still needed to complete it.) It is worth noting that Mass had never before been offered in that village within the memory of the oldest citizen. Priests had, at rare intervals, visited the place but none had ever remained long enough to provide the people with this blessing.

By late afternoon, the Padre had finished the regular mission routine





of Mass, instructions, Baptisms, etc. So, he set out on the long trip down the mountainside into the hot, desert vallëy which stretched to the Carib-bean Sea.

One more stop had to be made at a place called El Carrizal. There, several persons were waiting to have their children baptized. Darkness had fallen by the time he reached the spot. On this occasion, an unkempt, little store served as a chapel. A flickering oil lamp shed its light on a few men who were noisily enjoying a game of dominoes. Other small groups, which blended with the darkness, were busily discussing the local gossip. Everything was brought to a halt long enough to perform the ceremony.

As the missionary prepared to continue his journey, he saw the newly-born Christians being carried off into the blackness. He mused on the possible symbolism. Were those souls,

on returning to their isolated homes in the wilderness, being thrust back into the oblivion of religious ignorance? Would the light of Faith in them be as brave as the little flame in the lamp which was fighting perseveringly against the all-invading darkness? Many more priests would be needed to provide the necessary care in the future.

The Padre, as he rode out of sight, might have shouted back: "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night", but it didn't seem to be appropriate. Nor would it seem so until those neglected souls were given a better opportunity of learning and living the Faith given to us by the Babe of Bethlehem. The least we can do, to relieve the situation, is to beg the Lord of the harvest to send labourers into His harvest. Make your Christmas Mass truly a "misa de aguinaldo" (Christmas gift Mass) by offering it for this intention.





# The Bishop is Dining Out

By

D. Forster

HUGE sparkling mounds of decorations and ornaments threw glittering flashes of light out into the cold night air. The swirling snow flakes danced to the tune of the wailing wind and blew ghostly fingers around the two figures pressed close to the window. Two red noses flattened against the wide pane were topped by two pairs of staring eyes. Their mouths framed an unuttered "Oh!" as the warmth of the red, green, white, and blue streamers and ribbons reached out to them.

"Oh Tim, just think how nice it would be to have a tree like that one! And with all those pretty things on it!"

"Ah Norah, you know that Father Christmas never finds our place. Why Mom right now is worrying about him bringing us something for dinner tomorrow. Come on, let's sell the rest of our papers and get home."

The city crowded past the two small figures carrying their bundles of papers. A city laden with holly and packages. Rushing, rushing, pushing, pushing. Rushing to get home with the presents and then a

quick snack before fasting for the reception of the Christmas Gift of God, or rushing to the store to get a precious (?) bottle of liquor, before they closed. Pushing to the front of the Church to get into the Confessional Box, or pushing a case of empties across the counter.

The evening wore on and it was not long before they found themselves with only one paper and then with a "Merry Christmas sir, and thank you!"—it was gone. Norah stepped off the pavement with a last sad look at the Christmas spirit behind the frosted windows.

"Look out Norah!"

A car skidded past the day-dreaming girl and brushed her lightly. Down she went dizzily in a mass of snow and legs as the car came to a sliding stop. The driver jumped out and leaned over the girl anxiously.

"Are you hurt my child?"

Norah heard the words spoken in a soft kindly voice and looked up. A round red face stared down at her with eyes filled with anxiety.

"Gee," she thought, "if only he had whiskers, he would look like Santa



Claus. And if he had on a red suit instead of that black one."

Willing hands lifted her, but she indignantly shook them off and very lady-like stood up and smoothed down her skirt and swept back her tousled curls.

"I am quite alright thank you."

The black-suited Santa Claus smiled at the girl in relief and merriment.

"Madame, will you please allow me to drive you home?"

"Oh Tim, let's, we have never been in a car since Uncle Dan's funeral."

Tim by now assuming his masculine authority spoke to the priest.

"Sure Father, if it is not too much trouble, we would appreciate a lift-home. Norah may develop into something serious . . ."

The visitor was in the midst of reassuring the mother when the front door slammed and in came the husband. The entry of the husband surprised all, as the stranger uttered a loud "Tim!" and dashed across the room to shake the hand of the bewildered man who stood stunned and rooted to the spot.

"Why Bob, how did you get here?"

"You rascal Tim, where have you been hiding yourself? Why didn't you drop me a line?"

"Well, you know how it is. Have you met my wife?" Tim quickly changed the subject.

"Marie, this is Bob, pardon me, I mean Bishop McGee."

"Did you say Bishop McGee . . ."

The Bishop smiled at Marie and he also changed the subject.

"What are you doing these days Tim?"



Tim fingered his collar in embarrassment as he replied that at the moment "he was looking around".

"Well look here, I know of a pastor whose caretaker is leaving him. I bet that if you scooted down there, you would probably be the first to apply. The salary is good. I believe you start at \$35 a week."

"Well I don't know . . ."

"Now you stubborn Irishman. This is not charity. Come on, I'll drive you there and then you're on your own."

Uttering a few prayers of petition to St. Joseph who on this very night centuries ago was worried about the responsibilities of caring for the house of God, the Bishop sat waiting for Tim in his car.

Startled out of his reveries on Bethlehem, he saw the figure of Tim leaping down the verandah steps and dancing over to him.

"I got it! I got it!"

The happiness of the occasion was contagious and the bishop found himself laughing and slapping Tim on the back.

"Look Tim, it's only 6 o'clock. How about a quick trip downtown? I could lend you a few dollars which you can repay later and we could do some shopping for Marie and the kids."

It was some time later that the car



rolled to a stop before the house. The occupants jumped out and proceeded to unload the contents of the car scattered over the back seat and in the trunk of the car, a Christmas tree, packages of tinsel, bulbs, ribbons, a turkey, nuts, oranges, apples, and all the other traditional little luxuries that gladden the heart of young and old at Christmas time.

The wife watched speechless as the floor was almost hidden under the pile of packages.

"What a surprise for the children in the morning!" said Tim to the perspiring Bishop who staggered in with an armful of parcels, "Come on Marie! Don't sit there like a stuffed Teddy Bear. We have to put up the decorations and then leave early, so

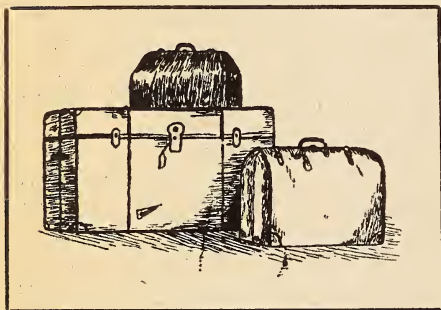
that we can get to Confession and then to Midnight Mass at the Cathedral as guests of the Bishop. And I have invited the Bishop for dinner tomorrow."

Christmas Day was a beautiful day and all was quiet in the Bishop's Palace, until the jangle of the telephone disturbed the Secretary who was listening to a program from Hollywood. Ruefully the Secretary turned down "Der Bingle" who was making sweet music with "White Christmas".

"Yes, this is the Bishop's Palace. . .

"The Bishop? . . . No, I am sorry he is out. He is spending the day with his brother and his family.

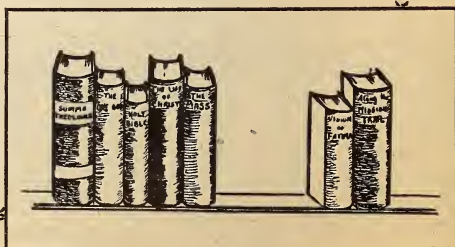
"Dinner? . . . No, I am sorry, the Bishop is dining out."



Our missionaries in the Dominican Republic and in Japan send their greetings and wishes for a Holy and Happy Holiday Season to all their friends back home. The new arrivals are extremely pre-occupied with the technicalities of a new language and they are wondering

how it can be that even the children in these distant lands can understand their parents! However, they all have hopes of final victory and they are spurred on by the encouragement of their predecessors.

The veterans in Santo Domingo are in the midst of their busiest season and they all are anxious to have the assistance of the newly arrived priests. Let us hope that before long we will be able to send them more help. In Japan, Fathers Dwyer and MacIntosh are glad to have the company of four more missionaries. Our mission band in that country is also increasing. They wish to be remembered to all their friends back home.







# Grand and Joyous

By

R. J. Pelow  
S.F.M.

*A Thought for December*

IT SEEMS that the Church has always been waging a battle for the true spirit of Christmas. Three hundred and fifty years ago a Catholic priest by the name of Peter Canisius had this to say in a sermon: "The Protestants are not a little surprised and scandalized at the way we Catholics celebrate the Lord's Nativity. Faithful to Christian tradition, we see nothing wrong with putting on as grand and joyous a display of our feelings as possible. And why not? Are we supposed to restrain our joy on the Birthday of Christ our Lord?"

Today this same St. Peter Canisius (for later this priest who so favoured a joyous Christmas was canonized) would understand perfectly the battle the Church is still waging for the true spirit of Christmas, although now we are accused of being the protestants—trying to take the joy out of Christmas. We protest that the modern Christmas has developed into an occasion for a commercial campaign of colossal proportions. (But hasn't it?) We pro-

test that Santa Claus has become little more than a super-salesman. (But hasn't he?) We protest that Christmas greeting cards feature animals and trees rather than scenes of Christ's birth. (But don't they?) We protest that the money-making world is doing its utmost to capitalize on Christmas as the birthday of a child but not of The Child. (But doesn't it?) We protest that the true spirit of Christmas is being lost in our modern mockery of the glorious Feast. (And isn't it?)

With St. Peter we hold that there is "a mountain of reasons for exulting over the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour." That is precisely the point. We are protesting against the counterfeit celebrations of the modern Christmas that would take Christ out of Christmas as the Reformers (so-called) took the Mass out of Christianity.

What we want is what St. Peter Canisius wanted: "as grand and joyous a display of our feelings as possible" because it is "the Birthday of Christ our Lord."



## Christmas at Ocoa

By

John McCarthy  
S.F.M..

**Y**ES it was a very fine Christmas in Ocoa. We had our fourteen altar boys (clericos) decked with newspaper hats trimmed with red crepe, wooden swords and paper trappings, top flutes, two bells (they sang Jingle Bells using Spanish lyrics), one watering can, one five-gallon oil can (the last items for drums). They led the procession, preceding eight miniature Santas. These were little fellows about eight years old, dressed up in red with white cotton trimmings. It is only during recent years that the Dominicans have heard of Santa Claus but by now he is strongly entrenched in the celebrations.

Our choir of twenty-four girls formed the main section of the parade. They carried cellophane and paper lanterns on poles with candles inside of the contraption to provide illumination. The lights bobbed up and down like an army of Jack-in-the-boxes as we stumbled along over the stones in the streets. My little

portable organ was rushed ahead and deposited at a corner by Father Hymus in his jeep. The jeep of course played the most important role . . . it provided the footlights for the show. As the procession advanced, the noise was terrifying. The captain of the clericos kept shouting orders to which nobody paid the slightest attention; instead each one tried to make as much noise as he could and thereby prove what a fine musician he was. When they arrived at the designated spot, the choir rendered many of the traditional carols which you know as well as others of Spanish origin. The boys also "executed" a few numbers, both instrumentally and vocally. Literally, I laughed 'til I cried.

Say, did we have a Christmas dinner! It was GOAT! And it was really excellent! Some three weeks before Christmas, the pastor Father Hymus (who is really more mischievous than any of the children when it comes to antics . . . but



always blames it on them when he is caught red-handed) and the clerics go out on what has become a traditional Christmas HUNT for goat meat. This event is heralded by much planning for a considerable time ahead. New and nefarious schemes are devised to entrap, snare, massacre and devour poor unsuspecting goats. As the day of the great hunt approaches, the excitement mounts to bursting point and when the actual hunt begins one wonders if they will not shoot one another by mistake. This year the hunters went off to do battle in nothing less impressive than the jeep. I lost count after I saw the eleventh boy climbing in on top of the pastor!

Perhaps you would be interested in an account of the hunt. En route the boys begin by singing twenty-six verses and twenty-six choruses of the hymn to Our Lady of Fatima. This is followed by every conceivable rhyme about things along the road, sung to the tempo of the "Merengy", a fast national dance rhythm. I forgot to tell you that the object of the hunt is not precisely the goat. Really the idea is to pick on some innocent farmer, put the youngsters to work on him, and then having got *his* "goat", to force him in sheer self-defence to get rid of us by selling a real goat at a bargain price . . . or at least at two dollars less than the ridiculously high price he asked in the first place.

Once the goat is secured it is



dragged home in great triumph, walking in chains, as it were, at the heels of the conquerors. Poor goat, little does it know what is in store for it. It is tied in somebody's backyard and feasted sumptuously on various kinds of weeds, trash, old leaves, tin cans and other such delicacies. This process is intended, by some miraculous means, to add more flesh to the goat's bones! Why this should be so I don't know but it's the accepted way of fattening the creatures.

On Christmas day *all* creatures stirring, including the mice and rats which eat, fight, and generally dwell beneath the knot-held wooden floor of my room. Dickens probably could have done justice to the noisy expressions of joy to which our boys gave vent. The organ was dragged out and I attempted to keep up with them until such time as I had to be carried away. At this point, according to all the rules of endurance I ever heard of, the boys should have been exhausted also but *NO*, they began anew, twice as loud as before and with as much general enthusiasm as ever.

Of course all the scenes were re-enacted . . . the selection and buying of the goat were put into rhyme and music . . . the eating was anticipated and expressed in pantomime . . . then army with wooden swords, and paper hats and flutes, bells etc. was mobilized with added recruits this time and two wash tubs as additional drums!



Bedlam and pandemonium compounded!

The cooked goat was now produced and gobbled down in short order. Had there been another I believe they would have eaten it as well. Dinner was rounded off by speeches from the boys, the age-range being 9 to 16. Each speech was a masterpiece of spontaneous spluttering yet each one felt and was assured by all that he had done very well indeed. They will provide happy memories for these boys as they grow up into apostles for Christ.

They will remember the priest who went with them to hunt goats, and who also taught them their prayers; the priest who sang and played the organ with them, and who taught them the difference between right and wrong, good and evil, happiness and sin; they will remember the priest who showed them how to have a good

time on Christmas Day. When you kneel at the crib on Christmas morn, please remember these future apostles.



*May I take this opportunity to wish a Merry Christmas and a Holy and Happy New Year to all friends of the*



Bishop Turner

*Lishui Diocese. To the relatives of the priests and sisters back home I want to say that all of us are well, busy and happy. We remember your intentions in our prayers and pray that you will never forget us in our trials.*







**MR. WONG**

*says*

**“From the loving example  
of one family, a whole  
state becomes loving.”**

This Chinese proverb is several centuries older than Christianity. No Chinese sage could foresee that the day would come when one family, the Holy Family, could extend the force of the saying so as to reach the whole world! Yet that is the good news of the gospel. And in our own time the unfortunate part is that this wisdom has been all but lost. The family of nations is torn asunder. We can only regain that unity by learning the lesson of the Christmas crib. When that day comes, foreign missions will no longer be necessary; every man will be at home everywhere.



"It appears to me that there will never be found another people among the unbelievers superior to the Japanese. As to the Japanese Christians, they would sooner die than give up the faith."

—St. Francis Xavier.



Left: Procession down Mainstreet in Nagasaki to discourage the pilgrims.

Right: The daughter of the mayor of Nagasaki, who was a pilgrim. (At left is Bishop McDonnell of Nagasaki.)

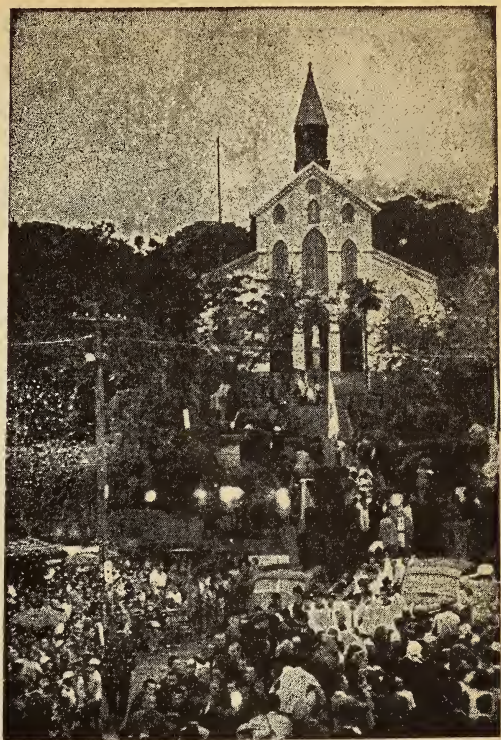
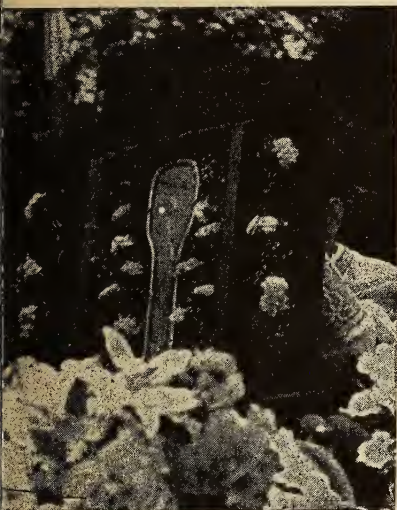
The relic was taken from Rome to Japan on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of St. Francis' death, his mission country, August 15th, 1898.





# of St. Francis Xavier urns to Japan

*re all of Nagasaki, the diocese  
ionaries will be working. May  
nt assist them in the continua-  
tion of his work.*



Above: The cathedral church of Bishop Yamaguchi of Nagasaki.  
Left: The right arm of St. Francis Xavier in its relic case.

Rain did not  
welcomes the  
ew York).  
occasion of the  
rrival in that



# Nonsense



*"A little nonsense now  
and then is relished by the  
wisest men"*

The teacher was explaining to the class the meaning of the word "recuperate". "Now, Tommy," she said to a small boy, "When your father has worked hard all day, he is tired and worn out, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Then, when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"That's what mother wants to know," Tommy explained quickly.



A Texan was in a rifle match and unaccountably missed every shot at 100 and 200 yards. He scored bull's eyes, however, with every shot at 500 yds. "How come", a by-stander wanted to know.

"Well," said the man from Texas, "back home we never bother to shoot at anything less than 500 yards. We just throw rocks."



The talkative lady was telling her husband about the bad manners of an acquaintance who had recently paid her a visit.

"If that woman yawned once while I was talking to her," she said, "she yawned 11 times."

"Perhaps she wasn't yawning, dear," the husband said, "maybe she wanted to say something."



An Irishman with the British expeditionary force was telling his friends of his narrow escape at Dunkerque.

"The bullet went in me chest and came out me back," Pat said.

"But," answered his friend, "It would go through your heart and kill you."

"But me heart was in me mouth," came the quick reply.



"Say, waiter, how long have you been employed here?"

"About six weeks, sir."

"Then you couldn't be the one who took my order."



"There's only one way to get rid of your surplus fat. Exercise, and plenty of it."

"Nonsense. How do you account for my wife's double chin?"



# FROM THE IVORY TOWER



F. T. O'GRADY  
S.F.M.

EVER spend a Christmas in a hotel? If you want a short but excellent description of such an event just read the essay *Christmas in London* by George Ade.

Xmas Eve is alright. There are people everywhere, rushing about, getting their last minute shopping done, making appointments, delivering gifts (all marked *DO NOT OPEN UNTIL XMAS!*), buying candy for the children, and something more potent for themselves. There is an air of good cheer, of expectancy, of something BIG about to happen. This feverish activity goes on for some ten days and reaches a climax on Christmas Eve. Finally you toddle off to bed, exhausted, everything ready for the great day.

It's Christmas morning. Nobody around. One bell-hop stands sleepily near the elevator, hoping nobody will want to go either up or down all day. Few will. Everyone has evaporated! Where are the crowds now? Nobody in the hotel apparently. Nobody in the streets. The stores all closed. Few trams or busses and the ones you see have only the driver. No taxis. Very few automobiles. Where is everybody?

You go over to the bus-boy and shake him. "Where are the people?"—"What people?"—"All the people running around yesterday."—"How should I know; I suppose they are at home."

This sounds plausible. You set out on a tour of investigation. All morning, afternoon, early evening, you walk the streets. Nobody. What have they been preparing for ten days anyway? Not a soul in sight now. They can't be in their homes. Hardly a light anywhere. They're all in bed, that's where!

The ten days' rush has exhausted the whole population. There is an unwritten law: "Thou shalt not appear on Christmas Day". It has several subsections. One of them says: "Neither shalt thou call upon any friend or relative but stay within your own house, apartment, or better still, within your own bedroom." If you must eat, then only one meal is allowed. This must be taken in the evening, with drawn curtains, and you must stuff yourself. This is the rule. Nobody is allowed to stop when he has had sufficient. (Don't you know there are people all over the world who would give their right arm for this?) The idea is to so fill yourself that you will gladly toddle back to bed for another 12 hours or so. It is not considered decent to appear anywhere until the evening of Boxing Day. Ade says "We made out, as you might say, but if you, reader, are planning to be in Merrie England on Christmas Day, look up the forkings of the ancestral tree and try to discover a relative."

In this country the rules are not quite so strict. Perhaps we have more energy than the English and the ten days' rush does not quite wear us out. In view of this it is not unlawful to appear in public places either on Christmas afternoon or even before noon. Not many do, of course, but there's no rule against it. If there is snow, and there usually is, it's quite in order for the children to test their gifts. Sleighs, skis, toboggans, skates and hockey sticks, all of these appear and their bright new paint is promptly scratched up. They are then pronounced fit for use. These tests are conducted in both the morning and afternoon and it is quite proper for parents to supervise the process. However, parents must be accompanied by their children when they emerge from the house.

Canadian houses are opened at four p.m. on Christmas Day. After this hour it is permissible to visit and receive visitors. (Though how you could do both at once I don't know.) These visits must be so planned though, that homes are cleared by six p.m. The evening meal is strictly a family affair, and only relatives who have actually been

invited to the Christmas Dinner are allowed to be present between six and eight. After this, visiting neighbours may drop in again. So says Emelie Poteau, the authority in such matters.

One Canadian rule which is really not Canadian at all but universal is expressed in this hitherto unwritten law: "Children shall not be punished for what they do on Christmas Day". It has been hitherto unwritten lest children learn about it and make the most of its provision. Having been informed that no children are allowed to read *The Ivory Tower* I feel safe in putting it in print here. In my own case, I was not aware of the rule until I was too old to do much harm. You can imagine what could happen if this information were to fall into the hands of the wrong people. Things are bad enough now . . . so don't tell!

Actually, there is a good theological basis for all of these rules and customs although by now the connection is frequently obscured. Christmas Day is the feast of the Christ Child. In tribute to His innocence, which is at least partially shared by every child, we assume that there is no malice in little hearts on this one day of the year. I can recall enough of my own childhood to know that the one day limit is as wide a margin as can safely be allowed. But that much is safe enough. And how the children do appreciate it! On that one day they are honoured by everyone, members of the family and visitors both. On other days they may be ushered unceremoniously out of the room whenever a "caller" appears but on Christmas Day they become the center of everybody's attention. And how they love it. Strangely enough, everyone else loves it too. The obvious happiness they are enjoying shines out of their tiny faces so intensely that it makes a mirror out of every adult face encountered.







This is as it should be. It too is what the Christ Child did. Can you imagine any of the shepherds or wise men looking sad?

The root of the custom of exclusiveness is simple enough. Christmas is the family feast par excellence. You are not supposed to be gadding about the streets or other public places. You are expected to be at home with the family. It was not the original idea to be so tired that the whole time had to be spent sleeping. Instead, the family ties were to be given their full due, at least on this one day of the year. The ten days of rushing around had as their purpose a preparation so complete that there would be no reason for leaving the home for almost forty-eight hours. Adequate food supplies were provided, all gifts were carefully (sometime I must tell you what I think about wrappings worth more than what they conceal) bundled up, labelled and hidden away, the Christmas tree was decorated and

then everybody could relax (except Mom who had to do the cooking). So why go out? Stay at home where you belong!

There is only one place which you simply *must* visit. It is the one with the best theological reason of all. Without it, the rest of the feast degenerates into an empty ritual. The parish church comes into its own on Christmas Day above all. And we include the whole 24-hour day. It begins with Midnight Mass. Then all the next fore-noon the Masses continue. All afternoon the children want to visit the crib. They are right. That is the day of all days when every person in the world should visit the crib. There is more to be learned by this dramatic presentation of the mystery of the Nativity than there is in any sermon I've ever heard. And on Christmas night, drop into the nearest church and thank God for the most precious Gift of all: the coming of His Only Son into this tinsel world. *Merry Christmas!*



**O** JESUS, Eternal High Priest, I offer Thee, through Thy Immaculate Mother Mary, Thy own Precious Blood, in all the Masses throughout the world, as a petition for graces for all seminarians, Thy future priests. Give them humility, meekness, prudence, and a burning zeal for souls. Fill their hearts with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to know and love the Church, that they may always and everywhere speak, act, and think with her, the glorious Spouse of Christ. Teach them generosity and detachment from miserable things of this world; but above all teach them to know Thee and to love Thee, the one and only Eternal Priest. Do Thou, Good Shepherd of Souls, hear this my prayer for saintly priests. Amen.

With Ecclesiastical Approbation.

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# Credit Union in Action

By

Francis Diemert

S.F.M.



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ONE of the chief duties of a priest is to teach and especially is this so for missionary priests. In these times at the insistence of the Popes, our teaching should be principally of a social character, particularly in the form of explaining and putting into practice the norms for social justice laid down by the Church in the great social encyclicals "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno".

After having taught, however, one can still learn by sitting back and listening to problems being discussed and solution given by those who had been taught.

For fifteen months, Father McIver of Yamasa, R.D. had patiently taught and explained this social teaching of the Church to a group of men of his Parish. And then he began to reduce the teaching to practice by forming a Credit Union, the basis of which, as he never tired of repeating, is the strong bond of the Mystical Body of Christ. The service and help rendered to one another by the Credit Union, is a practical way of realizing the duty of charity placed upon each member of Christ's Mystical Body.

Several months after the Credit Union had begun to function, an

important situation arose, and I was happy to have had the occasion to sit back and hear how different groups of members solved the problem which concerned them.

I was leaving on a Wednesday afternoon for a three day campo trip, that is, Wednesday night and Thursday morning I would spend in one country Mission, then go on to another for Thursday night and Friday morning and from there go to another Mission for Friday night and Saturday morning, then return to town for Sunday. Just before I left, Fr. McIver asked me to announce at Mass at each place, that there would be a meeting for all members of that section after Mass, at which the situation in question would be explained and a decision given by the members.

At Mass the next morning, all the members of the Credit Union received Holy Communion; after Mass I made the required announcement. Breakfast consisted of a cup of hot chocolate and a few pieces of dry bread. In the country places they have no butter and the bread gets mighty dry. Local custom has sanctioned dunking, and dry bread dunked in hot chocolate makes a pretty good meal. After this repast, we held our meeting.



The sacristan usually accompanies the priest on such visits and in this case he also happened to be one of the directors of the Credit Union. I asked him to explain the situation to the assembled members. These were seated on rude planks extended across some tree-stumps. There was a roof of palm-tree branches shielding them from the sun. I sat back, listened attentively, and heard this:

Sacristan: "Fellow members of the Credit Union, a very sad thing has happened to one of our brothers in Christ, and this meeting is to see what can be done to help him in his distress. One of our members (he did not mention his name, although nearly everyone knew who was referred to) owns a store in partnership with an aunt who lives in the capital city. He has received notice from her, that she wants her share of the business in cash, immediately. This means that the storekeeper will have to sell his stock and close up shop, because he has no money on hand. Everybody in town is saying that it is too bad "So-and-so" has to lose his business.

Now, we have enough money in our Credit Union bank to help him



pay his partner the sum demanded, and thus help him to save his business. But you all know the rules of the C.U. regarding loans, namely that the money loaned has to be backed or guaranteed by other members who have money in the bank. The total sum required is \$400.00 but what we want from this section is backing for \$50.00 (Note: This is a lot of money for these people who formerly had never had a cent saved). "Now," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

Immediately all broke out in unison, "We must help him because he is a good and faithful member of the C.U. and one of our brothers in Christ. Then individually they began to talk. The first one to get up said, "I can back him for \$10.00 and here is my bank book, if my money is not used to help a friend in need then my money is no good. God gave it to me and I must use it as God wants me to, that is to help my fellow man."

A second member spoke up with "I too can back him for \$10.00, here is my bank book. Who knows but I may be the next one to need help and then I would like others to help me, because the best way to get help is first to give help.

A third man, guaranteed \$5.00 passing over his bank book saying, "We started the Credit Union to help one another, and now is the opportunity for making our joint savings show results. The more we work



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## BOOKS WANTED

THE SPIRITUAL AENEID, by  
Ronald Knox.

IMMORTAL DIAMOND, by  
Norman Weyand.

MY CATHOLIC FAITH, by  
Louis L. Morrow.

YOU AND THOUSANDS LIKE  
YOU, by O. F. Dudley.

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together, the better off we will be both spiritually and economically."

Another man who could hardly wait to make his offer, spoke up next with "Here is my bank book, and I will back him for \$10.00 also. A year ago I had not a cent on hand, but now, thanks to the Credit Union, I have a little over ten dollars saved and am glad to use it to help out someone and I know that if I ever need help, I know where to find it."

Three other men in quick succession pledged their support for \$5.00 apiece, expressing sentiment similar to those already quoted. And so it was that within about five minutes the required guarantee of \$50.00 was given by a group of men who a year previously would have thought such a thing absolutely impossible.

The following two days, saw a repetition of the same results, and I heard similar comments, so that in that campo trip the total of \$180.00 backing for a loan was easily and quickly obtained. Needless to say, I was thoroughly edified with the remarks and conduct of those men. and thought within myself, "This is the way the first Christians must have acted and spoken, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles *"And they had all things in common"*. I might add here that the backing for the remainder of the \$400.00 loan

was just as successfully obtained in other sections of the Parish.

Thanks then to the unifying zeal of the Pastor, and the work of the Credit Union there is evident, a new life stirring through the veins of these simple, good-natured people, and the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is being truly lived by a people whom, to our standards, might be called backward and ignorant but to the like of which, God is accustomed to reveal His secrets and His truths, which to others are hidden.

With Christmas approaching, I cannot help but feel that this year, the feast which is the rebirth of Christ, in our souls, will have a deep and fruitful meaning for those people, as it should have for all of us. May the Infant Saviour, the Prince of Peace, bring us this year and always, that Peace which the world cannot give because it only comes as a result of living as brothers and healthy members of His Mystical Body, the Church.

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# THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Dear Buds,

Merry Christmas! I sincerely hope you all have a happy feast because this is the most joyful feast of them all and it would be a shame to miss making it such.

Some people think that Christmas means a time for exchanging presents, and so it does. Others think it means a time for celebration and holiday, and so it does. Others think it means a time to stop school with a chance to play in the snow, hockey, skiing and sliding. It means all these too but it means much more. We are celebrating the happiest thing that ever happened to our earth: the coming of the Saviour. It's as simple as that and it's also as wonderful as that. The creator of the sun, moon, stars and of our earth, became a little baby. He made Himself helpless in order to teach us a great lesson, namely our dependence on Him.

When you visit the Christmas crib, and I hope you will many times between Midnight Mass and Little Christmas, you will see shepherds kneeling about the tiny Babe in loving adoration. They are there to tell Him that He is the Supreme Lord

and Master of all, even though He had only oxen to keep the tiny cave warm. Our Lord went hungry, was cold, poor, had few friends and yet . . . we celebrate this as the happiest feast! Why? Because it taught the lesson that even though we may sometimes grow hungry, sometimes be cold and sometimes have few or no friends, it is still wonderful to be alive because we have a chance of someday living in heaven. Our Lord was willing to live with us for 33 years; He wants us to live with Him forever in heaven. It's a pretty wonderful exchange, isn't it? And that's why we're so happy. If Our Lord had not come on Christmas Day we would never have known so much about heaven and we would never have had a chance to get there.

The best way to thank God for this feast is to receive Him in Holy Communion. When you do this, either at Midnight Mass or on Christmas Day, please remember me and the missionaries in faraway countries who will be as lonely as Our Lord was, and some of them will be living in stables too.

Sincerely,  
Father Jim.





Dear Father Jim,

It is with great pleasure that I am writing these few lines. I enjoy reading China and I pray for the missions every day. During Lent I say the rosary every day in honour of St. Theresa and for the foreign missions. I ask her to ask God's blessing for all the Buds in her garden in their work for the missions. I am enclosing the stamps I have saved. God bless you and keep you in his loving care.

Betty Cooke,  
Good Shepherd Home,  
Minnow Lake, Ont.

Dear Betty,

I know exactly where Minnow Lake is because Father O'Grady told me. He visited at Garson some time ago and knows about the very nice place where you live. He said Mass there early one morning several years ago but he still remembers how nice everything was in your new chapel. I was glad to hear from you and to know that you too are praying for the missions. Heaven will surely bless our missionaries with so many Buds praying so hard. Please keep up the good work. And thank you for the stamps.

Dear Father Jim,

I am sending you some stamps which I hope will be of some help to the missions. I would like to become a member of St. Theresa's Rose Garden. I am twelve years old and would like some pen pals around my age in either Ireland or Montreal but would gladly take one from any other country. Kindly let me know what I must do to become a successful member.

Elizabeth Jackman,  
76 Pennywell Road,  
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Elizabeth,

Thank you for the stamps. As to your membership, you have been enrolled and the prayer card sent along to you. Please remember to keep the promises. Here's how you get a pen pal: just pick a name from the list usually published on page 29, or simply read the letters from other Buds along with yours and then *you* write to them. Many of our Buds think they have to wait until somebody writes to them. If everybody waits on everybody else nothing will happen! So right now, pick a name from one of these letters on this page and write your new pen pal, a pen pal you will pick yourself. Then you will be sure of an answer.



# Mission Sunday in Blessed Sacrament Parish

## TORONTO, ONTARIO



The Pope (impersonated by Michael Mallon) and the various Orders of Missionary Priests and Brothers.



The Pope and representatives of the various Sisterhoods—kneeling at the Pope's side is St. Theresa, the patroness of the Missions (Ann Purcell).





Top left: St. Theresa leads the procession. Top right: James Cosgrave presents a spiritual bouquet to Our Holy Father while St. Theresa looks on. Bottom: Procession in Blessed Sacrament Church, Toronto, Ont.





# Honour Roll

of the

## Scarboro Foreign Mission

**K**NOW ye all men by these presents that the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society hereby declares the following schools as worthy of special mention in the annals of Canadian Mission History because of their share in this apostolate. Be it known that by their prayers and monetary sacrifices which they have offered to the said Scarboro Foreign Mission Society they have made a notable contribution to this work and such aid must be duly acknowledged. They may really and truly call themselves friends and helpers of the said Society and must be recognized by all as veritable missionaries.

*With special pride we this month want to mention the following as deserving of special praise:*

St. Mary's School  
Barrie, Ontario

St. Mary's Girls' School  
Calgary, Alberta

St. Theresa's Convent  
St. John's, Nfld.

St. Mary's Academy  
Summerside, P.E.I.

St. Andrew's School  
Port Arthur, Ontario

St. Gregory's School  
Oshawa, Ontario

De La Salle College  
"Oaklands", Toronto

Otterbury School  
Harbour Grace, Nfld.

St. Agatha's School  
Ottawa, Ontario

Oxford St. School  
Halifax, N.S.

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# ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## Virgin Of Fatima

In the Pilgrimage of Our Lady of Fatima throughout the United States, Monsignor McGrath has been assisted for the past year by Father Pat. Moore, S.F.M. It was Father Moore who brought from Fatima the Statue which was so honoured in Santo Domingo during a six-months tour of the Caribbean Republic when every parish in the country was visited. Father Desmond Stringer, S.F.M., has replaced Fr. Moore on the American Pilgrimage to permit the latter to undertake the organization of a Pilgrimage throughout Central and South America during the Holy Year of 1950 with the Statue of Our Lady from Santo Domingo. The whole world must hear and heed the message of Our Lady given to the world at Fatima 32 years ago, and our Society feels honoured and privileged to be chosen as the instrument of bearing that message to large sections of the world.

## Back From China

Father Edward Lyons, of Calgary, and Father Hugh McGettigan, of St. John's, Newfoundland, have just returned to Canada, the first of our missionaries to come back since the Communists took control of our Mission territory in China. As we go to press we have not had contact with those returned missionaries, but in a future issue we hope to give you their stories of life under Communist domination behind 'the bamboo' curtain".

## Harbour Grace Diocese

Father Michael Carey, of Fortune Hr., Nfld., is presently conducting a financial and vocational campaign in the Diocese of Harbour Grace, Nfld., at the invitation of His Excellency Bishop John O'Neill. The Society gratefully acknowledges Bishop O'Neill's enthusiasm for the Missions, and recalls his visit to Toronto last year to be the Co-Consecrator of our Bishop Turner in St. Michael's Cathedral. To His Excellency, his priests and people, we say a hearty "Thank you" for the generous aid they have given Scarboro.

The Diocese of Hr. Grace counts three priests in our Society: Fathers Ed. Moriarty, Thomas Morrissey, and Michael Carey.

## GRAND DRAW

The St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary held their Grand Draw in aid of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society on November 23rd. Congratulations are offered to the following prize winners:

- 1st—G. Matthews,  
426 Lauder Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- 2nd—Dan Jackman,  
P.O. Box 170, Belle Island, Nfld.
- 3rd—G. Mangerie,  
373 Waverley St., Ottawa, Ont.
- 4th—Angus M. Gallant,  
Oyster Bed Bridge, P.E.I.
- 5th—Sgt. Y. Buxton,  
R.C.A.F. Station, Ft. Nelson, B.C.
- 6th—B. M. Preen,  
99 Argyle St., Renfrew, Ont.
- 7th—C. Roach,  
307 Tweedsmuir Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- 8th—Clare McGrath,  
5 High Park Blvd., Toronto, Ont.
- 9th—J. J. O'Neill,  
22 Earl St., Toronto, Ont.
- 10th—Kathleen McCarron,  
359 High St., New Glasgow, N.S.

The winner of the prize for selling the winning ticket went to A. S. Glennie, 73 Elliott Row, St. John, N.B.

To the President of the Auxiliary, Mrs. J. McNamara and to all who made this Draw so successful, a hearty Thank You!

## Pray For Our Dead

Mr. James Greene, House of Providence, Toronto.

Mrs. James MacDougall, Iona, N.S.

Mrs. Neil A. MacKinnon, Iona, N.S.

Mr. G. D. Sabourin, Alexandria, Ont.

Mother St. Paul, First Superior General of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke.

Mrs. Helen Nutting, Ottawa, Ont.

Mr. Joseph Stainstreet, Ottawa, Ont.

Miss Phoebe Larose, New Bedford, Mass.

Miss Irene McFadden, Canard, King's Co., N.S.

Mrs. James Farrelly, Lindsay, Ont.

Rev. J. T. Maloney, London, Ont.



# BURSES

## FOR THE

### EDUCATION OF SEMINARIANS

When making out your list of Christmas presents may we ask that you remember the missions. The burse fund is something permanent which will benefit the missions not just for Christmas Day but for every day ever after. What we are trying to do, with your help, is to build up a capital investment. Then the interest from this fund will be used in perpetuity to help educate our future missionaries. A present which will endure would be a gift to the burse fund. Perhaps we might suggest a donation in honour of the Immaculate Heart of Mary as being particularly appropriate in this season.

Port Hood Burse .....	\$ 925.49
St. Madeline Sophie Barat .....	2,742.15
Little Flower Burse No. 2 .....	2,535.50
M. T., Atherley, Ont. ....	5.00
A Friend, Mabou .....	5.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....	3,365.48
Mrs. A. P., Victoria, B.C. ....	5.00
Miss J. C., Toronto, Ont. ....	100.00
K. A. G., Gillisville, N.S. ....	5.00
St. Jude .....	1,583.00
A Friend .....	3.00
St. Francis Xavier .....	1,257.00
Holy Name of Jesus .....	947.35
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